

SONGS OF A MAN WHO FAILED

HENRY CLINTON PARKHURST

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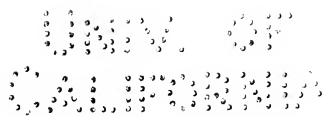
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SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

Songs of A Man Who Failed

The Poetical Writings

OF

HENRY CLINTON PARKHURST

Ave, Caesar, Imperator! Morituri te salutant

THE WOODRUFF PRESS
Lincoln, Nebr.

PHELAN

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Lincoln, Nebraska

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, SONGS OF A MAN WHO FAILED



A CONFESSION OF FAILURE

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest Fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou foundst me poor at first, and keepst me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

I

A mere recital of someone's troubles is usually tedious and uninteresting. Circumstances, however, seem to require that I shall mention a few of mine.

At the age of seven I began writing historical rhyme with as clearly defined an ambition to win fame as a poet as I ever had in after years. Passing the age of seventy-five, and being nameless, friendless and poor, I knew failure had come—further effort was useless. With natural endowments to achieve success; with industry, ambition, resolution, tenacity of purpose—other qualities essential—I missed the goal. A variety of causes defeated me. Intemperance was one, in periodical attacks—a disease inherited directly and indirectly from predecessors who, in turn, inherited it from other predecessors. The curse came to me. With such an incubus, mingled often with penury and ill repute, a man is powerless to enforce rights, or battle with strong and ruthless foes.

Also, I had private misfortunes; a restless, roving nature; a discontented mind, unsettled life; repeated losses of large manuscripts dismayed me—a disastrous result of drink; extreme poverty came at times, disgrace, and long periods of deep obscurity. Recurring spells of almost insane debauchery—at times, usually, when a contrary course was imperative—harmed me vastly. Chiefly I suffered from unscrupulous acts of publishers to whom I offered books in manuscript, for I did much valuable work in the most thorough manner. One prose work of mine brought a fortune to those who duplicated it. Without reputation or money, it is useless to write books. With an ill reputation and no money, I hawked

manuscripts about the country for years, merely to enrich publishers and aid noted authors.

With marvelous good fortune in some respects—to an extent to often surprise me—I have had only disaster with books. Mishaps have been innumerable. Three times I have lost books on which I had worked earnestly for years. In 1895, in Chicago, I lost a large manuscript of poetical writings, but, with a partial duplicate in a city elsewhere, I restored the book. In the burning of San Francisco I lost a large manuscript (mainly unduplicated) containing the poetical writings of my whole life. From newspaper files, from old letters to friends, from the rubbish of old trunks, and by the splendid aid of a once powerful memory, the present volume has resulted. To bring it together has required ten years of effort and thousands of miles of travel. Several long and ambitious epics perished almost entirely, and great numbers of minor poems.

II

To defend the originality of my writings, I started in to make a prose appendix for this volume—not a long one, but one sufficiently ample in facts and details to render my statements not incredible. I gathered evidence to show that other people had been treated much as I had been, and some of them a great deal worse—if that were possible. Like a litigant in court, I had to submit a brief, or be convicted of imitating and of plagiarizing from people who had shown undue appreciation of my writings. In twenty-four hours stenographers and typewriters can take the cream of an unpublished work. This can be handed over to a writer of great fame, who will speedily produce a substitute volume, and the publisher will make some money. He is not in business to lift nameless authors into fame, but merely to make money. If the victim complains, nobody will heed him, or care anything about the matter.

So, from time to time, I compiled information bearing on these matters. From daily papers, court proceedings, patent office litigation—wherever I found it without trouble—I collected particulars about literary frauds, forgeries, counterfeits, imitations, plagiarisms, and rival claims to authorship, and claims to valuable inventions as well. Much encouraged at first, I was finally nonplussed at the multiplicity of cases,

and was at last perplexed to discover that instead of writing a short appendix to a volume of poems, I was really writing a large prose work on the rights and wrongs and tribulations of authors, and the manifold evils of the publishing business. In this dilemma I decided to merely assert the strict originality of my verse, and to publish it with the lightest possible allusion to any unfair treatment I had received. I shall particularize in only a few cases where it appears to be absolutely necessary. I may hereafter use the literary data I collected, for it is often interesting, and most of it is well authenticated. In a Prose Addenda to this volume I give a few of the innumerable cases that came to my notice.

As for myself—call it weakness of character, mismanagement, injustice, cause-and-effect, Destiny, Chance, Providence, Fate or Circumstance—call it what you will—the unpropitious Force was always against me, and made success impossible. At the age of seventy-seven I print this volume, not in hope of honor, fame, justice, revenge, gold, or any recognition whatever. I print it as a gladiator fights to the end—because it is his nature to do so. “O that mine enemy would write a book,” Job exclaimed in his bitterness. I re-echo the sentiment with fervor.

Slight inconsistencies of thought, here and there through the volume, may be attributed to the varied moods and vicissitudes of a long life of almost constant change. “Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.”

A nameless poet may well claim of his pathway of thorns:

“Its windings in and windings out
Leave one’s mind in serious doubt
Whether the fiend that planned this route
Was going to Hell or coming out.”

HENRY CLINTON PARKHURST



JUDITH

PRIORITY OF PUBLICATION

In 1890 I submitted a volume of poems to a leading firm of Boston. The opening part of the book was the present poem of "Judith." Thomas Bailey Aldrich had for many years been in the employ of that firm, but by reason of a wealthy marriage, had retired to social and literary leisure. He had once published a short piece of blank verse about Judith, neither creditable to himself or the heroine. In 1896, the firm alluded to brought out a whole volume from his pen entitled "Judith And Holofernes," and extensively advertised it as "really a new poem, written on broader lines." Mr. Aldrich also dramatized his book, and personally superintended the play resultant, but the enterprise was a failure.

I printed my "Judith" entire on the 17th and 18th of September, 1895, in the Davenport (Iowa) "Leader"—one year ahead of the Aldrich volume.

In April, 1892 or 1893, I published a synopsis of the poem, with liberal extracts from it, in the Davenport (Iowa) "Democrat." I did so for the reason that a person I had entrusted a copy of the poem with, said it was lost.

To any charge of plagiarizing from Mr. Aldrich, or of imitating him, I offer the unimpeachable plea of priority of publication.

JUDITH

A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT WAR

"The sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair, and they took wives from among them. These bare children, and the same became mighty men of old—men of renown. There were giants in the land in those days."

"The earth was filled with violence."

I

Holofernes, the soldier, came alone
To breathe a message bold, in lofty tone,
Before great Nineveh's imperial throne:

"Twelve years the king has held his idle reign
O'er palmy Nineveh's most fair domain;
Twelve seasons passed in indolence and wine
'Mong Asian girls of loveliness divine.
Imperial halls their stately feasts have spread,
Whence music pours to summer stars o'erhead.
Vast pageantries, that win a world's amaze,
Obscure the pomps of prouder former days.
O Prince divine! Assyria's joyous king,

I voice alarm! Behold, an awful thing
 A shadow throws across all Asia's path.
 O seers of Il rave in rebellious wrath,
 Of Heaven's mortal foes high priests inveigh;
 These gilded pleasure halls they'll burn away,
 These festal slaves will fall their bloody prey;
 Though empire trembles to its outer zone,
 Safe is the king, secure his royal throne.
 Hast thou not heard of peerless Ekbatain,
 That threatens Asia with disastrous reign?
 A city vast, new built of massive stone?
 Fell slaves in armies ere its walls were done.
 It shadows earth when low the sunset lies.
 Its granite piles dismay the starry skies.
 Machines of war; tall, massy gates of brass
 Guard well the portals through which hosts may pass.
 What foe hath Media found in mountains far?
 O, King, Arphaxad means with thee to war.
 To rule the world this haughty one aspires,
 To conquer thee, achieve thine empire's fall,
 O'erthrow the worship of celestial fires,
 When foemen arm shall revel music peal?
 Gay follies reign, or festal joy resound?
 A solemn fear thy faithful soldiers feel.
 Thy minions wild of merry wassail song—
 Voluptuaries pale, with roses crowned—
 Have ne'er the stormy scenes of Honor found.
 O Prince arouse at martial Glory's call,
 To nobler cares a sovran's years belong.
 Thy sloth renounce lest Nimrod's empire fall.
 Gay trains of sirens from thy presence bar—
 Take up thy sword and lead thy hosts in war.
 For Ilus arm! We'll burn that robber's nest,
 Ay, strew with Median bones the border plain;
 When from invasion's toils our soldiers rest,
 The birds of air will feast on foemen slain—
 Hyenas howl through mighty Ekbatain."

At once awoke all Shinar's plains around
 With tumult of assembling armies grand
 That poured in glory through Assyria's land;
 Ambrosial vales with martial nations frowned.
 Came sons of Ilus of a thousand hills
 As foamy streams from snowy fountains melt;
 Where Tigris drained her sacred golden rills,
 Hydaspes flowed, or where the vernal belt
 Of Ariock unrolled, spell of war was felt.

Out went a feudal call from royal hand:
 "All men to arms! Behold, array for me
 The flower of the soldiers of thy land,
 I wage a war, and lo! I summon, thee."

To sovran's of renown in olden time,
To kingdoms wide of crowded Asia's clime;
To border chiefs—the restless nomads wild
That wandered where the plains in beauty smiled;
To cities, princes, thrones, ambitious lords—
To earth afar went forth his royal words.
Wild heathen clans came in ferocious hordes;
Far famed athletes for Ilus drew their swords.

But Iran gave no sign, nor from the coast
Of soft Sidonia or Cilicia fair
Came plumèd legions for Assyria's host.
The cities of the Nile resentful were—
They slew high nobles who the message bare;
From Tyrus came no roll of chariot wheel,
Defiance rang from Galilee's far slope,
Nor from the borders of great Ethiope,
Rode men aligned in panoply of steel.

"Are we the vassals of Assyria's throne?"
Replied the Judah chiefs in haughty tone.
"This mountain land is ours, and ours alone.
What means to us a pagan sovran's wars?
Go let him fight, the slaves receive their scars;
Yea, let him place our land beneath his ban.
Are we some portion of his empire's plan?
Be gone! From out these hills will march no man."

The King was wild, and by his throne he swore
An awful doom upon Propontus coast;
Phoenician domes would fall in midnight glare,
Consuming flames atone Judea's boast,
The Memphian halls be as a lion's lair;
Woe, desolation, be Samaria's share.
No man of all those nations would he spare—
Those human swine! The sword should slay them all;
Their cities, temples, palaces, should fall;
The blood of millions would his wrath appease.
With sword and fire all zones would he devour,
Until he crossed o'er Nilus to the seas.
Then marched he in array with all his power,
To war the Median where he camped at ease.
The die was cast—a line the tale may tell.
The Median throne in fearful ruin fell.

II

Soft Asian airs float heavy with perfumes,
The Sun with added glory seems to burn;
Blue heaven's dome a deeper tint assumes,
To hail the King of Nineveh's return.

Out from his capital the myriads pour;
 They mass for miles beyond its utmost wall.
 What joy prevails; what shouts of gladness fall,
 When swells afar the low, momentous roar
 Of that colossal, brave, imperial host—
 Like moan of ocean storms on some wild coast.
 It fills the heart with fear, with strange alarms.
 With War's magnificence, rich tones of sound
 That move the souls of all the millions round,
 With standards golden, with resplendent arms,
 The victor comes; a god he seems to ride—
 That haughty ruler of the ancient world.
 His glance is fire; in scorn his lip is curled.
 O flight insane of boundless mortal pride,
 He deems the peopled earth—mankind his own.
 The son of Ninus, lord of empires wide,
 Why should he not of men be deified?
 Vain olden gods for him be cast aside?
 Sun worship cease in all the Summer Zone?
 The power of Jehovah be defied?
 No adoration of the stars be shown,
 Or sacrificial rites of sacred fire
 In vain, vile honor of the golden Sun?
 These dreamful hordes of Magi be undone?
 Chaldean seers no more invite his ire?
 All human form must fall before his throne,
 And hail him god of Earth—its god alone.

For many days a vast procession streams
 'Neath storied arches of a hundred gates.
 Unclouded Il pours down his fervid beams
 O'er mail-clad armies of proud feudal states,
 The eye is dimmed in gazing on the scene.
 The monstrous piles of architecture bold,
 That heavenward loom, intensify the sheen
 Of burnished metal, silvered arms and gold.
 Terrace, portico and winding tower
 Are black with lookers-on; below them flows
 A sea of ruthless military power.
 It surges on, in streams, to find repose.
 Rivers of men in polished armor pour;
 Chariots roll, uncounted horsemen speed;
 Squares choke with populace, and hundreds bleed;
 The air is rent with clamor and uproar.

With scenes of woe the marts abhorrent are.
 To brutal foes pale Median girls are sold.
 Colossal spoils of most rapacious war
 Fill the great city with unhallowed gold.

Ho! for pleasure halls! In madness range—
 Let every soul to winsome follies yield,

For princely soldier pines for joyous change
 From gloomy perils on the martial field.
 The timbrel sound! Awake sweet revel noise;
 Red flow the vintage as in olden times.
 O nymphs of Asshur, wave your sportive toys.
 In flowers wreath! O peal triumphal chimes
 As airy dancers in sweet languor poise.
 'Tis bright-eyed Rapture now the soul employs.
 Assyrian siren, pour the Tyrian wine
 That sparkles like those peerless orbs of thine,
 The nectar of Arabia's happy climes,
 And all delicious wave of Shebah's vine.
 Bestrew the revel hall with gorgeous flowers
 Till dewy morn dispels the glowing hours,
 Hail! delightful Pleasure, festal joys.
 The Median king from his high throne is hurled,
 All Asia kneels! Nineveh rules the world!

III

The lutes are still, the cymbal sounds no more:
 The reckless bacchanalian scene is o'er.
 Stern silence reigns throughout the city vast—
 The war, the triumph and its joys, are past.
 Who now will give the swords of heroes play?
 For slayers of their kind find wonted game?
 Restore the prodigal his wasted pay,
 Or lead the soldier to new scenes of fame?

Once more the tyrant's banner is unfurled
 For cruel war against a frightened world.
 His boast insane—the sword his sacred sign:
 "O Vermin of the sun, all earth is mine.
 To me in holy adoration fall
 All human form. I am the god of all.
 The olden deities their pomps resign.
 Osiris dies, Elohim's reign is o'er:
 Serapis, Horus, Ormuz, are no more;
 Lo! Molok pales, and Remphan's throne is mine;
 Typhon, Chemosh, are no more divine,
 Fell Ormon fades; yea, Dagon mourns his fall—
 The gods are gone, for I outshine them all.
 My sacred empire is to final shore—
 To where the billows round Atlantis roar.
 Where astral zones, or sun, in splendor shine
 O'er mountains, vales or seas—the world is mine.
 In earth, for other gods, shall be no room.
 All empires, nations, thrones, my name adore;
 All powers, regions, isles, that orbs illumine—
 Or awful ruin be their speedy doom.
 The men who question me will pass away;
 Their towers, castles, treasures be a prey;
 Their temples foul with dead and cities blaze;

Disaster, death, cut short their evil days.
 No mortal man shall worship gods of air,
 Nor moon, nor stars; nor sunlight sheen
 On places high, with altars builded there;
 With fires of costly incense lit between,
 Or blood of man cast o'er the rueful scene—
 Nor beast, nor bird, nor loathsome serpent lean,
 Nor images of deities unseen,
 Nor ghosts, nor graves, nor shrines. In hate I swear
 Extermination of the race unclean
 That raves of gods of air, of specters dim,
 Or speaks Jehovah's name, or worships Him.
 Mine anger burns! Jehovah's potent arm
 Will smite in vain to save his race from harm.
 No more the sunshine warms his viper brood.
 Their boasted God will rule a solitude.
 I'll make those rebel mountains flow with blood—
 Ay, heap their hated vales with rebel slain.
 None of my words are said in vain.
 Holofernes, the rod of wrath assume—
 The choice of man is homage or the tomb.
 All idols fall, the flags of thrones be furled,
 For I am god of earth—lord of the world."

Far fell the fear of Asshur's fatal sword,
 When issued forth a wild, rapacious horde
 In power, splendor, pomp, all Asian pride—
 With peal of battle horn, on ev'ry side;
 The clang of arms, ferocious yells, replied.
 Assyria's devils howled with fiendish joy,
 Let loose to ravish, massacre, destroy.
 The nations wailed in misery, despair;
 The smoke of ruined cities filled the air,
 Where swift the bloody hand of Asshur fell
 Burst forth a saturnalian scene of Hell.

IV

On Ilon's walls brave knights their lines arrayed;
 Their stately banners waved in high disdain;
 Their trumpets pealed across a smoky plain;
 Of Asshur's host those knights were not afraid—
 They had resolved on deaths of martial fame.
 The foe around the mighty city drew,
 Its towers took and its high walls o'er threw,
 The populace and all the strong men slew—
 Then turned its mural beauty into shame,
 The prince o'er thrown, in golden fetters bound,
 Forebore of cruel foemen to be seen
 With aught that savored of a craven's mien.
 The victor cried: "Remove this foreign hound,
 But find him ample pain before he dies.
 Kill thou his captive sons before his eyes,

Then blind him slow in some atrocious wise,
And wall him up alive in his own ground."
Then Asshur spoiled the land, from center round.

Rich targes heavy with pure Ophir gold,
That hung on walls of Belus temple old;
Rubies, pearls—in Oriental tribute paid;
A golden Sun men venerated there,
Upon whose shrine had princes' lives been laid;
Public hoards of gold, sacred vessels rare;
Huge treasures in the palace halls displayed,
The vestal crowns and arms with gems inlaid;
All trophies fine, the virgins thought most fair—
These were the spoils to Nineveh conveyed.
All else within the land became the prey
Of Asshur's host—the damsels fair to view;
Silver, amber, gold, the treasures hid away;
Rare foreign arms, choice coats of Tyrian hue;
Strange plates of mail with shields of ormolu;
Ivory, perfumes, voluptuous luxuries—
What e'er the lustful soldiers cared to seize.

Then were the captives brought out sorrowing.
Holofernes, the royal chieftain, said:
"Those men may live, to till the soil for bread."
Of other swarms: "They shall much treasure bring.
Lo, they shall fill the coffers full of gold
At Nineveh; for slaves they shall be sold."
Of other hapless men he thus decreed:
"For public slaves in chains assign them all.
On tower, pyramid or castle wall
Hard shall they toil, vile be their daily feed,
With blows to make their naked bodies bleed."
Of nobler youth—strong, beautiful and brave,
He said: "I saw those men grave dangers dare.
Not one of them be slain or made a slave.
With us they serve in arms—O chiefs, beware
Lest I consume in wrath as well as spare."
The other youth, immense with their array,
He bade his myrmidons in fury slay.
Then swept he all rebellious nations back,
And woe, fire, desolation, fringed his track.

V

Where Bethulia made its lone defence
Of Zion's hills and holy shrines and homes—
With banners floating from its castle domes,
The vast Assyrian host removed its tents.
In stern magnificence the pagans came.
So dense they massed upon the mountain's base,
Their multitudes obscured the valley's face,
Their glossy metal shone like vivid flame.

Bethulia's boldest men were daunted sore,
Upon the dreadful scene in terror gazed.
Samaria's plain sent up an ocean roar;
To vision's reach Assyrian armor blazed.
Riders, charioteers, processions bright,
Like hostile nations came in sight.

"Alas! O Nineveh hath rule of earth,"
Brave men made murmur in their great dismay.
"Our petty force will but awake her mirth,
The mighty world becomes at last her prey.
Our very land will scarce that host contain.
Its weight alone will break these walls away;
It covers all Samaria's vasty plain."
Then every man had fear of heart; he stood
With weapon drawn, upon Bethulia's walls
Till sunset lusters fell in rosy flood,
And rayless eve threw down its ebon palls.
Then from the towers flamed red watch fires far,
For black low heavens hung—without a star.

When rolled Invasion's wave, with murmurs loud,
To view that host a girl of Judah stood
Upon the walls in stately solitude,
With lustrous eye, with courage unsubdued.
The lady Judith fair—with soul as proud
As Lucifer's when angels fought on high
To bid his baleful, mad ambitions die.
Far swept her gaze beneath her native sky.
All scenes she viewed the might of Ilus marred.
Her presence lured with ev'ry wond'rous charm;
Her gen'rous thoughts—as pure as fleecy shroud
That winter veils o'er high Tacoma's form;
Her spirit high, adventurous and warm.
A stormy, haughty nature shone in eyes
Aglow with force, impetuous but wise.
She was no flower of the lighter crowd,
To twine a festal wreath, or toy with lyre,
But one of power, swift emotion, fire—
Such dame as heroes, demi-gods, admire.
She wore the semblance of a gorgeous cloud,
Or menace—beauty, of a summer storm
That floats in splendor down an azure sky,
With rolling thunder peal to terrify,
With hem of sunlit silver, fringe of gold—
Majestic, dang'rous powers in its fold,
That blaze o'er frightened skies—to purify.
In thought absorbed o'er hapless Judah's woes,
She sought her home at fateful sunset's close.
While others bowed in silence of despair,
She poured her stormy soul in Passion's prayer.

VI

Oppressive darkness o'er Bethulia spread.
Thick palls of starless eve depended round.
It seemed a habitation of the dead,
Disaster's home, Contagion's revel ground.
An awful silence fell, of omen ill.
Calamity breathed all its presence there.
A Spirit moved upon a voiceless air,
Men spoke in whispers—only of despair.
All souls rebellious were of cooler will.
They fain had lifted up a doleful cry,
Or sent a frenzied wail—a shriek—on high,
To pierce the gloomy, weighty air with sound,
For heaven—earth—all flesh, became so still.
'Twas inky, awful darkness overhead.
From out a dreadful night came forth no sound
Save, ever and anon, the martial tread
Of some stern soldier on his watchful round;
With vague relief the noise of watchers fell.
It marred a weird, a supernatural spell;
Men were in fear, in superstitious pain.
Such deep, unearthly gloom; the tension, strain,
Intense alarm—drove weaker minds insane.

Within her lonely chamber Judith mused,
All pale with mournful thought—in silent woe.
For solitude she craved; her soul refused
Vain human converse o'er such evils dire.
She saw, alas! Judea's overthrow—
Beheld a wreck that must anon transpire;
Her visions wild foretold what must befall—
The flames, the slaughters, crimes—she saw them all.
They burned before her dizzy brain like fire.
She wailed with utter grief; her lavish tears
Relieved at last an almost frantic mind;
Her lofty spirit soothed her dismal fears;
She calmly mused once more with courage blind.
O for some power in her woman's hand!
Was there no way to save her native land?
A thought! She started—paused—arose in haste
And hurriedly the stately chamber paced,
Then paused again, and long was lost in thought.
She seemed a statue to perfection wrought.
How nobly beautiful she was; her years
Were those when Woman sways her utmost force
For good or ill; when passions run their course
Defiant of all prudent rules or fears,
To crown a life with happiness or tears;
When Woman's lion will defy control—
And flashing eyes reveal her stormy soul.
Yet was there greatness in her thoughtful mien,
As there she mused—would grace a royal scene,

For mighty thoughts arose within her brain.
She stood like some aroused, imperious queen.
No soft amour awoke her high disdain,
No tender words of love fell from her tongue.
The fate of empires—races—nations, hung
Upon the subtle movements of her brain.

“And if I fail,” said she, “Severe my doom—
Dishonor, torture, scarce a pariah’s tomb.
E’en here in Judah will Derision smile,
Then speak of me, with all suspicions vile.
And if the deed be done and I shall die,
Perchance this fearful storm will not be by.
My blood will pour, but Zion’s race will fall—
Yea, more disastrous horror visit all—
The very hills warp ‘neath a smoky sky,
Because this thing was e’er conceived at all.
Grey matrons loathe me for their daughters’ pain.
Some living death may wait. A gloomy cell
May shut me in from flow’ry, sunny earth,
From stars—from all the scenes I love so well,
From joys of home and happy hours of mirth.
There in some dismal hole I’ll pine away—
Grow haggard, old, emaciated, grey—
Go mad! recalling of my fairer day.
How will they kill me if they wish my death?
In what strange, brutal, fierce, barbarian way,
So full of pain that speedy death were play?
O death becomes indeed a grewsome thing—
If close we gaze upon it shuddering.
Though now we mock it with gay, merry breath,
When close we view it, ’tis most awful death.
Yet men do brave it on the plains of strife,
With plumes—with gaudy colors all arrayed,
And hail with haughty scorn a peaceful life.
They find a joy in War’s unhappy trade.
Shall not a woman’s heart be also bold?
Her life for lofty purposes be sold?
O! ’tis a fearful doom to die e’en here,
With gentle friends around, where all is peace;
Where passage to the grave is but release,
Oft times, from countless cares that grow severe.
How shall I face a death from brutal foes,
Who rudely place their hands on me in hate?
Who curse me and insult with savage blows?
Who drag—who push me, to some dreadful fate?
And life to me now seems so glad, so sweet,
So full of joy—I fain would never die,
But live alway beneath some sunny sky
Where wars and all these woes would never meet.
Why issues not some fierce, ambitious man

To foil the foe with subtle, crafty plan?
Some chief with mail of brass and ruthless hand,
Who does not care for life, but draws his brand
With joy, for fame—for Glory's lofty cheat?
Why should a woman arm to save a land?
But no man moves! They all do quail with fear,
And soon, alas! the brutal foe is here.
It is a fearful hazard for a dame to take.
'Tis desperation—worse than fate of death.
My blood is cold, with nervous fears I shake.
Mere contemplation stays my hasty breath,
For I shall be alone with savage foes
Who hate my race, delight in rueful scenes.
In what weird manner will the venture close?
I think in vain, for darkness intervenes.
O God! Howe'er the dang'rous die be cast,
On me their vengeance will descend at last,
Yet if I here abide, 'tis but to be
A few more troublous days in sorrow free,
Then falls Bethulia—awful scenes await.
Gaze where I will the view is desolate.
How nobler then to die a death of pride?
To give my life to turn the storm aside.
Death comes to all, and when at last I'm dead,
What matter if this life was brief or long,
So that a worthy praise of me be said?
And of the deed? I do no grievous wrong
To save the lives of all my native race—
Preserve my country, home, my native place.
Ah! woman true abhors all bloody crime—
O hapless fate to see such evil time.
The life of man is brief—I do not take
A life, but shorten it some restless years,
Nor strike the fatal blow for mine own sake.
Judea shall not fall nor bathe in tears.
To slay a man whose trade it is to slay,
Is but to make a vulture wild your prey,
To sweep a monster from your dang'rous way.
But be it good or ill, this woman's hand
Will deal a tigress blow for Judah's land.
With soul on fire, here now for death I stand—
For worse than death—at will of Heaven high.
An inspiration from Almighty's throne,
Impels me forth amid that host alone,
And if I fall, no precious one am I.
I'll save Judea's heritage—or die!
I'll save it though I die. I'll dare this deed
Though Judah fall and all in vain I bleed.
All blows are fair in such disastrous need.
Soon shall defiant Asshur wail in shame,
A proud blasphemer fear his boastful creed.
My beauty, honor, life, my woman's fame—

All that I am—I stake upon this game.”
Thus flew her thoughts—O, when the soul is torn
With wild emotions from fierce passions born,
Time’s leaden heel takes on such nimble pace
The hours fly as in a festal chase.
How soon within was rosy light of morn.
Now shall she prove her haughty spirit well,
For words no more upon great issues tell.
The time for fears, reflections, all is past.
She stands on Action’s fatal verge at last.
How calm she was—how stern—how very pale.
Her beauty was a factor in the game
Of death she meant to play—perchance of shame.
She needed not a shield, a coat of mail,
Nor arms, nor glaives nor crest of beaten steel,
Nor darts to stay on-rolling chariot wheel.
Her weapons were to be the tender smile,
The flash of liquid eyes, the whispered word,
The gentle touch of hand, the gracious wile—
That prove more potent than a cruel sword—
Prepare more woe than battle fields afford.
Therefore she robed in raiment of a queen,
With costly gems to gild her noble charms.
O Eve of Glory! ne’er had soldier seen
Such goddess panoplied for war’s alarms.
In soft, celestial loveliness she shone,
A spirit fair of some supernal zone,
An angel moving on a mortal scene.
O’er temples pale a crown of gold she placed,
All ornaments of sensuous deceit
Her form adorned; all precious hues of taste,
With graven spans of pure Atlanta gold,
Bejeweled o’er, upon imperial arms.
She clad herself to shine with all her charms—
To ravish eyes of all that might behold.

Soon solemn thoughts o’ercame her haughty air,
And low she fell in tearful frenzy’s prayer.

“O God!” she wailed, “in this disastrous hour,
See Thou how terrible is Asshur’s power.
His bloody onsets mar the world’s repose.
In swords of warriors he places trust;
He strews the nations in his battle dust.
A sea of tears for Asshur’s glory flows.
As olive leaves, or summer stars on high,
Or countless waves where vasty oceans lie,—
These hordes of cruel, superstitious foes—
Baal’s haughty paladins of martial skill,
Who love wild war—storm tower, wall or hill;
Resistless move to force of mortal man.
Their host oppose no human prowess can.
Their glossy swords pass heathen armor through,

Strange metals mold their many weapons true.
They scourge a frightened world at savage will.
See Thou what armaments our vallies fill.
Their despot vain blasphemes Jehovah's name.
Our city holy will be wreathed in flame,
All under heaven in his rage he'll burn,
Our temples wreck, Thine altars overturn,
The vales depopulate with bloody sword.
His pride abase—yea, sorrow be his dower.
His glory quell—O strike Judea's Lord.
O'erthrow Assyria with remorseless power.
Be merciless in this momentous hour.
With Heaven's fury arm a desp'rate hand,
So, when alone mid Il's great host I stand,
I hurl it back o'erwhelmed—at Thy command,
Now all our mighty men abandon hope,
And I go forth with multitudes to cope.
In woman's wrath—when all the strong one's quail.
May not my heart or holy purpose fail.
Be Thou my guardian in tremendous need,
That I may do a great—an awful deed.”

High courage in some gen'rous, noble cause—
How beautiful it is. Its mandate awes,
Its presence lingers—memory endears.
It lives in thoughts of men. The statue rears
In vain its marble crest with peerless pose—
In vain it challenges with gaze of pride,
If glorious human action shines beside;
In vain the master's famous canvas glows,
In vain the music of magnific song,
Where courage all its frenzied power throws
Into the scale, to right some grievous wrong.
Art has no beauty like a deed sublime,
Some action great to charm all after time,
Some glorious deed that bids arch-angels gaze
In admiration, wonderment and praise.
How then a mighty soul o'ercomes all fears,
Controls each impulse with a demon's will,
Commands the trembling nerves of flesh to still—
Ay, bids the spectre Death in homage kneel,
Transforms our clay to adamant or steel.
Tis honor, duty and a lofty cause
Give high disdain—supreme contempt of death;
They nerve the soldier to his dying breath,
Inspire the deeds that win a world's applause.
When furied Woman lifts her gentle hand—
In sheer despair the sword of Murder draws,
To smite a tyrant from her native land,
The deed revolts—not so her purpose grand.

VII

Beneath a spacious dome of purple hue,
 Where lavish oriental splendor shone—
 Its woven gold begemmed with costly stone,
 Was Holofernes, in gloomy thought alone.
 His lofty menials bade him deign to view
 A woman worthy of an Asian throne.
 This prince of war, whose idlest mood was law,
 In deep amaze, celestial Judith saw,
 "I fly a land the wrathful gods have doomed.
 It shall be given you to be consumed,"
 She said—then lowly fell in feigned awe.

"Thou fear no more," the grey-haired soldier cried,
 "Sweet rose of Salem! in our tents abide,
 In honor dwell—yea, be Assyria's guest.
 No haughty one shall have thee move aside,
 No sentry stay thee or thy peace molest,
 For Babylonia hath no girl so fair,
 Nor brighter star glows o'er the rosy west;
 Thy features comely, beautiful thy hair;
 A home of noble thoughts thy pensive brow.
 Nay, nay, mine adulations be confest,
 With stars or gold thy semblances compare,
 And thou a gem of all fair jewels found,
 A purple cluster from Engedi's ground;
 Like eyes of doves thine eyes, a lily thou,
 A flower blown—I feast upon thee now
 To ravish all my soul with pleasure sweet.
 Sidonian odors burn around thy feet,
 Thy temples pale with richer gems be crowned
 For safe thou art—a thousand swords around!
 No queen's espousal e'er bestows a joy
 On people's hearts, as vision of thy face
 On me confers, in midst of war's employ.
 Hail! sweet conception of Judean grace,
 No lawless hand will here thy peace annoy.
 Voluptuous thy ways, thy movements, are;
 Thy glance is clear as flash of Chellan star;
 As ivory thine arms, thy lips a rose.
 O daughter of Jerusalem, repose.
 On thee Judea's vales their languor shed.
 One so delightful fair—yea, one so wise,
 Should have her home beneath serener skies,
 Where Nineveh in all its glory lies,
 With royal scenes to greet her gentle eyes,
 With castle roofs above her crowned head."

O Beauty! gift alone of Heaven's hand!
 Supreme enshrined in angel Woman's form,
 Dark moods of Genius change at thy command;
 Ferocious Force throws down his bloody brand,

O'ercome by wondrous power of thy charm.
 The demons grieve, deceiving thee to harm.
 We seek for thee among eternal stars,
 On flow'ry plains, where ocean storms prevail.
 'Neath nature's dome a pensive impulse mars.
 How shall our glowing hymns to thee avail?
 Thou art of haughty mood, and silent all,
 Nor heed pale worshipers that round thee fall,
 But when we view thee in sweet woman's guise,
 Thou art a joy divine to mortal eyes.
 High poets heap their songs, old men their gold,
 The swarthy warrior his awful bays,
 Young men the loyalty of all their days
 Before thy shrine—Queen of supernal mold!

VIII

So Judith dwelt in warlike pomp alone.
 Assyria's prince a restless fervor felt,
 As though an evil star above him shone.
 Strange dreams alarmed; in solemn fear he knelt.
 He deemed a menace came from Ormon's throne.
 Perchance the wrath of awful Belus dealt
 A blow through all Assyria's royal zone.
 Emotions deep his lips would fain disown,
 In silence bade his lofty spirit melt.
 In manhood's autumn prime, what use had he
 For what soft maidens or their plaintive swains,
 Or sighing vagabonds of minstrelsy,
 Define as love, or sing in idle strains?
 Thus far in life his bosom had been free
 Of all unhappy storms but those of war,
 Of court intrigue, of vast diplomacy.
 He had his harem in his home afar,
 Where famed Euphrates poured its yellow waves;
 His choice of captives and of Grecian slaves;
 Ferocious lust he knew the meaning of,
 But till fair Judith came he smiled at love.
 Now burned his heart with Love's disastrous glow;
 Mad heathen passions flamed like fires below,
 And she—his deadly, most remorseless foe.
 Romantic vales walled in with vivid green,
 Gave forth no echo of the soldier's tread.
 No mortal tumult marred the regal scene.
 The gardens wide their heavy odor shed,
 Fit for the chamber of an Asian queen;
 Pomegranate shades, wide pools of crystal spread,
 Cool brooks flowed on their mossy banks between;
 Hoar, ancient hills—the sunlit heights o'erhead—
 Forbade a great world's roar to intervene.

Forlorn as lover of ignoble name,
 He lonely wandered by these flow'ry ways,

To dream of her, of happiness and fame.
"How vain," he mused; "is life—a few brief days!"
Then are we gone—we leave no worthy trace.
Lo! Nature's green, ambrosial fane.
Alone before her stately shrine I stand.
I question with impetuous demand,
I seek to solve her mystery in vain.
Hath any part of man a future place?
Earth is rude mother of the human race.
The far, bright Sun—O sacred zone of fire!
Of all that lives, moves, dies—is our great sire,
But whence it came in vain do we inquire.
All earth will perish when its flames expire.
We call it Horus—adore its face.
Perchance it little heeds our puny race.
That fumes, that suffers, in its genial blaze.
My brain's confused—my thoughts at random chase,
Nor strange, for even gods are out of place.
'Tis said a star of war blazed out last night
That frightened all the sky with train of fire.
A Memphian seer who oft hath told me right,
Predicts a mighty man will soon expire.
Ah, well! mayhap he deems departure light.
I've bartered life, alas! for martial bays,
And oft I deeply mourn such fatal years.
Ah! they have teemed with crimes, with nations' tears,
With wars, revenges, awful scenes of hate;
With dazzling splendors of imperial state,
With surfeit of disaster—human pain.
I would not see those horrors o'er again,
Though Nimrod's envied glories I might reap.
I am not old but this great empire's care
My temple sears; it has imprinted there
Displeasing lines, and furrows all too deep,
A trembling, hoary Magian seer might wear.
Renowned of men, where vaunts a mortal foe
Who dares to meet me, hand to hand, in arms!
My soul delights in tumults and alarms,
A thousand lords my fierce ambition show.
They loll in purple robes, attire in gold,
But fear the perils of the martial field.
My royal spirit is of sterner mold.
With joy the regal sword in strife I wield.
When loud the onset clarions have been pealed,
Who dares to beard me on the bloody field,
Or lead, like me, strong men through scenes of death?
I mark their mien in Trial's dreadful hour—
I see them battle in their brutal power;
Ay, fight resolved unto their final breath.
Clad in mine armor of pure steel or gold,
With shiny crest adorned with snowy plumes,
My tow'ring form the cloud of war illumines;

Mine action wild, each lofty impulse bold.
 On some Iranian plain's extended floor,
 Sublime to see mine host in combat pour,
 A living, breathing, shining, warlike mass.
 What nations in magnificent order pass,
 In grandeur wild; sonorous trumpets peal;
 On rush the tribes of old, barbaric fame.
 The moving millions clad in sunlit steel,
 Like lightning fill the air with awful flame.
 Rich standards wave, shield or silver helmet shine;
 Impassioned heroes cheer each dauntless line;
 Some chorus wild that scarce our tumults mar,
 Extols the glories of high triumphs o'er;
 On sweeps a swollen tidal wave of war
 That startles Asia with portentous roar.
 The trappings, glitter, of war's noble game
 Delight mine eyes; the stately voice of Fame
 My heart consoles in every gloomy hour,
 Whence come oppressive clouds that round me lower?
 Presentiments of evil and of shame?
 What should a gray haired soldier now desire
 But soft repose, return of Passion's fire?
 The ministrations of some gentle hand
 Like her's—this paragon of Judah's land!
 I'll sweep these hostile western lands with fire;
 I'll wreak upon them all mine ancient ire,
 Then will I stay my sword forever more,
 To crown with happiness life's final hour.
 'Mong Median hills, where foamy torrents pour,
 In pomp I'll dwell, with Judah's peerless flower.
 Soothed by her smiles I'll have at last mine ease;
 Each soft infatuation shall be mine.
 I'll cancel perils by the foreign seas,
 Forget old wars in idleness and wine,
 Delight in love, all happy arts employ,
 To my great King imperial cares consign,
 Make all around a scene of peace divine,
 And waste mine age in tranquil scenes of joy."

O strange fatalities our lives control,
 In this mysterious prison place of earth,
 A smile may to an endless woe give birth,
 One soul has empire of another soul;
 Lives fondly mingle, to diverge again;
 Great intellect attains immense control
 O'er lower millions, whom it lifts from pain,
 Or basely burdens with oppression's chain;
 An impulse may sweep on a thousand years,
 A word entail a century of tears.
 Who shall aver that he his life controls?
 O fool, not e'en the earth self-driven rolls.
 As mortal mind o'ercomes another's will,

An airy presence may instill a thought
 That bears tremendous fruits of good or ill.
 Upon a zephyr blown, a spark is caught
 In idle tinder with'ring on the lea,
 To kindle blaze wide as the Tyrrhene sea.
 The noiseless movements of a brooding mind,
 Awake a kindred mind to moody thought,
 While Holofernes o'er hapless love repined,
 Nor dreamed that frightful dangers round him were,
 But idly roved in reveries of her,
 'Neath rich pavilion's dome unseen she sate,
 And wove the subtle toils that held his fate.

'Twas thus she mused: "How vanish thoughts of wrath
 If kindness foils; the force my spirit hath—
 Its impulse bold—abates in heavy fear;
 I tremble at each idle tumult near.
 A misty gloom enveils a weary mind
 Whose dull perceptions grow to purpose blind.
 Confused are thoughts that late unrolled so clear.
 My life is like a black phantasm here.
 Ah! if but one of them this purpose knew—
 The thought o'ercomes me with an awful fear.
 In vain I weave my fiendish plan again;
 It soon is gone beneath a fearful strain
 That fills me with keen agonies of pain.
 Unreal is each scene I daily view,
 And I, a passive instrument, borne on
 By some stupendous power to goals I rue.
 How vain to muse when mind itself is gone.
 Where, where the weighty import of this deed?
 O, must a prince of martial strangers bleed,
 Who is too lofty for ambitions yile?
 Whose manly voice grows tender if I smile?
 How can his death cure ills which have to be?
 At least, what wrong hath he imposed on me?
 Repulsive all my thoughts of murder seem.
 Am I the plaything of some awful dream?
 Perchance controlled by some fierce demon's will
 Who would my brain derange—to have me kill!
 What if this crime should prove a dread mistake?
 Will hosts of Asshur vanish for my sake?
 Why shall I slay or this great soldier fall?
 O now I wake and understand it all.
 The act appals! I must have bolder thought;
 For all high reasons must the deed be wrought.
 If blood must flow, no more the trial wait;
 Soon be the hour of this venture great."

IX

If he had been for Zion's glory there,
 Such noble prince of war—such famous knight—

Had won swift admiration in her sight,
When came he with his adulations fair.
He bade her shine beside his festal board,
As light of soul as Ilo's daughters were.
Low strains of pensive music should be poured,
Incense of ocean Tyrus fill the air,
Sweet heathen girls o'er flow their gobblets bright
With precious wines from jars begemmed with stones.
While stars illumed an oriental night,
The pomps be their's that sovrans on their thrones
Enjoy, fared on the spoils of conquered zones.
With hesitation's air at last she smiled,
Then gracious answer gave unto her lord.
High beat his heart, with rosy dreams beguiled;
Enrapt he mused on infamy's reward.
Of subtle wines from Amokostah's vales
He freely quaffed, so blithe he was of heart.
She came at eve, arrayed with utmost art—
Kind, beautiful, soft as Arabian gales.
He voiced his joy—his tender passion's glee:
"My soul goes forth, Judean girl, to thee,
Whose lips are honey dew, and eyes are stars.
No evil cloud this hour of pleasure mars.
What idle priest inveighs that dangers be
Where mirth is fast, its light emotions free?
That gods in envy gaze on mortal joy—
Ere bliss prevails, in vengeful wrath destroy?
That man should sorrow for his many sins,
That never soul its utmost rapture wins,
Nor ever is delight but with alloy?
Vain are the sermons of these people wise,
Who ne'er have seen the glory of thine eyes.
Lo! all is tranquil here—in midst of war.
Safe are we, love, as on a lonely star.
Howe'er a troublous world may find employ.
Judean rose! our task is only joy.
With olive wreath! let merry laughter, wine,
Be sweet as those delicious lips of thine.
Awake, O dulcimer! O festal horn!
Romanceful harp—depart all moods forlorn!
We wander now by rapture's rosy brink.
The wave is free—O let us drink—
Yea, laugh derisive ills of life to scorn,
As though we ne'er should see another morn."

X

At midnight's hour the feast of love was o'er;
Fell wealth of roses o'er the pleasure floor;
The fruitage, purple grapes, the vintage, lay
Unheeded as the tears of long ago.
In echoes waned each mellow strain away,
The weary slaves withdrew with murmur low,

And he of Glory's toils—Il's victor gray,
Whose genius wrought an empire's overthrow—
On couch of gold, in dreamy trance he lay,
With wine o'ercome—alone—to be her prey—
Chaldea's prince, Judea's mortal foe—
A victim pale for sacrificial blow.
The chiefs withdrew before his royal door,
The air, all earth, an awful silence wore.

With eye malign she stole beside his bed,
To view him long with vacillation's gaze.
"A dark, a traitorous design," she said,
"What ending of a mighty soldier's days.
How soft he breathes—mine flesh with horror creeps,
Mine eye-balls burn, my very sight is dim,
To see how calmly, peacefully he sleeps,
And I so near to deal such death to him.
My blood is cold, a tremor chills each limb,
These hands of mine elude the will's control,
This is a devil's work—I yet am clean,
No blood is on my robe or on my soul.
What if I fly this cursed, horrid scene,
And leave to men of war this bloody deed—
To butchers of our kind, whose only creed
Is brutal violence to win some goal?
I shudder, sicken, at the thought of this,
I would not slay him for eternal bliss.
O murd'rous crime! Alas, if I decline,
All Zion will unroll a flamy waste;
A cruel foe will spoil our holy shrine;
The bitterness of death will all men taste,
Fair children fall beneath the pagan sword,
All women be the prey of Asshur's horde.
How earth will loathe me to all final time,
A murderess! no heroine sublime—
One who defiled herself by stealth to slay
The mightiest man of Asia's clime,
As reptiles crawl to kill their nobler prey.
O God! if I had seen him only now,
Nor on him gazed in simulation's glee;
If he had shown a rudeness unto me,
Or on me gazed with base, offensive brow,
Or by an idle word implied a scorn,
'Twere easier to slay as I have sworn.
There was but kindness in his revelry,
List! of love he speaks—alas! for me.
How can I slay him where in peace he lies?
O plan of utmost Hell! Why shall it be
When tenderness pervades empyrean skies?
Again he speaks—my God! his words appall.
He cries—'Bethulia's mine! O slay them all!'"

She swiftly moves to where his falchion lies
In golden sheath beside his martial bed.
With spiteful sound his trusty steel replies,
As forth she rends it: o'er her jeweled head
An instant like a shaft of death it shines.
Dread scintillations clothe its gleaming lines;
It falls—it blushes deep with purple stains;
With tides drawn from her heathen lover's veins,
Another frenzied blow—and he is dead!
A headless corse on gore-bespattered bed.

Holofernes! not by the royal sword
Of Madian prince or famous Memphian lord
Art thou made silent in dishonor there;
Not by the Genii or celestial sons,
The children of the gods—impetuous ones
Whose feats of prowess are brave men's despair,
With all thy noted wars, thy great command,
How hast thou fallen by a woman's hand?
O'er northern hills thy peerless cohorts came,
With cruel spears, their van a sea of flame.
Loud were thy brags the utmost lands to burn,
The fountains from primeval courses turn,
With multitude of all thine army's feet.
No mortal foe would e'er thy power meet,
All earth would cower 'neath a despot's rod,
Adore a monster as creation's God,
Or mountain vales pour streams of human blood.
Fair Judith smiled—allured thine am'rous eyes—
Lo! where thy headless corse repulsive lies,
Thy dream adieu of sensuous delight;
She flies to Judah's vales through shades of night.

XI

Most weird, unheard-of morn! An evil glare
Of ill portent stole o'er Samaria's coast.
Dim spectral beams dazed Asshur's fated host.
With blaze obscure the sun dyed horrid air,
Then paler grew, as though his force were lost,
Fear smote each heathen breast; with whited lips
The pagan hordes viewed Horus in eclipse.
His anger tamed each vain blasphemer's boast.
With din of arms, with battle trumpet's blare,
Bethulia's braves aligned in phalanx deep—
In massive squares along the lofty steep;
With stormy cheers, as though for open fight
Assembling on their native mountain height.
Pale Judith paused upon a bannered wall,
To watch how soon her thunderbolt would fall.

“Assyrians, align! We are defied!
In haste array!” the pagan heroes cried,

"Holofernes, come forth! Fear not his frown—
Awake him, slaves! The rebel knights come down."

High princes came within his gorgeous tent
With fear, lest he their boldness would resent.
Alas—Assassination's awful sight!
His headless corse in bloody purple wound—
Horrific—loathsome—on the gory ground,
A gruesome trophy of the festal night.
They pierced the air with wail of dismal sound;
In frenzy flew—precipitation, fright;
Afar they gave disastrous rumors round.

O Ruin's morn! strange, superstitious fears,
With speed of thought, passed o'er that fated host,
While echoed far the foe's derisive cheers.
By Judith's blow Assyria's might was lost.
Through miles of camps contagious terror spread;
Tribes of renown, proud heathen princes, fled;
In shame, confusion, and with haste insane,
Assyria's host reeled o'er Samaria's plain.
O'er Zion's hills a tale of triumph sped,
Outflying aromatic winds o'er head.
No more despair a gloomy land o'er cast,
Each mountain vale fast woke with rally blast;
Each vineyard, olive grove, gave forth its band
Of swordsmen to consume a ruined foe.
Phoenicia warred; every border land
With rapture hailed Assyria's overthrow—
O'erwhelmed its fugitives with cruel hand.
Of all those fearless clans who came in wrath—
In savage pomp—on Glory's crimson path,
To scourge a world with wild invasion's woes—
The flower of all Asia's martial brood;
At home in strife and restless of repose;
In warfare, scornful of intrepid foes,
Whose trail was desolation, solitude—
A remnant vain, in courts of royal pride,
Confessed with shame where famous armies died.
A thrill of joy passed o'er the Tyrian sea;
The shores, the waves, the frightened earth were free.

In palmy Nineveh strange scenes prevailed,
Fear filled ancestral halls, imperial seats,
Pale seers of Bel, who breathed of Heaven's ire,
In frenzy drove their slaves of Sacred Fire.
Fierce armed swarms the palace wall assailed,
The troops, inflamed o'er infamous defeats,
The concourse joined, or at its fury quailed.
The tyrant mused in gloomy pomp alone,
His cohorts fell, his revel heroes fled,
Sun-worship clans poured o'er the portals red—
They slew Assyria's monster on his throne.

Three thousand years have passed—how fair the name
Of Judith still in tragic lustre shines,—
In fadeless glory—o'er the stars of fame
That each receding age to earth resigns.
No mist obscures the martial bays she won
Because her beauty served most high designs.
Ferocious was the foe she strove to bar,
And all was fair in ruthless Asian war.
O star Semiramis! how pale thy rays
When orb of Judith burns with meteor blaze.
In vast results, imperial hosts undone,
She dims the laurels gods of war have won.
From Nubia's wave to shores of Parthian sea,
Her valiant arm set countless nations free.

IN CUSTER'S HONOR

PRIORITY OF PUBLICATION

In 1893, to a leading Chicago firm, I submitted a manuscript of poems wherein was contained this one "In Custer's Honor." Afterwards, (1896), that firm issued "Custer And Other Poems, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox." Her Custer poem was similar to mine in methods, ideas, sentiment, length, meter and style of versification, and to the ordinary reader it would appear very much as though one poem suggested the other. The author who printed last would, of course, be viewed as an imitator.

Unknown to these publishers, I had printed my poem on General Custer many years previously, in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

To any charge of imitating Mrs. Wilcox, I offer the defense of priority of publication.

IN CUSTER'S HONOR

Honor the Brave.—*Napoleon*

Shall warlike songs no more be sung,
 Though humblest hands must seize the lyre?
 Shall Fame forget her trumpet tongue,
 And Glory quench her sacred fire?
 Shall deeds of arms no more inspire,
 Nor martial themes adorn the lay
 That woke applause in Homer's day?
 Alas! the times are basely cold.
 Unlike the brilliant race of old,
 Men worship at ignoble shrines;
 To venal hordes the bard resigns
 With silent lips his regal task—
 No martial strains the nations ask,
 No victors now in splendor bask
 On thrones that kings in envy prize;
 No thrilling plaudits pierce the skies
 When signal notes to conflict call;
 The laurel wreath men now despise,
 The gloom of greed o'ershadows all;
 Across the path where conquest lies
 Grim Avarice uplifts its wall,
 Yet shall one voice defiant rise
 To celebrate a soldier's fall.

Custer the brave! Star of the West—
 If martial souls can likened be

To peerless stars in heaven's crest
That flash and glow in grand unrest
When Night comes down on earth and sea—
O gallant one, how few like thee
Have leapt to fame in this dull age;
How few illumed rich Honor's page
With annals of so proud a chase;
How few have run such high career
In Glory's bright and dazzling race,
Or fleetly won such lofty place,
O knight without reproach or fear!

Thy fields are fought, thy triumphs o'er;
No more the thunders of the strife
Will wake thy soul to keener life;
No more the volleys hotly pour
Along the ranks where swiftly speed
Thy daring form and haughty steed.
The white smoke of the massive guns
Will rise no more to southern suns
Where voice of thine breaks on the air,
Or war winds kiss thy trailing hair.
No more thy sword will gleam and shine
In midst of square, in front of line,
Nor thy proud lips, with fierce delight,
Proclaim commands in moments dire
Whereat the battle's waning fire
Will glow anew with redder might,
Nor thy dread skill, like Heaven's blight,
O'erwhelm the foe that scorns to yield,
Or hurl mad columns on his flight
When triumph shakes the smoky field.

The glory of those scenes is past,
The terror and the dread import;
No death wail floats upon the blast,
No standards toss o'er field and fort;
No gloomy fleets with iron walls
Move up the quiet, inland streams;
No hissing bolt of carnage falls
To rouse the soldier from his dreams;
No bugle through the green wood calls,
Or missile o'er the rampart screams.
At twilight, dusk or break of day
No hosts in silence form array,
Or in the pomp of martial pride
Pour fearless from the mountain side,
At noon's dread hour, in wrath condign,
To break the foe's unconquered line;
No white camps deck the crested hills,
No music breaks across the plain;
No startling deed the spirit thrills

With exultation or with pain;
Nor lurid flames the night illumine,
Nor horrors shame the ghastly day,
Nor lands adorned with Summer's bloom
Are smote with slaughter and dismay,
But Peace smiles down from shore to shore—
And Custer rides to death no more!

His lion heart is quiet now,
His fierce blue eyes are cold and dim;
Though laurels twine his noble brow
The voice of Fame is not for him.
The form that ball and piercing blade
So long in vain assayed to mar,
Beneath the peaceful turf is laid,
To lead no more the storms of war.
The shock of arms, the earthquake tread
Of countless hosts, the peal of strife,
Might roar above his lowly head
Nor thrill the hero back to life.
And where he sleeps shall softer notes
Waft gentler echoes to the gale,
For there no lordly challenge floats,
No cymbals clash, no foes assail;
No cannon from their iron throats
Hurl forth their clouds of burning hail,
But tranquil skies and peace are there,
And woman's voice is heard in prayer,
Or pours in song with saddened strain,
Low music o'er the mighty slain.

'Tis meet that he should slumber so,
Whose princely spirit never quailed
When forward poured the threat'ning foe,
But when the courtly truce prevailed,
By deed and mien and gracious word
He fleetly found a surer way
To foemen's hearts than swiftest sword
Could find in vortex of affray.

His knightly blade forever sheath,
His useless arms no more display;
Hang on the wall his withered wreath,
And wheel the silent guns away.
The silken banner that the rain
Has deeply dashed with streak and stain,
That suns have marred and fire has singed,
That balls have pierced and blood has tinged,
That holy tears have sanctified,
Fold thou away with mournful pride.
Its dainty fringe of yellow gold
Has rustled where War's surges rolled;

Its slender staff with brazen spear,
With splintered sides and silver scroll,
Has marked where brave men trod with fear;
Or heroes rushed with thund'ring cheer
To win the conflict's bloody goal.

These are the spoils proud nations prize—
Not massive heaps of yellow gold
That slaves may dig or cravens mold,
Or knaves amass from human sighs;
These are the trophies dearer far
Than conquests of colossal war.
For these no fawning thief will bend
To barter country, race or friend;
There is no precious thing in these
To tempt the greed of soulless men;
The wind that sweeps the western seas,
Whereon a thousand fleets have been,
Hath never wafted merchant bark
To distant shores with freight like this.
The hellish purpose, deep and dark;
Foul treachery, the Judas kiss,
The blasting lie, the base design,
Are not for spoils of Glory's shrine.
Lo! Mammon's slaves will mock and sneer,
And hold such relics vilely cheap,
But find the land where Beauty's tear
Dews not the turf where soldiers sleep;
Where gold outweighs the gallant heart,
And tinsel pomp outshines the bays
The hero wins on battle days
When Duty points his dreadful part;
And find the land where rusts the sword
That all untrammelled Greed may reign;
Where navies rot that rogues may hoard,
And rulers covet thrones for gain;
Where ill-got wealth with vulgar scorn
Derides the poet, sage and chief;
Where spotless bays are rudely torn
From honored brows that Daphne's leaf
May basely crown some swollen thief—
For that vile land what dastard craves?
It is the future home of slaves!

Shall scenes of warfare never cease
In stormy forum—on the field
Where Glory's lofty note is pealed?
Man was not born for scenes of peace.
All sacred is the martial zeal
That bares the soldier's glossy steel—
Impels him on, with heart aflame,
In reckless quest of mortal fame.

Who turns the sword into a plow,
May till the soil with gloomy brow,
And fare him like his brother beast,
That idle men of arms may feast.
Whate'er we gain we combat for,
As well we guard whate'er we keep.
The tyrant comes when freemen sleep,
And spoilers prey 'neath sun or star.
Our mother, Nature, teaches war;
She spurs us on, but o'er the mind
Let Reason pour its vivid light.
True sons of Glory ever fight
For some great welfare of mankind;
For lofty purpose, race oppressed,
For cause by after ages blessed,
And leave immortal names behind.
Though armed Wrong uprears his crest,
Shall earth and all it holds be his?
In any clime, in any land,
The sword an honest weapon is,
If seized by patriotic hand.
Ill fares Oppression with its horde
Of pampered slaves, its vaunted sway,
Where freemen wear the ready sword,
And have the spirit of affray.
Heroes of old will fade away
From Grandeur's pile or list of Fame,
And he alone who boldly fights
In Freedom's van, for human rights,
Will have Humanity's acclaim.
Yea, laurels fall from Heaven's height
To crown the soldier of the Right.
True heroes hold in sacred awe
The mandates of their country's law,
But spurn a brutal despot's whim,
Nor count the cost that baffles him.
Advance—O Human Race—advance!
E'en though at times through storms of war.
No more may Freedom, Glory, Chance,
Be chained to Crime's triumphal car.

ON PRAIRIES WILD

PRELUDE

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.—*Cowper*.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! Ye outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within are full of hyprocrisy and iniquity. Ye serpents! Ye generation of vipers! How can ye escape damnation of Hell? Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which appear indeed beautiful without, but within are full of rottenness and dead men's bones.—*Jesus Christ*.

Money, money, money! makes the man.—*Pindar* (2500 years ago).

If ye say ye love God, whom ye have not seen, and hate and oppress your brother, whom ye have seen, ye are liars and the truth is not in you.—*Christ*.

"Oriental servility superseded pride; public spirit disappeared, patriotism was gone; literature lost its vigor; art deteriorated, money ruled; the people sunk into a nation of pedants, parasites and slaves."—*Decline of Greece*.

ON PRAIRIES WILD

I

This is the story of Glendare,
Who lived upon a former day.
He was not born to fortunes fair,
But early clouds fell o'er his way.
He had some foes who wrought him ill—
They ruined him with crafty hand.
He had no skill of self command,
He had no rule but wild self will.
He thought intense, and had strange moods
That led him off to solitudes
Where he met friends men do not see.
They told him things that were to be,
And things that yet will come to pass;
They taught him arts of mystery.
They loved him well, but they, alas!
Could give to him no thing he craved.
His mortal life was all enslaved,
For powers of ill more strong than they
Pursued him with relentless hate,
And he would not their will obey,
Or changed his mood when all too late.
He trod the path of his own fate,
Since all his sorrows were to be.

I caught his life in rifts of dreams;
In voices, thoughts, that came to me.
All disconnected now it seems,
Phantasmagoria, fitful gleams,
But in it all was truth for me.

II

Where'er he turned he saw deceit
Concealed in smiles to soon betray,
And Shame he found in Honor's seat,
And Vice in Virtue's chaste array.
He found Religion oft a veil
To screen the vile from utter scorn—
A gilded sham, of Mammon born,
To plunder on colossal scale,
And sway mankind like serfs forlorn.
He found that Falsehood reigned supreme;
That justice was a poet's dream
That faded fast to empty air
Beneath Corruption's gorgon glare;
And where Integrity should wait,
Rank thieves he found installed in state.
He could not bow at Power's call,
Or kneel where Manhood bade him stand;
He could not cringe and delve and crawl
For senseless gold from Favor's hand;
And yet he found that swollen wealth
Could win what Genius may not gain;
That bays were snatched by coward Stealth
Where manly Force would strive in vain.
He saw Pretension seize the place
That sterling Merit scarce could hold,
And saw the world join in a chase—
A frantic chase—for only gold.
And Gold, he saw, ruled over all,
Bought men as dealers buy their slaves;
Prepared the way for Beauty's fall,
Or cheated prisons of their knaves;
Atoned for any crime or blot,
Made right whatever once was wrong;
Set Law—yea, Decency at naught,
And made the hoary lecher strong.
And social lines he fiercely found
Set everywhere some hated bound
To beat him back; there was no round
That he might tread that did not lead
To insult, slander, hate and greed.
That he was base they could not plead;
That he had robbed, or that his creed
Conflicted with the Law's command;
That he had raised a lustful hand
At Innocence in hour of need,

Or that Weakness had within his snare
Been stricken down to perish there,
And he had smiled to see it bleed—
That he had wrought some murder grim.
They could not say these things of him.
His crime was worse a thousand fold—
He had no hoarded heaps of gold.
His vengeful soul in hate rebelled,
And bitter as a cynic gray
He cursed a social world that held
Such hypocrites and beasts of prey.

III

On o'er wastes untamed and dread
His lone and silent marches led;
Wide stretched the plains, untouched by Man,
Where still and solemn rivers ran;
Green rose the woods beneath a sky
That heard no sounds, and far and nigh
Within the vast horizon's belt
A world outspread, wherein there dwelt
No throne of power to set aright
The ruthless wrongs imposed by Might,
Or wreaked by Hate or wrought by Lust;
No safeguard that the weak might trust,
No lofty court of last appeal;
No law save that the rudest feel
Within their hearts; naught to oppose
Marauder's craft or ruffian's blows—
Only Nature's grand repose.
And if uncertain skies were black,
And launched the cyclone on his track,
He ever loved roused Nature's rage.
He read, as from a written page,
The signs she wrote on mountains hoar,
On angry skies, on seas in pain,
On rushing stream or beaten shore,
On angry skies, on seas in plain,
Where'er she wrote he loved to read;
And if her tameless instincts chose
The rending whirlwind for a steed,
And sin-stained cities for her foes,
He darkly feigned he saw no cause
To pity where such chaos dwelt;
Incensed at rules, restraints and laws,
At Nature's shrine alone he knelt,
And had some horror menaced Earth,
Some scourge to sweep from land to land,
Could he have stayed it at its birth,
He had leapt forth with saving hand,
But deemed the deed of little worth.
Condemn such spirit if ye will—

The world's rude lessons teach it still,
And pride and bitterness combined,
Confuse and warp the noblest mind.
Where flowers bloom the serpent hides.
And kindness oft with ill abides.
We hide our wounds as best we can—
We cannot hate our brother man.

IV

The deep woods heard his axe's stroke,
His own strong arms laid low the oak;
He shaped the logs, he cleared the spot,
He reared alone his ample cot.
He broke the sod, with easy speed
He scattered wide the yellow seed;
He covered well—his task was done,
He left the rest to rain and sun;
For further toil there was no need.

How happy seems a woodland sage
Who dwells content in humble cot,
And drifts from youth to tranquil age,
Nor ever pines for grander lot.
No hopes insane or mad demands
Disturb his brain, impel his hands.
He little heeds the time that flies.
He is no serf his toil to waste.
From morning red to ev'ning chaste
Subservient to Wealth's decree.
There is no king more truly free,
More safe from tyranny than he.
What petty lord has him arise
Ere dawn illumines unfriendly skies,
To drudge in pain that knaves may feast,
May have their pageantry increased,
Or bask in dissipation's blaze
Through noisy nights and idle days,
Or flaunt their robes from hall to den
Before the eyes of better men?
And where the lips that dare command?
Or dare, with insolence of speech,
Tyrannic sophistries to preach,
Within the aisles so broad and grand
That gird his home with boundless reach,
Green canopied by Nature's hand?
Why should he slave? The land, the air,
The woods, the game, are Heaven's care.
The teeming fruits, the waters clear,
That shine and glisten far and near,
Are free for him to take or spare.
The blue smoke curls above his roof,
His lounging dogs keep vigils true;

The savage beasts prowls far aloof,
Or frightened fly his wild halloo;
The flowers bloom for him to view;
The grasses spring to bear his tread,
Or catch the tinsels of the dew;
The bird that carols sweet o'er head
His very step and presence knows.
He fears no plots of baffled foes;
His days are pleasure and repose.
At truce with Fate and free of care,
Thus idly mused morose Glendare.

V

On Indian steed that bore him well
He slowly rode o'er Prairie Land.
From sapphire skies the sunlight fell,
The summer atmosphere was bland;
Full breezes cooled the sultry air;
They roved o'er desert gardens fair,
They scattered odors everywhere;
They ceaseless roved; the tall green grass—
It moved and ruffled like a sea.
He watched the restless breezes pass;
All round, the world was fair, was free
As these light winds that came and went
As though on task of joyance bent.
Wild flowers waved of every hue
From snowy white to livid flame.
What if he knew them not by name?
White or golden, purple, red,
Each flower tossed its haughty head,
And if they bloomed and bloomed anew
On lonely heath, in hidden dell,
Then faded and all withered fell
Ere human eye could idly view,
In loveliness they bloomed the same;
They gemmed the boundless desert lea,
And fed the wand'ring honey bee.

Elysian skies smiled overhead;
Unbounded plains in silence spread,
To silence and to peace consigned.
Silence is the womb of thought;
The home, the garden of the mind.
The spirit of the scene he caught,
And slowly rode from spot to spot.
The cry of wolf, the note of bird,
The sigh of grasses gently stirred
By balmy breath of soft south wind
From torrid seas, alone was heard.
Without a sound to wake or warn,
In solitude great thoughts are born.

As sunset nears, rich colors glow;
 The landscape dons a thousand dyes;
 Vermilion robes the western skies,
 Rich purples veil the hills below.
 Tints change and mingle, flash and go;
 Bright opals fuse and crimsons flame,
 Till in its pomp recedes the Sun,
 And slowly brilliant Eve moves on.

In Midnight's proud cathedral,
 Domed by the stars divine,
 He paid his homage humble
 At Nature's mighty shrine.

VI

In Autumn's gorgeous, golden clime
 All unsurpassed was Prairie Land—
 A wonder traced by Nature's hand,
 Replete with color. Scene sublime!
 How still the drowsy waste around;
 How sacred to eternal rest.
 In all the world there was no sound.
 The sun rays fell from Heaven's crest,
 They sunk on Nature's silent breast,
 And Beauty waved her magic wand.
 Where slender rivers stole their way
 Through gleaming heaps of desert sand—
 Their sinuous way like streams estray—
 Tremendous bluffs of primal rock,
 High flung by subterranean shock,
 Were crowned with woods in florid dyes;
 In gaudy colors unexcelled,
 That dazzled, ravished mortal eyes.
 No human hand hath ever held
 A cunning brush to paint like this.
 Vain thy skill, presumptuous Man.
 Behold! and rival if you can.
 The landscape swoons at Nature's kiss.
 It seems a home of placid bliss
 For nymphs and gods of days of Eld.

Where slow the stream the quick-sand laves,
 'Mong cliffs and crags, in secret caves,
 Hide outlaws rude or Indian braves.

Majestic Nature sits in calm—
 For weary minds has blessed balm,
 Yet here the cyclone wheels its course,
 The whirlwind wields its awful force.
 Yon stream that shuns its doubtful shores,
 At times a swollen river pours;
 A flood gigantic, furious, wild,

Its wall of waves on upland piled;
The cloud-burst falls with sudden might
And fills the vale with surges white.
Like passions of the human race,
The elements this holy place
Do mar, and every scene debase.

Vast prairie fires fiercely range
The region o'er, fanned by the gale,
And all its flowery fronts assail,
And all its vernal beauties change.
Wild creatures fly or fall in flame;
The hunter flies or falls the same.
Then smoke and cinders, blackened heath,
Are all that lie the heavens beneath.
Where Beauty, Goodness, love to stray
There Evil comes in quest of prey.
'Twas ever thus since Eden's day—
The fate of earth and mortal clay.
Great power tends to deeds of wrong;
The brave must meet and fight the strong.
With good and ill all things are rife.
How Passion clouds the noblest brain,
And blights and stains the proudest life.
Self indulgence and excitements vain
Swift bring destruction in their train.
Vice gives the strong man overthrow.
The haughty, bold, audacious man
Contrives in vain his daring plan.
Vice breaks his force and lays him low.
The prairie fire, the sheen of joy
That overhangs the path of vice,
But shine to ravage and destroy—
The foes of welfare and of life.

Indian Summer! Glorious moon!
And all the stars, how wondrous bright—
Glittering orbs of splendid Night!
The air is warm as northern June;
As pure, as clear, as dry and light
As fills a sultry afternoon
Where lotus-eaters lounge at ease
Divorced from thoughts that do not please—
From olden griefs and memories—
On fabled isles of southern seas.

VII

It soothed Glendare to idly gaze
At mid of night, at noon's high blaze.
In glens, in mighty solitudes,
He revelled in poetic moods;
By surging flood or dwindling brook,
He read the lore of Nature's Book;

He sought it in Night's radiant skies,
But mocking stars gave no replies.
In thought and meditations long
He pondered Story's page of wrong—
Recital of the reign of brutes
That strutted earth in human form,
And wrought their lusts and had their will
Till vengeance bore its bitter fruits,
And Horror had its bloody fill.
The earth was but a robber's den.
He pitied all his fellow men.
He saw the triumph of the strong;
With hate, with scorn, with impulse warm,
He saw that Right too often fell
At stroke of Power's brutal arm—
That lands became a smoky Hell
That sword and crown and mitre grim
Might league for gold, and iron sway;
In Christ's high name might burn and slay.
What monstrous crimes are laid to Him!
Greed, Fanaticism, Tyranny—
Triple monsters born of Hell!
Relief to turn to prairies free
And view their balmy pageants well.
Fowls of the air, when Man intrudes,
Signal and fly in friendly broods;
Steeds of the plains, in wintry weather,
Form in friendly bands together.
Like the wolf he tames and loves alway,
Man makes his brother man a prey.
Historian Gibbon, writer grand,
His glowing pen at last resigned.
His stately work of brain and hand—
Rich reflex of his noble mind
And gen'rous heart, he hoped might live,
Yet called it but a narrative
Of crimes and follies of mankind.
"And justice, sir," he sadly said,
"Is theory—a fiction dead."

An envious, jealous, hateful breed
Of mortal pygmies fight and bleed
To sate their souls with boundless greed.
The cultured man, despite his gains
In outward grace and bookish lore,
Too often unredeemed remains—
Is brutal savage as before.
Heed not vaneer and outward grace,
But view him as a flunkey base,
Or tyrant of his helpless race.
Though platitudes may sound the worth
Of rogues triumphant, villains bold,

The simple truth must yet be told:
No golden age has had its birth.

A glory in the autumn skies
O'ercomes all Prairie Land.
In sunset pomps of dazzling dyes
The vast orb in the distance lies,
And showers beams like golden sand.
Its colors change—a million hues
Transform, relight, float off, confuse.
If red to deepest purple grows,
Soon all is gold; then orange flows
In billowy masses without end
Till richer tints and colors blend.
Every hue that decks the rose,
Or tint that gilds the tropic sea,
Arrays this orb of mystery—
In vivid sheen and splendor glows.
The basking plains in joy admire;
They smile at sunset's liquid fire.
Vast luminary! that light affords
To grateful earth and sister stars,
What wonder that barbaric hordes
Appealed to thee in ancient wars;
In thee beheld a god indeed—
In daily view before men's eyes—
A childish yet a simple creed,
Since all that lives, or moves, or dies,
On thee for heat and life relies.

Coronado rode this endless plain,
And o'er it led his mail clad knights
To seize it for imperial Spain.
They saw the bison's mighty flights
From north to south and back again.
With firearms and trusty lance
And brazen shield, they made advance.
They viewed the savage with disdain.
Then came the chivalry of France,
With empire's lust and boundless claim.
American knights adventured here—
Houston, Bowie, Carson and Sevier;
Men of high, impetuous will—
Stern zealot Brown, eccentric Lane,
Harney, Cody, Custer and Wild Bill.
Their gypsy blood impelled them on;
Full soon all foreign flags were gone.
'Mong western lords of virgin earth
George Rogers Clark will shine for aye.
What bard will dare extol his worth
In hasty, unpretentious lay?
Immense events he set in play!

A grateful land applauds his name.
Zebulon Pike! far in the West
A gorgeous mountain rears its crest—
Forever keeps his martial fame.

Men's lives—how great the import seems
To each; he toils, he deeply schemes,
Then dies upon some lonely spot,
Leaves dust and bones—and he's forgot.
A trillion mortals pass away—
They vanish like a smothered flame,
A falling star of summer's night—
And leave to earth their useless clay,
Ere History records a name,
Or lifts a single deed to fame.
How vain Ambition's anxious quest.
'Twere wise to vanish like the rest.
Thus mused the desert anchorite,
Yet could not keep this truth in sight,
Nor play such craven part aright.

On Syrian sands, old annals tell,
Dwelt crazy dupes, fanatics lean,
In tents and huts and holes unclean,
Fulfilling vows and plans unwise
In hope to merit Paradise
"By making troublous earth a Hell."
Howe'er imperious hearts rebel,
The noblest place for man to dwell,
His proper home, it seems to me,
Is where his duty bids him be.
For peace, repose, and mental rest,
The flow'ry solitude is best.
The nymphs and gods, in days of yore,
Sought not the crowded haunts of men.
They lingered in some leafy glen,
On mountain slope or ocean shore,
On fields with flowers all aflame;
They vanished when a mortal came.
Our fellow man, when at his best,
Not always proves a welcome guest.
We look him o'er with scornful smile;
His hard conditions makes him vile.
Raised out of Fate's unfriendly groove,
His tendency is to improve.
Creeds decay. Superstition fails—
The brotherhood of man prevails.
Life is war—its trials weather,
Help your faint or wounded brother,
Face the battle's earthquake thunder,
Fight the brutes that keep the nations under.

VIII

In this weird zone do wizards dwell;
Around me now they cast a spell.
Along the highland's hazy lines
Far off, remote, a city shines;
A Rome, a Nineveh, I see
With gates and walls of majesty,
With citadels of princes great,
And palaces of royal state.
Lo! where yon misty cloudlet lies
Are battlements— and cliffs arise.
What rich illusions meet the eye,
Clear lined against a golden sky—
All mural pomp, the pride of kings,
The grandeur of all mortal things.
And on the plain, in easy view,
Are lakes and pools and rivers bright.
For famished beast or plainsman true,
What rippling fountains now invite.
O vain mirage! how like the dreams
We have of life when life is new.
Then fair the rosy future seems,
Our thoughts how free and cares how few;
Each field with high achievement teems.
So Fancy paints our path ahead
Till hopes and garlands all are dead.
And shall we sigh? Shall curses fall
From scornful and embittered lips?
Accept the common lot of all,
And only smile at Life's eclipse.

IX

A cavalcade of Indians came,
Led by 'a chief of widest fame.
They rode at speed with graceful pride,
And formed a strange, a warlike scene.
Their shields of white of bison hide
Swung loosely at each rider's side,
Or poised across his swarthy breast.
His rifle lay at ready rest;
Aloft were glittering lances keen.
Nearly naked rode they all;
Stirrups, saddles, had they none.
Against the prairie's vernal wall
They formed a pageant in the sun..
No idle hunt allured that day;
They waged an internecine fray.
The pale face now was not their foe.
In tribal feud they planned a blow.

The War Chief used no polished words,
But knew the language of the birds;

Could imitate the wolf's lone cry
 In signal that a foe was nigh;
 Unskilled in any bookish art,
 Without a compass or a chart,
 Could fleetly pass the desert o'er
 And find at last the shallow stream,
 And camp in comfort on its shore;
 Could duplicate the panther scream,
 The wounded bison's threat'ning roar,
 Weird screech of owl or coyote yell;
 Could trail the deer or antelope,
 And far beyond his horoscope
 Could scent a peril moving nigh.
 Unlearned in books, unlettered quite,
 He yet was trained, a prairie knight—
 For his rude life was fitted well;
 Thoughts he had, reflective mind—
 This dauntless leader of his kind.
 Well might his war-whoop terrify,
 So loud and keen, or wild or shrill,
 For in it pealed his savage will
 To hasten strife, to fight, to kill;
 To riot o'er the captive's fate,
 To torture, burn—fiend incarnate!
 There was no limit to his hate.
 Hereditary instinct made him so.
 He ne'er forgot a friend, forgave a foe.

In words and phrases not our own,
 (Though well the meaning one might take,)
 In friendly truce—in chat alone,
 Thus freely to Glendare he spake:

"The Indian is a cavalier,
 A forest ranger, desert lord;
 A sportsman free without a fear,
 A soldier, sentry, on his guard;
 A chieftain proud or vassal brave.
 The pale-face is a drudge, a slave.
 He digs in earth with heavy tool,
 To make the torn-up soil produce—
 To only prove himself a fool—
 For all his toil there is no use.
 Untilled by man the frontiers yield
 Abundant meats and luscious fruits.
 These plains o'erteem with fatted brutes,
 Wild fowl abound and fish infest
 The mountain lake and midland pool.
 The Indian's life is far the best.
 Like prairie dog or gopher base,
 Far burrows down the sad pale-face
 In anxious quest of buried ore

To pile away in secret store.
He hazards life and ruins health
To hoard away such sordid wealth.
What profit from his toil proceeds?
We scorn the dirty life he leads.
Jehovah, the white man's god,
Feeds fat on gold and human blood;
He robs the native Indian race
To put his people in their place—
To glut the greed of the fierce pale-face.
In hosts these greedy strangers come,
They sow their grain on Indian graves;
•They bring us baubles, Bibles, rum—
A few are lords, the rest are slaves.
All free, as yet, are Indian braves.”

Pleased with his views thus Glendare spoke:
“The lords of men are secret foes,
Agreeing now, then plotting woes.
Their dupes? Trained animals in clothes.
From acorn small springs up the oak
That falls before the axe's stroke.
Far off the time when changes cease.
It is unhappy human lot.
As nations thrive new ills increase.
Nowhere the land where ills are not.
The purpose of the Universe
No mortal brain will ever solve.
Upon us lies no primal curse,
But not for us the stars revolve.
What the mighty panorama means
Is hid behind eternal screens.
Wild creatures of the tangled wood
In terror live, in torture die.
Their lot demands fierce hardihood.
They snare, they tear, they feast on blood,
They perish when they may not fly.
From very birth this is their fate.
They cannot change this rueful state.
Man preys on them; he claims the right.
His claim alone is brutal might,
And brutal might is all the law
That Man applies to fellow men.
By craft and force, by tricks that awe,
By knavery and subtle brain
O'er humbler men he gathers rein.
And breeds of men their force employ
To rob, o'erwhelm, enslave, destroy.
The weaker race must lose a land
The stronger race would fain enjoy.
No deity has made command
That this should be; on every hand

We see it flaming in our sight
That all must bow to ruthless might.
Since dawn of time this rule has been—
The weak must yield to stronger men.
A wretched race that will not fight
Must bow the knee to brutal might.
Jehovahs bring the world distress;
The gods have all been merciless,
Fomenting strife and grievous pain;
They come to curse and not to bless—
These dragons of the human brain.
Each one a while holds ruthless reign,
Then wanes away to nothingness.
Anon a spectre frights again,
Of different form, with different name;
His bloody instincts are the same.
For power, gold and royal place,
His haughty minions ply their game.
Our sages find abundant trace
That fathers of the Indian race
Swept mighty monuments away
Greater than we have to-day.
We cannot place a blame at all,
But evil brothers are we all.
Civilizations rise—to fall!
Their weight, injustice, racial strife,
Their factions, luxury and pride,
Sap away their inward life;
They lose their prowess—empire wide.
When Caesar reigns without a friend,
He totters to his bloody end.
Men weary of what's false to all;
They gladly see the fabric fall.
In circles do these changes move.
This truth all storied records prove.
A race prevails, supreme, and then
Reverts to savagery again.
The land that rules all mortal men
Becomes at last the lion's den.
The masses rise, o'ercome their kings,
And rend to dust all former things.
From each restraint they gain release,
Destruction thus to all is brought."
In council grave, exchanging thought,
They smoked at ease the Pipe of Peace.

X

Far down the woods the black night fell;
The restless lightnings blazed and flashed,
And strewed the skies with hues of Hell,
Or through the moaning forest crashed,
Scathing a way through tangled shades,

Cleaving the oaks like lindens frail;
Rebounding from their burning raids,
Then dying on the midnight gale.
The angry thunders surged and rolled
Like volleys of contending gods;
The rains swept down in torrents cold,
And bowed the trees like trembling rods.
The scared deer hid in dripping dells,
The panther ceased his hungry yells
And slunk within his jungled lair;
The wolves fled frantic in the glare
That smote the earth and deluged air,
And all fierce things ignored their prey
Since Chaos seemed resuming sway.

Lost in storm, in darkest night;
Brave indeed, yet filled with fright,
She far off saw his cabin's light.
Her faithful steed responded well,
And while the tempest round her fell,
Went rushing on through wild uproar,
And safely reached his cabin door.
With deep surprise and ready zeal,
He welcome gave to quick appeal.
Her charger housed and she at rest,
She was at once an honored guest.
The rudest lair seemed safe escape.
Her throat was spanned with chains of gold.
Rich jewels flashed in brilliance cold
On dainty hands of faultless shape.
Disheveled o'er her snowy breast,
And round her shoulders' perfect lines,
Like thunder clouds along the west
When low the sun in setting shines,
Her dense black locks in masses streamed,
Wet with the strong tornado's breath,
Thick hedging in a face that beamed
With light and love, as saints have dreamed
The pure shall have when freed by death—
A sweet, refined, expressive face,
And yet whereon the eye could trace
Some signs of power, slumb'ring still
In silent strength, yet quick to rise
If summoned by a firm set will
Veiled in her beauty's silken guise.
Her story brief—far in the east,
Beyond the woods and prairies free,
Where rock-reared bluffs in grandeur flank
The southward rolling inland sea—
Where fleets float on the billows blue,
And winds are fair and isles are few,
And sunbeams fall on clouds of steam,

Or flash and glance from dripping oars;
Where Commerce crowns the boundless stream,
And cities line the rival shores,
And vineyards spread with vigor rank
O'er lands that groan with wealth increased;
And Labor's bustle, roar, and clank
Proclaim that all, from great to least,
Must strongly toil with brain, or hand,
Obedient to Fate's command,
And toiling thus may win and feast—
There was her home; in halls of pride,
That looked afar o'er hill and tide,
Without a wish ungratified,
The queen of Fashion's petted throng
She dwelt, her life a joyous maze
Of bright and unembittered days,
All intertwined with smiles and song.
At length the woods and breezy plain,
In contrast with her home of ease,
Seemed like the green and glad domain
Some heart-sick royal captive sees,
Sad gazing through his prison screens
While vironed round with choicest scenes.
Her wayward fancy prone to please,
With gallant guard and ample train
She crossed the prairies wide as seas.

XI

Apart the joyless hermit stood
With folded arms, in evil mood,
For dark temptations filled that solitude.
The maid reclined, absorbed in thought,
Unconscious that her beauty wrought
Within his brain a maddened spell,
And that his gaze upon her fell
As merciless as fiendish Hell,
Feeding the source from whence it came—
Feasting like a treacherous flame
Upon the pyre that gives it life—
Insensate, lawless, heartless, rife
With mad thoughts that impetuous rise
In burning youth, unveiled by sighs,
Yet panoplied in hues of love.
As the serpent glares on the dove
That cannot fly its poisoned fangs,
And yet forbears to strike, and hangs
Above its prey, content to know
It cannot 'scape the deadly blow,
So stood he there, his impulse blind
Holding his soul in abject thrall.

Mind oft can converse, hold with mind
Though not a word from lips may fall;
To speak, not language may require,
But eyes can flash magnetic fire—
Can blaze with purpose and desire,
Transmitting shafts of viewless might
That shock the dormant brain they smite,
And rouse it up, as hosts at night
Spring from fields of doubtful fight
When loud alarms the bugles call,
And bolts of vengeance hissing fall.

She started like the hunted deer,
When swift the baying hounds advance;
She trembled with a nameless fear,
And, turning, met his threat'ning glance;
Then, nerved by some strange strength, she rose,
And stood erect—a perfect queen—
Unbounded was emotion's reach,
And with Zenobia's tragic mien
She coined her proud contempt in speech.

He heard her not—he only saw
A grandeur in her stormy eyes
That touched his guilty soul with awe
Too deep for demon to despise—
A purity that seemed sublime,
More portent far to banish crime
Than great Jehovah's sternest law,
Or Man's most pitiless decree.
O, more magnificent her rage
Than richest canvas could reflect;
So warm with youth, as wise as age,
And bitter as o'erweening pride
With sense of deepest wrong allied,
Or sudden hatred could direct.
Unused to polished beauty's wiles
Her anger moved him more than smiles.
From such as she no servile prayer
Was needed to escape his snare;
Her scathing words were swifter far
To reach his heart than strong appeal;
They played like brightly burnished steel—
Blazing rancor could not mar
Their fine effect, nor force him feel
One vengeful impulse in return.
By nature swift, by training stern,
Implacable, quick to resent,
Too proud to pity or repent,
The very courage of her will,
The very fervor of her ire,
Dazzled and disarmed him still,
And bid him honor and admire.

(Because the budding rose is fair,
O break not thou its fragile stem,
Nor scatter on the wanton air
The splendors of its diadem,
But shield it with Love's gen'rous care—
Earth may not lose her slightest gem.)

XII

In parting 'neath a forest oak
These farewell words he gravely spoke:
"To distant border wilds I came
To hide defeat and sense of shame;
At Nature's shrine to win relief
From wounded pride and olden grief;
To conquer vice and ponder o'er
The golden truths of stoic lore;
For safety, too; for mind's repose.
I left behind, embittered foes.
By whom each cruel wrong was wrought,
What ills I had now matters not.
I planned to pass untroubled years
In weaving strong, unlabored songs,
Nor cared if cold and busy throngs
Should e'er by me be moved to tears,
Or lifted from the servile plane
To which they must return again.
I found all nature fresh and free;
Companions here awaited me.
I met the fierce things face to face,
They lingered and were friends to me.
The prairies green spread like a sea;
The woods, the plains, enraptured me.
Resigned was Glory's eager chase.
By a clamorous world forgot
Its vain, far tumult reached me not.
My heart had burned with martial flame—
O, greatness, power, brilliant name;
Adventure, conquest, moved my brain—
Romantic dreams and schemes insane!
But times had changed; there was no peal
Of trumpet loud, no gleam of steel
Across the sunlit battle plain,
No where was spot where I might reign.
I had not found my proper place—
My vantage point of high emprise—
Among the wrangling hordes of men;
I turned away. These desert skies,
These woodland shades, were pleasant then.
I found the peace that sages seek;
The self same peace, and all unbought,
Of which the sons of Fortune speak
Yet ne'er enjoy. That envied prize
For which the weary monarch sighs,

For which the rich man piles his gold;
 For which the miser hoards his spoil;
 That tempts the weak and spurs the bold—
 The purpose of all mortal toil.
 I dwelt content till that fierce night
 Your presence filled my home with light.
 No keen reproach my lips employ,
 My bosom holds no vain regret.
 I would not give the hours of joy
 That I have known since first we met
 For gems that deck a Sultan's brow.
 But feelings strange oppress me now,
 Nor sighs avail. This lonely heart
 Must deeply mourn that e'er we met,
 Since now we must forever part.
 Adieu, sweet friend! our march is done.
 In happier scenes, with pleasures gay,
 Think sometimes of an absent one
 On boundless prairies far away."

XIII

Not long he mourned the lady's flight.
 He felt at eve, or solemn night,
 That from his life a joy had gone,
 A pleasantry, a wondrous charm—
 A brilliant page to muse upon
 With soft and melancholy thought,
 That boded of some future harm,
 Or menaced peace of present lot;
 But transient was the sorrow light.
 Too much of evil had he borne,
 To care for petty cross like this.
 He smiled anon in very scorn.
 A barren life indeed if bliss
 Is builded on a woman's smile;
 And yet she caused unrest a while.
 He pondered of the world afar,
 Its greatness and eternal war,
 Then sighed for prowess—golden sway—
 To hold its multitudes at bay;
 To conquer, baffle, selfish men;
 To lead in uproar and affray.
 His olden genius woke again.

A child of Nature, Pagan, he;
 A cynic, doubter, skeptic free,
 He yet invoked pale Destiny:

"Come forth from out the forest green—
 From out its deepest, darkest shade—
 O Destiny, mysterious queen
 Of powers known but swayed unseen,

And speak once more with royal mien.
Where are my future fortunes laid?
Shall stern defeats continue mine,
Or do the golden laurels shine
Which yet one day these hands will seize
And press upon my fevered brows?
She answers not. The drowsy breeze
Comes sighing from the woodlands deep;
The wildwood monarchs toss their boughs
In mockery, or clad in gloom
Seem shrouded in eternal sleep;
The sultry zephyrs slowly steep
The air in oceans of perfume."

Far happier the savage hind
Who plans but for an idle day,
Than he whose fierce, unrestful mind
O'er mighty schemes must brood alway;
Who knows not peace, nor yet can find
His tow'ring path with danger fraught;
Who worships with devotion blind
The goddess Fame, who heeds him not.
Most weird and strange, unhappy doom—
Ambition's fires his soul consume.

Though Nature soothes each passing mood,
And comforts Man in solitude,
She has no rest. The roses bloom,
The summers pass, the dead leaves fall;
Unsullied snows envelop all—
Then with the breath of balmy deeps,
Far from the South the warm wind sweeps;
The dull gray sky pours down its rain
And changing earth grows green again,
Yet all its greenness and its bloom
But herald storms and wintry gloom.
How sweet is rest! The whole earth groans
With heavy toil; the still flood sighs,
The weary ocean moves and moans,
The summer wind a sadness owns—
Upon the rose's heart it dies.

Amid the din of daily strife,
The competition and the strain
Of strength, ambition, nerve and brain—
The dizzy whirl of busy life—
How oft we long for deep content,
Revolt from cares that but increase,
And dream of scenes of utmost peace.
No vulgar despot could invent
A tyranny of such deep skill
To torture us, as fierce desires

Combined with an unyielding will,
And energy that never tires.
And yet the rest for which we sigh
Would be affliction keener far
Than frenzied toil for purpose high,
Or bold Ambition's vainest war.
Some men are born to have and hold,
And some are born by force to win.
These latter are of such a mold
That Eden scarce could gird them in
If there no field for them were found,
No place of strife, no battle ground.
Fierce action is the living breath
Of master souls—repose is death.
Green solitude and Nature's hush
Recall ambition once again,
And in the fury and the crush
Of battling crowds, where strength and brain
Alone can rule or gather gain,
There is the place for man to reign.
A tender sadness may surround
Some scene that gave us only joy,
But haughty pleasure oft is found
In lingering o'er some battle ground
That sternest ardors did employ.

XIV

Had I the boasted wealth of Ind,
If millions moved at my command
As leaves fly on October's wind,
Or sands glint on the ocean strand,
To goddess Change there would arise
A shining pillar to the skies—
Of art imperishable and grand.
A vast memorial would I build
In honor of the goddess Change;
A stately shaft, whose templed base
Would shine with architectural grace,
And glitter till the air was filled
With brilliance from such noble place—
A glorious shaft to goddess Change—
Ornate from hands supremely skilled
In all of art that mortals know;
In all that Genius finds a range
To light with supernatural glow;
A monument of human toil
That age on age would fail to spoil.
Full fair 'twould shine in rich sunlight
Till endless eons took their flight.
This would I do for goddess Change.
What joy to leave each scene effete,
The tiresome haunts we secret hate;

The sights to us no longer sweet,
The places dull where trials wait;
Where pleasant hours no days afford,
Or where, mayhap, some petty lord
Assumes o'er us to wield a sway—
Insulting chief of but a day.
What joy to fling restraints away,
To wave to loathsome scenes adieu;
To fly at once and far away,
And meet no more each troublous view.
New friends, new scenes; old ills forgot,
Enchantment fills the new-found spot,
And makes the pensive stranger gay.
Though oft at Wealth we must inveigh,
'Tis gold that buys this happy lot;
It gives us wings to haste away—
Where hateful cares and griefs are not.
Though far the reckless truant range
Through Eldorado's region strange,
With grateful joy his voice is fraught:
"All hail! our happy goddess Change."

Wanderlust! It stirs the blood
Till stagnant pool is raging flood,
Till peace is fled and tumult reigns.
From those bleak plains, those Orient plains
Of utmost East, of Bactrian fame,
Our restless Aryan fathers came.
O'er other lands they poured in swarms,
With battle cry and trenchant arms;
They bore their way where'er they willed,
For courage high their bosoms filled,
And arts and arms and martial pride
And liberty marched by their side.
Where wild the Aryan clarion rung,
The light of Civilization sprung.
Laws and freedom, glory, art and song,
Whate'er to noblest scenes belong,
From restless Wanderlust were born.
Each stated toil repulse with scorn,
With hate regard familiar haunts,
Despise the despot's haughty taunts,
Defiance wave to foes around,
And cross the designated bound.
One joy is left from barren years,
To fling aside our paltry fears,
And spring to arms and still advance
Where Wanderlust each soul enchants.
New lands, new scenes, we choose to range.
Let timid hearts incline to peace
And fondly hug their olden chains.
Our lips demand a swift release,

Full freedom now and ceaseless change.
This be our code while life remains.

These thoughts, these moods, awoke Glendare.
They floated on the listless air;
Ay, came in echoes from the wood,
In murmurs from each solitude,
In songs of birds, in smothered cry
Of wolf or beast that hurried by;
In rippling of the foamy stream.
All things destroyed his olden dream
Of rest and peace and tranquil thought
Forever born on one lone spot.
"Seek you the grave," the light wind said,
"And find your peace with people dead.
No voice disturbs a dead man's grave.
Vain fool, arouse! to grieve no more;
This world was made for wild uproar.
Away! Away! to cities great
To find a joy in fierce debate,
In stern resolve, in manly strife,
In purpose won, triumphant hate—
Excitement is the boon of life."

His heart obeyed with rapture wild.
Once more he roved as Fancy's child.
He passed where lands in beauty smiled.
Great cities tired—he crossed the seas,
And loved their billows undefiled,
Their wondrous pomp; in moods like these
He worshipped, like mad votaries
Of airy gods that men obey;
The elements he saw in play,
Unawed he viewed the whirlwind storm;
Tremendous force, in any form,
He loved alway, nor cared what harm
Or ghastly wreck bestrewed its way.
'Tis Nature's plan—no dainty course—
To have its will with awful force,
And in each petty human fray
'Tis Force, impetuous, achieves the day.

He roamed at will from coast to coast,
Through nations new and countries old;
The tropic lands appeased him most,
For withered Earth is growing cold.
No more it spreads a flowery fold;
The great Sun wanes from lack of heat;
Faint fall its rays, and Nature's doom
Will make of Earth an icy tomb.
Still, still where tropic scenes unfold
Neglected Earth is clad in bloom—

Our quiv'ring, trembling, crumbling Earth
Where scanty joys have had their birth,
Where countless miseries consume.
By Man's misfortunes oft confused,
And with resolve to place the blame,
In crowded capitals he mused,
In olden lands of ancient fame.
Where now fair children gaily romp,
He saw proud armies pass in pomp,
For War had left its trail of fire.
Such thrilling scenes bid him admire.
He trod the fields of former days
Where chivalry won meed of praise;
Where crowns were lost, or human rights
Were won with swords in splendid fights.
Regardless if the fray was fair,
He honored all who struggled there.
He stood beside Napoleon's tomb,
For whom the millions bravely died—
With reverence and martial pride,
While voices filled the storied air,
He cast an humble chaplet there.
Howe'er the maudlin flunkys rave,
The right divine of kings is laid—
Shattered, broken, shame-arrayed—
Deep in Napoleon's grave.

XV

On, still on, pursued Glendare
His restless, reckless, careless way.
With revel, idleness, with pleasures gay
He sought in vain and everywhere
For one choice thing—his heart's content.
To few this mortal gift is sent.
Though nameless in the human crowd
As proud as Lucifer he kept,
Nor ever o'er misfortunes wept—
That wound but cannot tame the proud.
To every wayward mood resigned,
Bohemian, and oft a sage,
He pondered all that might engage
His thoughtful eye, receptive mind.
Full oft he paused from sinful sport
To brood o'er things of deep import.
He studied men with keen intent,
In quest of trace of ray divine.
He saw them waste their gold in wine,
In lust, in follies without name
That pass the line of utmost blame.
He cursed their inclinations base—
Their madness in such idle chase.
Thus went they on till youth was past,

And woeful wreck befell at last.
Impatient with such brutal traits,
With selfishness and instincts low,
He thought 'twas wise their varied fates
Were harsh, and recompense was slow
For all they did, or sought to know.
He longed a monarch's sword to wield,
To wear a despot's gilded crown;
"And these?" he said with hateful frown,
"Fit food for Slaughter's bloody field."
Ah! too extreme. Man's fate is hard.
Conditions bind him to his place;
They grind him to a lot ill-starred,
They rob him of his native grace.
In vilest wretch some good is found
That points him to sublimer ground;
Some gen'rous trait, some touch of pride,
Where manhood has not wholly died.
Immersed in vice, he yet would rise
From impotence all men despise,
But lacks, alas! the innate force
To bear him from his evil course.
Though faulty, greedy, brutal oft,
He lifts his weary eyes aloft
And rues the mournful day he fell
In power of a siren spell.
Your brother, he—and aid him well.
No rule absolves the sordid heart
From acting out this manly part.
Though former semblance all is gone,
Raise him up and push him on.
Howe'er old maxims are revered,
In classes men are born and reared,
By mould of heritage and fate;
As varied each for ill or good
As savage inmates of the wood;
Each of a class like to his kind;
Of worth or dearth, debased and blind,
Or moved by most ambitious mind.
The best of men are none too good—
Are often then misunderstood.
To even win what they desire
Drivers, rulers, they require.
Well is the border zone outlined
Where intellect and thoughts refined
True manhood lift from plane of brutes.
In Education's noble fruits
Is born supremacy of Mind,
And armed Force must back the Law
That keeps the crazy mobs in awe.

So thought Glendare—in stately halls,

In palaces, on castle height,
Or by some mossy ruin's walls,
Or on some city's mould'ring site,
Or by some hoary bulwark steep,
He moved in meditations deep,
And tribute paid to other days.
And where, arrayed with lavish hand,
Art spread her marvels to the gaze,
Each faithful to her secret laws,
He tarried long at her command
With kindling eye and mute applause.

XVI

Silence, solitude and Fancy's reign
Brought peace to him and happy hours,
But Memory assailed again
To torture with malignant powers.
In reckless mood, remorseful pain,
He sadly penned this mournful strain:
"Ah! years, how slow ye come and go
For those whose hearts are weary quite.
Can Time bestow a balm for woe
When Hope has vanished from the sight?
Yet happy they whose barren way
Is decked no more with castles bright,
That Fate's fell blow will shatter low
Ere yet one day hath reached its night.
O happy they whose fleeting May
Has early lost its utmost bloom;
Who spurn relief, and snatch from Grief
Its sharpest pang, its keenest doom,
By knowing all that can befall,
Yet scorning all in haughty gloom.
They waste no tears o'er bitter years,
Nor ask that Hope shall e'er relume
Its dying ray o'er their bleak way
Like pyre that lights to some lone tomb.
They've mastered lore that all before
Have sadly learned, and all must know,
And in mute pain, with calm disdain,
They proudly, bear their weight of woe.
Man's shattered idols strew his path
Like wrecks flung on a beaten strand;
They mock his hopes, they rouse his wrath,
Yet vain he lifts his vengeful hand.
Proud Nature scorns his weak disdain!
Where shall he strike, with feeble pride,
When winds his empty rage deride,
And skies but smile at his mad pain?
O, vain is youth—all vain is life
To him on whom dark sorrows prey;
And better war and bloody strife

Than idle hours of gloomy day.
The Past appalls—fell Memory,
A vampire, feeds upon my soul.
O that some power came to me
To blot the Past's abhorrent scroll.
O for acts beyond recall—
The fatal choice of ills unknown;
The maddened rush to Honor's fall,
The cruel wrong, and Peace o'er thrown.
No sorcery can build anew,
Can dissipate these clouds of tears,
Make pure the deeds I wildly rue,
Or brighten deeply shadowed years.
From ghosts of joy, in mute array,
Remorse intense is mine alway.
O, Pleasure, hast thou still a charm
As potent as Lucullus found?
Stretch forth a fair and glowing arm,
And point to thy enchanted ground.
I'll worship thee! Away with cold
And dismal rules of monkish lore;
Strange ecstasies reward the bold—
Away with memories of yore;
Let harps resound and cymbals clash,
And gems above the dancers flash,
And leafy boughs, beneath the moon,
Droop down to hear illicit vows;
I'll revel through my youth's gay noon,
I'll make of life a long carouse—
Yea, bow me to the drunken god.
What boots it all when all is done?
When one man's troubled course is run,
And o'er him rolls the vernal sod?
Lo! drink with me, companions brave,
For they who moulder in the grave
Are happier, all ills forgot,
Than we who rove the foreign wave,
Yet hasten on to that same spot."

XVII

In England's Babylon, to his amaze,
He met the lady of his frontier days.
A change—an awful one—had crossed her life.
A maid no more—a spurned and fallen wife—
Her choice had been mad Passion's shame;
Her wealth was gone, her honor and her name.
She sought, 'mong fallen creatures, ruined men,
Forgetfulness of what had been.
Yet kindly did she greet him—with a smile.
In ghastly mirth they lingered there a while.
'Twas dreary pleasure, weary joy;
Abandon, pleasantry with deep alloy.

Each loathed to tarry where the other stood;
 Lest grief and tears might intervene,
 They pledged a glass with stoic fortitude,
 And laughed—he sadly left the noisy scene.

XVIII

Once more he crossed the boundless main,
 His native land he sought again.
 He toiled, he strove, with earnest men—
 For years he strove, but all in vain.

Balked in Life's uncertain game,
 Back to the desert lands he came.

A bitter grief was his, brave friends—
 The keen pangs of a baffled man
 Who stakes his life for dazzling ends,
 Nor yet achieves the glowing plan.

From his restless, moody boyhood days
 Fame had been, had been his constant dream.
 While others wrought their idle plays,
 He strolled beside some sombre stream
 In gloomy thought, with absent air,
 Depicting in his burning brain
 Broad fields illumed with Battle's glare,
 And swept with Death's relentless rain,
 And rocking 'neath the earthquake tread
 Of charging hosts, the deaf'ning roar
 Of thund'ring guns, while sunlight shed
 A spectral splendor o'er the scene of gore.
 And foremost 'mong the reckless riders there,
 Guiding the van with impetuous mien,
 And wrestling triumph from despair,
 His own wild form was grandly seen.
 And then he dreamed of awful cheers,
 The foe's imposing might o'er thrown;
 Applause of millions in their joyous tears,
 And Fame's unfading laurels all his own.
 And o'er and o'er this dream he dreamed;
 As time waned on from year to year,
 Such dazzling glory farther seemed
 At every step, until a fear
 O'ercame him—faith was lost, and Pride
 Despised the deeds that he had done—
 In high contempt it flung aside
 The humble chaplets he had won;
 Proud efforts failed; misfortunes came
 That broke his once imperial will;
 In clouds they came, till previous ill
 Seemed easy, light and tame;
 The wine cup then! and utter shame.

'Tis Hell to feel within the mind
Aspiring traits that lead to fame,
And yet be fettered and confined
In some base field prescribed and tame,
Condemned to paths of servile shame,
When had high Fortune been more kind,
Not in the bondage of routine
Had ardor lost its precious flame,
But earth had trembled at your name,
And wreathed it round with golden sheen.
O had there dawned some fearful strife
To strew the land with martial clay,
How grandly had he bartered life
To lead on some immortal day.

Whine o'er woes, vain amorous crew—
Make shrines and bow to sirens fair;
In ecstasy muse of eyes of blue,
Of bosoms white as Sierra snows,
And peerless forms beyond compare,
(In rival arms to soon repose
Till roused by cold neglect and care);
Lament that charms so warmly sought
Should bless or curse some taunting foe;
In savage wrath upbraid a lot
That Heaven ne'er designed for woe—
But ah! till ye know the racking throes
That baffled ambition feels
Talk not of grief. Love's passion grows
Dead with time; a slight wound heals,
But hopeless, burning thirst for fame
Is quenched alone with a lifeless frame.

O vanity supreme! since mortal fame
Is naught but vanishing human breath;
Who wins at last, exults, and then—
Is swept away by conquering Death.
Is spoken of by perishing creatures—men,
And, for a time, his mighty name
Appears in books that moths consume,
And he—a bunch of dust within a tomb.

Kings have died and left no trace behind—
No proud memorial, trophy, tale;
Their fame was lost upon the desert wind;
Their dust was strewn on wintry gale.

The dying serf, with final moan,
Leaves a petty sum to buy a stone.
The wind and rain will wear his name away,
And busy worms achieve his swift decay.
Though poor his life, and mean his lot,

He hates to feel he'll ever be forgot.
Presumptuous man! obscure or great,
Oblivion is thy final fate.
So deemed the desert sage. He chose to die,
And pierce the mysteries of the grave,
Nor cared what solemn fate might lie
Beyond Death's weird and silent wave.
No idle fable checked his soaring thought;
No scroll, with doubt or folly sealed,
To prophecy a mystic lot
Majestic Nature ne'er revealed.
Content he left their varied creeds
To those who bow to Superstition's wiles,
Or cloak in cant their selfish deeds,
Or secret woo soft Pleasure's smiles.

His wasted life a curse had grown.
Death was the surgery he chose
To cure its ills. No coward moan
Escaped his lips at thought of vile repose;
No shudder marked the deed a gloomy crime
To mar eternities of after time;
Sternly and calmly he cast the sum
Of existence—the dismal balance drew,
Whereat Conscience' lips were dumb,
Or owned the dreadful reckoning true.

Annihilation was his trust,
His life is gone, his form is dust.
Where flows yon stream in pomp sublime,
He moulders to the final time.
Man's life is but a fleeting breath;
Ambition's madness ends in death.



SITTING BULL
(Tatanka Yotanka)

In armed resistance to arrest, Sitting Bull was killed at his camp on Grand River, December 15, 1890. Many Indians and whites were killed.

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BORDER OF THE UNDER WORLD

[The grim cycle of Humanity—Industry, Prosperity, Overpopulation, War, Pestilence and Famine. This is Nature's law. Man cannot change it. Human life is a brutal tragedy.]

You seem so sad when half alone.
When you do not deem me nigh,
You bow your weary head and sigh,
As though some shadow you deny
Across your path were thrown.
You have some grief you will not own.
Your red lips speak in joyous tone,
Yet in your very smile I see
Some evil things that should not be—
Some subtle signs you seek to hide—
The haughtiness of wounded pride,
And bitterness with pain allied.
Sometimes the slightest things you say
Seem darkened by some mystic doom.
Sometimes your lightest words convey
A nameless sense of weighty gloom
That jesting will not drive away;
And ever when your wit's in play
You well nigh mar your morning bloom,
Such keen, sarcastic things you say.

You need not speak—you cannot screen
What duller eyes than mine have seen.
Apparent is to any gaze
The deadly bane of your young days.
In sportive mood Fate fashioned you.
Fate made you fair as poets claim
Soft Venus was when earth was new.
Such beauty gives you dang'rous fame.
Fate gave to you such lustrous eyes
I first beheld you with surprise,
And wondered if some wayward queen
Arrayed in this your vesture mean,
Did not wander in disguise.

A thousand charms Fate gave to you
As lavish as the summer's dew,
With impulse warm and florid health,
And pride that barely bends by stealth,
And grandly beautified the whole
With gifts of mind, heroic soul.
Then far away the demon stole,
But did not crown these gifts with wealth.

What solace find you in such grace?
In all these givings can you trace

The semblance of a motive kind?
Cast away your teachings blind
And question with undaunted mind.
Fair as the stars of Fashion's sphere,
Lo! you sit unhonored here.
Who comes to pay you homage sweet
With deference, impressive mien?
A suppliant upon the scene;
With tender vows in phrases meet?
With knightly air, demeanor chaste?
Tendering jewels at your feet;
Viewing as naught his royal waste,
So you bid him no more entreat,
Smile assent to his am'rous claim,
Receive his love and gems aflame—
And haughtily wear his name?

None come; but when you idly dream
Beside your lattice—barely seem
Observant of the throngs you view,
Coarse lechers fix their gaze on you
As they lounge past from fetid lairs,
And ponder on what common snares
May best achieve your fearful ill.
They leer upon you, foul with lust,
Until their red eyes feast their fill,
And sate you with disgust.
You cannot stir for secret foes;
The dreary shadow of repose
That Fate yet leaves you they would slay.
They weave their toils around your way
As hunters cast their nets for prey.
Their smiles are false, their vows are lies;
The honeyed things they sometimes say
Are Hell's suggestions in disguise;
There are no fiends more base than they—
Your awful ruin is their prize.
Such is the fruit your beauty bears;
It girds you round about with snares.

Not so does Fortune deal with all.
Others to stately homes are born;
On pleasant paths their footsteps fall,
From rosy flush of childhood's morn
Till autumn of their stormless days
Fades out like sunset's dying blaze.
This life to them is all in all.
Affection girds them like a wall,
And ready at their languid call
Are all the joys that mortals win
From love and luxury and sin.
They have a surfeit of the bliss

For which you starve—what they reject,
If yours, e'en in a den like this,
Would make your glowing eyes reflect
So deep a joy from out your soul
That I might read them like a scroll;
Ay, tell you, ere you spake a word,
That not in vain had been deferred
Your thousand hopes—that not in vain
Had Vice's baubles been forsworn,
Or poverty and secret pain
With iron fortitude been borne.
But such, alas! is not to be.
Vex not your soul with airy schemes—
In vain you build your gorgeous dreams—
You cannot alter Fate's decree.

A man may rise, if born obscure—
May summon courage to endure
The world's rebuffs; wrench off the heel
Of Poverty from prostrate neck—
May rear his fortunes on the wreck
Of other's hopes, and fiercely feel
A thrill of vengeance in their woe,
And in the stern strife a lofty glow
Of exultation and of pride
That sweeps Adversity aside,
And conquers, step by step, a way
Through adverse Fortune's thick array
Of bitter woes, to all he craves
That gold confers or Honor yields.
His very anguish swiftly paves
The rugged way to grandest fields,
Lending a vigor to his blows
That only desperation knows.
All before him are his foes.
With haughty hate he scorns repose,
And strikes as though his fierce strokes fell,
Not alone to reach his goal,
But for life—his very soul—
For earth itself, for if he fail,
Not heartless crowds will hear his wail;
The grave will close his gloomy tale,
And desert winds will sing his knell—
He will perish or prevail.
Thus nerved, he wrests away his prize.
But woman born to station low,
Though fair as Juno, and as wise
As Pallas chaste—how shall she rise?
Too oft her dreary option lies
Between a hovel and a hell.

You were not born to be delight

Of some low churl of rude command
 And sudden rage, whose brutal hand
 Would be more often raised to smite
 Than reached in toil for thine and thee;
 Whose hated home would only be
 A prison vile, where toil and tears
 Would waste away the mournful years,
 And sickness, misery and pain,
 And pinching want alone would reign.
 You would not wish with pangs to bear
 Fair children from his loathed embrace,
 To see them pine and wither there,
 Or thrive in discord and disgrace,
 Foredoomed in after years to rot
 In brothel hives or prison cells.
 Abhor indeed your present lot,
 But even Hell hath deeper hells.
 Far better quaff at Lethe now,
 Die ere another sun arise,
 With beauty twined upon your brow,
 And Aidenn's light within your eyes,
 And warm within your purple veins
 The blood of youth, and on your cheek
 The florid freshness of the rose,
 Then wear accurst the galling chains
 That love and poverty impose.

* * * * *

Two thousand years since Christ was born
 The money-kings his temples hold;
 His gentle rules they laugh to scorn,
 And buy his priests with tainted gold.
 Men drudge and starve in dumb distress,
 And human sorrow is no less.

Our planet swarms with weary slaves.
 Shall yet these hapless hordes increase?
 What millions pine for peaceful graves;
 In death alone find swift release
 From ceaseless toils and endless care;
 From rayless, hopeless, black despair.
 The lords of gold, in happy scenes,
 Behold it all with stony gaze.
 They know what this dilemma means.
 It wakes in them no keen remorse.
 They see these hordes tread rueful ways—
 In toil exhaust their vital force
 To lengthen out each vampire's days.
 They view it all with fulsome praise,
 And welcome Mammon's gladsome cry:
 "Let slaves increase! O multiply
 That I may golden harvests reap;
 That human flesh may be more cheap.

Let holy maxims be instilled.
How blest is love—arise and wed.
O blessings crown each nuptial bed.
Increase in kind; let earth be filled
With mobs of paupers needing bread.
Then cheaper will their toil be sold,
And mightier the sway of Gold."

'Tis passion vile that reigns—controls.
What though we term it love or shame?
How soothing to their dainty souls
To dignify with happy name—
Parade their shams in light of day,
Despise poor weakness gone estray,
Then pose in purity supreme—
In snowy garb—and almost dream
They are the spotless things they seem.
And wedlock, too—ah! what of this?
The captive knight is wan with care.
His pay—a cold embrace and lifeless kiss,
And charms that time will soon impair;
And if ambition fires his brain,
And fame hath been his lofty goal,
Dream not these glorious dreams again,
To fret in vain a fevered soul;
But, like a giant in affray,
Cast prostrate in his shame,
Behold a future fade away—
What hath a slave to do with fame?
Wild independence, fame, are gone.
Call you such lot a happy one?
'Tis bondage vile, yet Fate ordains
That silence hide his inward pains.
He hath no ground to build upon;
With gloomy mind he grovels on,
And Genius pines in hated chains.
When peerless youth is free of woe,
Each sunny hour enthroned in bliss,
How can it be that fools will throw
Its royal glories down for this?

Yon skies allure with many a star.
Because they shine so wondrous fair,
Ask not why ills and sorrows are;
Because yon wave, that seems a sea,
Lies beauteous 'neath a summer moon,
Ask not why griefs are thine so soon;
Ask not why earth, alas! should be.
Men grope in books to find a Hell.
Methinks our world should answer well.
Since first it wheeled with motion slow,
Then sought its orbit o'er the skies,

It's heard but sounds of pain arise—
This breeding ground of mortal woe.
And still they rise, and ever must.
If some wild planet, off its course,
Should shiver earth with fearful force;
Ay, blow its fabric into dust,
Some joys would end—as end they must;
Vast misery would cease to be,
Nor harm be done to you or me.
To brood in thought gives only grief;
These countless ills defy relief.
There are wise men explain it all—
Why most shall hunger, some shall feast;
Why pain is good for man and beast,
Why sorrows come, disasters fall.
These wise men all fine linen wear,
Their coaches roll at slightest call;
They fatten on a prince's fare.
The riddle dark to them is clear,
They find this world a pleasant place,
And little mourn that combats drear,
Exhaustive toils, privations—place
Deep seams across the poor man's face.
Drudge! starve! seek not to understand,
Lest well-fed sages coldly frown.
Each one—when dead—will wear a crown;
Yea, strike a harp with joyous hand
In some delightful better land.
If here he pines on slavish fare,
He'll need no food or feasting there.
O blind and silly sons of earth,
Such prate should wake a dead man's mirth.
And Woman's fate? In fear and pain
To propagate; to weep in vain
As olden sorrows come again.

Death brings the fallen serf release
From frantic efforts but to live.
Men multiply as foods decrease,
All crave what few may freely give.
Excuse, explain, spin fairy tales,
Denounce this awful creed of gloom;
The cunning explanation fails—
All merciless this race's doom.

Pauline, these thoughts may not be well
For such as you who honor laws
That millions hail with fond applause;
For you, who yet may trembling pause
Upon the threshold of a hell.
When life presents no prize to win,
'Tis desperation drives to sin.

And, glamour'd o'er with Fancy's hues,
 What bright regalia sin assumes;
 How warm and wayward youth imbues
 The charnel scene with summer blooms,
 O'erlooks each snare, and but beholds
 Divinest joy where Pain unfolds
 Its hydra fangs or Woe consumes.
 There is a most delicious thrill
 In coy Temptation's soft approach;
 It does not wake the angry will
 With bold, free strides,
 But steals its course with matchless skill,
 As water glides.
 In dainty whispers does it broach
 The darkest deed, appearing still
 In winning guise.
 It fascinates like serpent's eyes,
 And lulls the senses like a dream.
 The blackest crimes bewitching seem
 Beneath the magic of its spell;
 It lures the wayward thoughts to dwell
 Where'er it choose, with subtlest art;
 Stealthily it moulds the heart
 To wild desires; it stills the pain
 That Conscience gives; a drowsy brain
 Applauds the deed and loosens rein—
 Or, with mad, with frantic haste,
 Awakes to horrors half embraced;
 And seeks supremacy again.

How vain are Wisdom's mandates cold,
 The voice of precept or of creed;
 How vain example may unfold
 Its logic stern, or Honor burn
 With lofty zeal to intercede;
 How passing vain in Beauty's need
 Are all prevailing powers of good,
 If but she list in tacit mood
 To fell Temptation's winsome call,
 And circumstance approve her fall.
 It little recks who woos her then—
 Full soon she wails o'er what hath been.

* * * * *

From gardens cool a perfume floats
 On wand'ring winds of summer night,
 And airy Music's mellow notes
 Breathe intimations of delight.
 How Folly sports in guise of Love;
 The reckless crowds in joyance rove
 Where gaiety and restless dance
 Obscure each peril's rueful sign,
 Till swift in Ruin's fearful trance

The victim falls, nor heeds the cost—
 Henceforth a fated thing of chance—
 To peace, to joy, forever lost.
 The fairest one is noblest game.
 The rouè boasts his deeds of shame.
 Anon, with Hymen's honors blest,
 A social autocrat he blooms.
 He scourges Vice, and well assumes,
 The attributes he ne'er possessed.
 He makes the laws that rudely deal
 With those he threw beneath his heel.

His former prey, for daily bread,
 Her health, her soul, her beauty sells.
 She roams the pave with weary tread,
 Or lingers in her noisy hells.
 Then hypocrites in menace frown—
 They rail of her, with fierce demand,
 Till Law grows wroth and smites her down,
 And wrings the wages from her hand.
 Then back it drives her to her den
 To earn the gold 'twill take again.
 O Sham! with banners white unfurled,
 Thy kingdom is the peopled world.
 What veils thy myrmidons employ!
 Mock Purity, with mien of scorn,
 Hastes by the Magdalen forlorn,
 Then revels in hymeneal joy—
 A future Magdalen is born.
 Her pathway teems with gilded snares.
 In sadness Byron's muse declares:
 "If man to man is oft unjust,
 To Woman he is ever so."
 Her gentle nature bids her trust,
 And passion brings her overthrow.
 "Love is lust, friendship all deceit,
 Smiles hypocrisy and life a cheat."
 If too severe, such thoughts are meet
 To guide aright thy wand'ring feet.
 Guard well thy steps and watch alway—
 Pure love, too oft, is Passion's prey.

To thine own self, Pauline, be true.
 Ah! deem not vice, so fair to view,
 The maze of joy it seems to you.
 Would you know Delilah's round?
 In fear she roves Destruction's ground.
 Pale Horror beards her face to face;
 Before her yawns a gulf of wrath;
 Behind? a desolated path
 Her feet can never more retrace.
 Disastrous venom fills her veins,

To mock the mirth she madly feigns.
All scenes are by her step defiled.
Not one pure joy remains her own.
She moves through all the world alone,
Abhorred, avoided, and reviled.
Her game is death—she slays for bread.
The beauty Fate first formed her in
Is turned to poison, treachery and sin.
She goes her way with stealthy tread,
To tempt the young, the strong, the bold.
As well seek they a cobra's fold.
She lures them on; Death lingers nigh;
She sends them forth—anon to die.
This is her trade—it is to kill;
She cannot change it if she will.
She was not spared; why should she spare?
Who taught to her Pollution's snare?
Let none declare
The canting tale of Pity's lie.
Let censure sleep.
Does Nature stay the wrathful gales
Because a shattered vessel sails
Upon the deep?
Or swift withhold the wasteful rain
At day's high noon,
Because the fields with level grain
Are thickly strewn?
Or turn away the lava tide
That hisses down the mountain side,
Because a city blocks its course?
When far unrolls the whirlwind's force,
What power heeds if ills betide?
When might supreme deigns not to spare,
Why should a ruined wretch forbear?

You start—I thought you scarce could know
The full expanse of human woe.
These things to you are deeply strange,
Their drift you do not comprehend;
I see your cheek's rich color change,
And fast its pink and crimson blend
With ashy white; it seems to burn,
E'en when most pale, with a vague heat,
As though your pulse with fever beat.
Much yet, fair girl, have you to learn.

Of you I dreamed—half drunk you reeled
By night along a crowded pave;
The glare of myriad lights revealed
Your wasted lineaments, and gave
Their ghastly outlines such a mien
Of utter woe, I thought the grave

Might well have snatched you from the scene
As one rebelling from Death's sleep.
Your swollen eyes refused to weep,
And yet your bitter soul o'erflowed
With solemn griefs; doomed to reap
The baleful harvest you had sowed,
You staggered on. Men passed you by
With cruel jest, with laughter rude;
The pure shunned you; every eye,
With touch of pity unsubdued,
Stared heartless insolence and scorn.
Crushed, abashed, maddened, spurned, forlorn;
The loathsome wreck of former days,
You stole from out the street's red blaze,
And crouched where deepest night had fled,
Shamed e'en when shame itself was dead.

Ah, sweet Pauline, you cannot guess
The horrors of a woman's fall.
There is no language can express
The anguish and wild wretchedness
That ceaselessly her soul appall.
Her revel bowl is brimmed with gall;
It cannot quench her deep despair.
The roses twined amid her hair
The odors of the grave exhale;
The hollow mirth she seems to share
But mocks her spirit's inward wail,
And spectres stalk amidst the air
While loud her merriments prevail.

What wild, lone path to you remains,
Where neither Penury enchains
With fetters cold, nor Shame's hot breath
Scathes the broad road that winds to death?
Rise on your nature, fierce to rend.
Bid every tender instinct bend
To god-like Reason's iron sway;
Bid every warm impulse be bred
To cool distrust or scorn instead.
Of Friendship's tawdry smiles beware.
Crush Love and Pity ere they bear
Their sweet and unavailing fruit.
For foes and treachery prepare.
Know Man, full oft, a lustful brute
Whose fading spark of fire divine
Through bestial passion scarce can shine;
And earth a ruthless battle ground
Where Might and Wrong so oft are found
Arrayed against the frail and weak;
Henceforward let your fair lips speak
But cold, calm words, nor deign to seek

A sympathy your sex e'er craves,
Which won, transforms them soon to slaves;
Dream not of peace, hope not to gain
A single joy from all your pain;
Undaunted by the baser crowd,
Untainted by Corruption's gold;
Unloving and unloved, stern, proud,
Selfish, untempted and unsold,
Wear the melancholy years away,
And at the close of Life's brief day
Leave not upon this crowded sphere
One hapless child to war with Fate;
To tread alone some pathway drear,
To cringe to those of high estate—
Be trampled on by cruel feet,
Atoning for the vain delight
That you have won in moments bright
From Love's unhappy, idle cheat.

Adieu, Pauline, the purple sea
Will bear no lover back to thee.

THE MARCH OF ORELLANA

[Roaming the tropical wilds of Brazil in quest of the city of the Amazon Queen, "with houses and temples roofed with gold," Orellana and his knights discovered the Amazon River. Most of the expedition perished.]

Wandering stars, in blackness of darkness forever.—*Jude*.

I

Spain sends a host of heroes forth—
A galaxy of peerless brave,
A nation's pride—of warlike worth—
Who fear no waste of Ocean's wave.
A martial constellation they,
To whom the world becomes a prey—
Their deeds are in all regions told—
Cortez, Pizarro, Alvarado bold,
Cordova, and—immortal name—
Arcturus of the starry fold—
Columbus of eternal fame.

With shining shield and glittering lance
Mount, cavaliers! the war steeds prance,
The trumpets peal; once more advance.

When Europe's knights in splendor rode
To war with Paynim chivalry,
Disdaining pleasures, choice abode—
All dainty fare on men bestowed;
The fruits of vine and vernal tree;
For them in vain the nectar flowed,
And luscious wines of Araby.
They crossed the coasts of distant sea,
Passed mountains high and burning lands,
To battle o'er the Syrian sands.
Fair girls they saw but heeded not;
Temptations lined their joyless way;
They glanced ahead and lingered not.
Straight on they rode in solemn thought.
A purpose moved them day by day;
It bore them on to mighty fray.
Yet each one left in castle hall
A lady fair to pray for all.
Afar the knight assailed his foes,
At home the lady's orisons arose,
And if he fell Love found her true;
To convent grey she soon withdrew,
And wistful men saw her no more;
No former scene her presence knew,
Her sorrow lived in tourney lore.
Which most allures—love, wealth or fame?

Sometimes I think that love is best,
Since life's achievements all are tame
When that we covet is possessed.
If Woman's rosy lips be pressed,
And love be sworn upon a shrine,
Men wander off in idle quest
Of other goddesses divine—
As do these moody knights of mine.
Gold has a spell to give relief
To ev'ry form of human grief.
A soldier's wreath of glory won
May disappoint a martial heart
That held its way till all was done.
The winner plays his haughty part,
Disdains the things that make life sweet,
Then finds his envied prize a cheat.
But who shall honor men who make
The winning of a siren smile,
Of all their lives the mighty stake?
If love delight us for a while,
Why let us love till sated quite,
Then bare our blades for dauntless fight,
To win a spoil 'neath Fortune's star,
Where Glory—Empire—shine afar.

II

Through solemn woods and hot savanna
Far winds the trail of Orellana.
The way so long, so far the goal,
It tries Adventure's utmost soul.
Riches, power, pleasures, fame
Are staked upon this fearful game.
The Fountain of Eternal Youth
They sought in vain in Land of Flowers,
May yet await, in very truth,
In this enchanted zone of ours.
Though fickle, vain and oft untrue,
All noble knights pay homage due
To Woman in her lofty place.
They make of love a life-long chase.
Old men muse not of Beauty's glow,
Of lovely Woman's tempting wile;
Forgot the bliss of long ago—
They chuckle o'er the golden pile!
'Tis gold they love; they fall to clay,
And all their gold is cast away.
With wealth immense and youth eternal,
O life would be a joy supernal!
The Fount of Youth, in ceaseless play,
May gleam in forests on our way.
This wildest march, O knights, pursue;
High faith and valor bear us through.

With wealth and empire proudly won,
Orellana's march is done.
Some day we'll peal a glad hosanna
At end of trail of Orellana.

III

Brazilian suns pierce not the gloom
That makes the dark woods like a tomb.
In dismal shades dull saurians creep,
Or hid in sedges, feign to sleep,
To tempt their human prey to doom.
Far off is roar of deluge deep.
Where huge, long serpents coil and cougar leaps,
The rich-plumed bird its vigil keeps;
Where ornate floral splendors bloom
The tapir crouches low and sleeps.
The jungles spread in utter gloom;
The vasty woods seem like a tomb.
All Christian scenes, alas! are gone—
Conquestadors, we still march on,
For nightly dreams give purpose bold—
We revel in fierce hopes of gold,
Since wealth is hid in solitudes
Of some remote, inviolate scene
Where reigns the Amazonian queen.
Her soldiers fierce are dazzling broods
And restless bands of warlike girls;
In onset wild, intrepid, bold;
Their golden targes rimmed with pearls,
Their battle spears of native gold;
An Inca's wealth's in their stronghold,
With fanes and temples roofed with gold.
There's naught mad avarice to foil.
Thrice welcome danger, trial, toil,
To wrest away this mighty spoil.
With chivalry, on bended knees,
We'll woo these dames at lawless ease.
What think you, knights? Which mode will please?
High feats of arms or hymns of love?
Sweet passion's vow or martial skill?
The soldier's wrath or lover's kiss?
What shame these daughters fair to kill!
O starry spheres of skies above,
What men have known a strife like this?
It is Aladdin's reckless raid—
The strangest of all marches made.
Since life is brief, its pleasures tame,
All men aspire to leave behind
A memory to mortal kind.
How blest in age is noble name,
And sweet in youth the voice of Fame.
Proud Manhood's prime disdains to wear

Some paltry laurel—bays shine fair
Because one bore long years of shame,
Nor ever cooled Ambition's flame,
Or owned a craven's low despair.
Defiance breathe at Fortune's frown—
We'll still war on for Glory's crown.
We cannot leave the course we tread—
They who returned, alas! are dead.
Fear not each loathsome leafy scene,
Nor savage race that roves by day,
Nor brutes that prowl at eve for prey,
Nor pythons huge that hiss unseen,
Then steal upon our dang'rous way.
All ills Espania's knights endure
When beauty, wealth and fame allure.
Brave, then, whate'er may intervene,
To find this Amazonian queen.

IV

Heat! Heat! Terrific heat
Of burning equatorial South!
Fierce and fast the Sun's rays beat;
Like blast from fiery furnace mouth
Is noonday breeze. Not anywhere
Is haven from this furnace air.
Discomforts thrive, but worst
Of daily ills is feverish thirst.
This burnt-up region is accurst.
Its gaudy floral splendours raise
Their sickly crests to bloom and burst.
Coats of mail like burnished silver shine;
They glitter in a long resplendent line.
Tremendous vines and boughs disport on high;
And livid hues dismay the weary eye.
The pools and streams along our ways
Are fetid from the Sun's fierce blaze,
And scattered o'er with greenish slime
On which abhorrent vegetations fall.
Beneath, enormous reptiles crawl,
And hideous things of torrid clime.
These rueful ills no hearts appall.
Spain's cavaliers are knights indeed,
They fear no foes that haunt their course;
They war for Gold and Glory's meed,
And move to fray with restless force.
Far better, knights, to fight and fail—
Ay, perish on the path we tread,
Than turn us back with lowered head,
With shattered dreams and visions fled,
In slothful ease henceforth to wail.
With fearless hearts face any scene
To find this Amazonian Queen.

Thirst that burns and hunger, too—
We careless brave such ordeals through.
In crucial test each knight is true.
With vigils, weariness, and sleepless hours
We meet mad Nature's frantic powers.
Though hurricanes o'ersweep our way
To rend the world in savage play,
We sternly keep our goal in view.
Whate'er betides, this be the tale:
We greatly win or greatly fail.

V

Delicious halt last eve was made
'Mong ruined walls of some great town
Where human pomp was once displayed—
Some royal place of old renown,
Built long ago by race forgot,
Where men with wondrous skill had wrought.
Deep in the heart of giant woods
The ruins lay, with forests overgrown—
In solitude of solitudes—
Stones of colossal size, blocks
Of smoothly chiseled adamantine rocks
Lay in confusion there—
Marble, granite, chalcedonies fair—
And monstrous trees up rose in air,
First forcing way through floors of stone
Of massive and tremendous weight;
Age-old aqueducts in shattered state,
Gave precious water, trickling through,
Forming in a deep, gigantic pool
Of fluid—limpid, pure and cool.
In peace we camped where gardens wide
Nigh o'ercome by wilderness of weeds,
Bore luscious fruits beyond our needs.
Rank, poisonous vegetation fought
Against the bounties of that lonely spot.
This capital of other days,
Once home of Art and seat of power,
Metropolis that baffled praise,
Was now, all round, Destruction's dower.
Stupendous ruins caused amaze—
Fallen rampart, castle, temple, tower.

Where stately palm, bamboo and rubber tree
Round glassy pools gave welcome shade,
Were water-lilies blooming undismayed;
They charmed the eye that lingered lovingly.
Where gigantic trees hang thick with vines
Of vasty size, what wealth of color shines!
We halted there, where shade and rest,
And countless fruits, and shelter blessed.
Thrice well we slept, like chevaliers
Unmoved by mortal hopes and fears.

Because they found in rubbish heap
Some dingy tools of beaten gold,
Three knights resolved a vow to keep
In that remote and wild stronghold—
With maddened zeal, half crazed for gold,
(Which they believed might linger yet
In hidden vaults and coffers deep)
This ancient spoil they swore to get,
With vows and prayers and oaths intense,
If ne'er again they wandered thence.
To every foe and peril blind,
These crazy knights remained behind.
Vain, foolish men! 'tis braver, knights,
To struggle on through woodlands far;
Through swamp, morass, o'er flooded bar,
To distant scenes of gay delights
Where Amazonia's daughters are;
Wine and gold and princely fare
Await the gallant knights who dare.
We'll hasten on, from sun to sun,
Till Orellana's march is done.

VI

To every peril, hazard, danger blind,
This deperado-haunt we leave behind.
My lords and gentlemen of Spain,
Our venture wild, our pilgrimage, is on again.
Though human will and human zeal
May beat a way through walls of steel,
To saints and gods we yet appeal.
Our guiding stars, our deities,
Our heavenly patron saints are these:
Plutus, god of treasure, god of gold,
He makes us like young lions bold,
He tempts and lures us to his fold.
Heroic Pride—we answer its high call;
And goddess Fortune; gentle, kind and sweet,
Who reigns triumphant over all—
Will bid her happy favors fall
In golden treasures at our feet;
Patience, too, and Courage tried—
The noble offspring of imperious Pride;
And Fortitude—a god of sullen face,
Of iron will; grim, merciless, severe.
He sternly bids us make the race
Though hapless, hard and dreadful scenes appear.
This god is great, and paves the way
To glorious spoils on battle day.
Nor shall we deem of trivial weight
A force that reigns in regal state,
And reigns supreme—men term it Fate.
Its accident of will is law.

While kingdoms crumble at its beck,
 And fill a startled world with awe,
 It flings aside the mighty wreck,
 Mayhap with cunning hand to turn
 The humble chances of some liaison low;
 To teach some trustful heart to burn,
 Or guide fond Faith down steepes of woe;
 Or yet to balk some well laid scheme
 With deep damnation fraught;
 To blast some sweet and lotus dream,
 Or mar some trebly subtle plot.
 When lives are desperate and fortunes great—
 All hail the potent hand of Fate!
 True knight of Aragon, of proud Castile,
 Ne'er seeks return from Danger's track.
 At Honor's call his faith he'll seal
 With dying breath—ne'er turns he back.

VII

Strange stars deceive at gorgeous eve
 Of torrid South—orbs we know not of,
 In glittering firmaments aflame above;
 So brilliant, men remote would not believe,
 But in this beauty—wonderful, intense—
 Is something heavy with offense—
 A weird, uncanny splendor we do fear;
 A supernatural something awes us here;
 The Sun glares angrily, with evil sign.
 Only the dazzling Moon comes forth benign,
 And smiles on us with radiance divine.
 Though Hell or Heaven bar this course,
 We still will move with headlong force.
 Death? We do not care. It were death,
 And worse than death, to sail to Spain,
 Unheralded by Glory's breath,
 To meet a sovereign's cold disdain;
 Uncrowned, unknown, in nameless penury to dwell,
 With naught in life to lose or gain.
 That, my lords, were death—and also Hell.
 If death awaits, so let it be.
 Though all around with ill is rife—
 Sleepless, restless, fierce with stormy life,
 We push through dangerous mystery
 In quest of some momentous strife.
 Then hasten, knights—fast come the time
 To sweep the field with faith sublime.

VIII

With angel smile, through regions far,
 Hope leads us on to reckless war,
 And Patience, Hardihood and Pride
 All bear us on through deserts wide.

Lured on by Fortune's glowing star
Spain's chivalry delight in war.
This march is Heaven's own command,
Ambition's mad pulsations,
And Europe's martial nations
Will win this heathen land.
With swords of steel and coats of mail
We'll soon o'er heathen hordes prevail,
And swift in city, coast and town
Will emblems of their gods go down.
This war's excitements and alarms
Impart to life intenser charms.
Our passionate love of arms,
And martial pride to wield them well,
Let minstrel songs in future tell.
And of our dead?—they proudly fell.
Each did his part at Honor's call.
Great martial strife survives in song.
The annals high that Time has saved
Pay royal honors to the strong.
They won all things their passions craved.
The race that feared when banners waved,
Was plundered, conquered and enslaved.
Borne on by fierce, impetuous Will,
We face a savage contest still.
Before the Will, Fate's barriers fall—
Invincible Will! that conquers all.
When dangers thicken in our van,
And failure blights each noble plan,
Imperious Will impels us on.

Castilian lords and Spanish knights,
I bid your souls be unsubdued;
Away the joys of sybarites,
All pleasant scenes of calm delights—
Exult you in proud hardihood.
Confront the terrors of the wood,
The rage of Nature, heat of sun,
The secret snares of solitude;
With knightly mien and courtly grace,
Front ruin, fearless, face to face,
When gold and glory may be won.
We march again, fierce toils begin;
Our choice is made—to die or win.

The dreams of life, how swift they fade
Beneath the breath of Time;
How soon in secret graves are laid
Each impulse high and hope sublime,
But while the shafts of Chance or Fate
Lay each golden fabric low,
Not long we mourn its fallen state,

Or cringe beneath the brutal blow.
With joy we learn the lesson great
That in this wild, enchanted clime,
True knights defy the hand of Fate,
And foil the rage of hateful Time.
Ye sons of sires who drove the Moor
To Afric's lair, shall not our fame endure?
Awake! Press on! and mighty spoil secure.

IX

Life has no value, chevaliers.
This melancholy truth is told
By pen of genius, tongue of seers,
By voice of wisdom ages old.
Life's vaunted glory does not last.
Well may we place it on a cast;
A trifle flung with spirit bold,
In wager for enormous gold.
Israel's king, in pomps magnificent,
Of all his dazzling years made deep repent;
His sensuous joys that swiftly went,
His mighty works that charmed a while,
Then woke his cold, derisive smile,
Foredoomed to end in nothingness.
Death had no terrors or distress.
He mourned in sorrow and in pain
That all that mortals do is vain.
To prince or peasant, lord or slave,
Comes the solemn stillness of the grave.
Though great to us the planets seem,
Firm earth will vanish like a dream.
Life has no value to the brave.
A Roman sage in scorn averred
That for the starving human herd
Quick death were better far than life.
From birth to death 'tis only strife.
Some evil spirit made this earth
For useless miseries and pain.
Since human life's of little worth,
We'll stake it for tremendous gain.
Revel, feast, enjoy, and fearless die.
This is age-old philosophy.
Weep not o'er fallen fortunes past,
We'll gain our splendid goal at last.
Romantic stories will be told
Of how we won our princely aim;
How health and lives were freely sold
For wealth and power, glory, fame.
Haste on through bright or dismal scene
To find this Amazonian queen.
Great the temptings of this escapade;
To laugh, to die, is but the soldier's trade.

Since life hath won such trifling fame,
We'll stake it on this reckless game.
Our swords and lives we place in pawn
Till Orellana's march is done.
A woodland grave or mighty gain—
This is our choice, O knights of Spain.
We'll gather gold as Hebrews gathered manna;
The crucial test—to march with Orellana.

Then onward move with valiant soul.
Let every heart with fury burn,
With prowess and with valor stern,
To write high names on Honor's roll
And win great Orellana's goal.
One day, O knights— a single hour
May place vast wealth within our power.
Knights-errant bold! let none recoil;
Wealth of Croesus brings Nirvana.
In temples grand of this wild land,
Where reigns in state a proud Sultana,
We'll seize our spoil and cease our toil
On trail of Orellana.

CITY OF KALLAHOOTAH

SCENE I.

[Office of the Kallahootah Swindling & Dining Company, Colonel Booster in the highway-robbery chair, and present, Count Lucius Von Inkslinger, a noble but impecunious poet.]

Colonel Booster:

They tell me thou art a genius,
Lost in dreams of vivid imagery;
Melancholy oft, solitary, taciturn;
Dwelling apart from men
Till drawn to sordid earth
By occasional pangs of hunger.
Distaste of toil hath made thee poor.
Thou lackest gold.

Count Lucius:

True, illustrious pooler.

Colonel:

Look you. I own a burning desert
Which men do name the Kallahootah.
Remote it is, in middle Aridzone.
Beasts of prey observe it warily,
Construe it far aloof,
Then fly its rueful confines.
Ravens, buzzards, noxious birds of air,
Scream wildly when they near it.
These partial ills, to you, I do confess.
There rattlesnakes attain enormous size,
And range the land in regiments
To feed on hapless human wand'rers.
Venomous tarantulas teem, reptiles crawl,
Scorpions hide, Gila monsters drowse;
The agile centipede lies in wait,
With poisonous fangs, in every smoky crevice.

Count:

Alas! thou art poor as myself.

Colonel:

Not so. This barren waste is treeless.
Cacti wilt or parch on burning sands.
Contagions propagate, malarias float,
Bubonics thrive, plagues engender;
E'en leprosy may there evolve.
For thirty days each year a river flows,
Fetid, through this Death's abode,
Then the sun licks up the muddy flood;
Its very bed resolves to dust,
And is blown far heavenward.
On shrivelled pampas of wild-sage
A sickly pretense of thin verdure pines.

Human habitations once arose
On this unpleasant scene.
'Twas on a former dismal time,
But the occupants are gone.
Of sundry things they died.
Their huts are lairs of howling wolves,
And snakes do hiss and fight around.

Count:
O horrible!

Colonel:
Climatic freaks assail this weary zone.
In wintry months disastrous blizzards come
From tall glaciers, and distant mountain peaks,
Freezing air to temperature intense.
In other months the brains of army mules
Are fried and fricasseed within their massive skulls.

Count (in alarm):
Thou wouldst not have me dwell
At deadly Kallahootah?

Colonel:
No. A graveyard there was once promoted.
Since men could only die upon that spot,
'Twas thought a cemetery would prove
A paying venture, but skeletons of men
Which living skeletons did there entomb,
Were resurrected by starved beasts of prey,
And famished vultures hovered round,
And fought to join the horrid banquet.
The scattered bones of those unhappy men
Do now appall the frightened traveler.

Count:
Speak! What wouldst thou?

Colonel:
I would have thee, troubadour, to paint for me
Delightful scenes, on that abhorrent waste,
That simple-minded folk in States remote
May buy those barren lands, and make me rich.
I tender thee a kindly recompense.
Delineate a stream effluent,
With tides fresh from fountains of the hills,
Whereon a stately steamer rides;
Fields of grain and groves of palm, vineyards wide,
And gardens filled with luscious fruits.
Have, too, a pleasant city on that shore,
With avenues abloom with flow'ry trees,
And plazas bright with limpid pools,
And wavy clumps of rich exotic plants,
And fairest of all foreign flowers,
And here and there, with walls of white,

Have marble mansions fit for Moorish kings.
Sling thyself, poet—I'll give thee good reward.

Count:

Thy dupes will soon return,
To cry aloud thy villainy.

Colonel:

Ha! fear thou not. Who sits him down
On Kallahootah tract, will see
The breathing world no more.
Wolves will howl his requiem.

Count:

A conscience, Sir, I have—a soul!

Colonel:

A corporation of our noble State,
The Swindling & Dining Company
Has no soul. I, myself,
Am several corporations, and hence
Have had no soul for many years.
What say you to my offer?

Count:

Hunger, alas, compels acceptance.

Colonel:

And thou art wise. I've read me of a knave
Poor as thyself, ignoble quite,
Who sought to win a wealthy dame.
Without a home or worthy dwelling place,
He thus to her did improvise
A castle in the air, for her delusion.
"A deep vale, shut in by Alpine hills
From a rude world; near, a lake
Marg'd by fruits of gold and whisp'ring myrtles;
A palace fair, lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds.
At noon we'll sit in silent rest,
And wonder earth is e'er unhappy
Since Heaven leaves us youth and love.
When night is come 'mid breathless heavens,
We'll guess what star shall be our home
When love has grown immortal.
Every air is faint with rich perfume—
With breath of orange groves, and music from
Sweet lutes, and murmurs of low fountains
That rise 'neath canopies of roses."*
This be thy model, poet. If thou wouldst fare
As well as he, paint thou a paradise
At deadly Kallahootah.

(Exit Poet, dejected.)

* Bulwer.

SCENE II.

(Office of the Swindling & Dining Company.)

Colonel:

Hast thou seen Count Lucius Von Inkslinger this morning?

Secretary:

I have but left him, Sir.

Colonel:

And where tarries he with the maps,
Advertisements, engravings and prints
Of the Swindling & Dining Company?

Secretary:

He is at the Morgue, Sir. The papers I have safely
in possession.

Colonel:

And what doeth he at the Morgue?

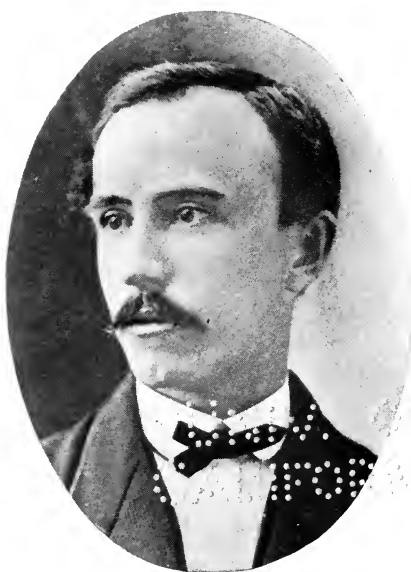
Secretary:

He lieth full length on a slab of ice.
Completing the work assigned him,
He drew his paltry pay therefor;
Then met a garrulous knave
From Arizona wilds, in treatment here for viper bite.
To the Count this person gave additional data
Of the region written of.
Straightway Count Lucius hanged himself
In yonder alley, Sir.

Colonel:

O that I had sold him a lot
In the City of Kallahootah.
Off! to print his rubbish.





FIFTY YEARS AGO

[illegible]

IDYLS OF BOHEMIA



CAMP McCLELLAN

[Iowa's principal instruction camp in the Civil War. Written in 1884.]

Twenty-two years ago we marched these hills
With martial aspirations duly fired,
Nor thought of graves and wounds and other ills—
Free gifts of Mars not much to be desired.
How swift the busy years have rolled around.
Tempus fugit! Yes, it fugits mighty fast.
'Twas yesterday we trod this hallowed ground,
And then were boys, awoke by Glory's blast.
To-day we are grave men, from sorrow sore—
War-wearied knights in Life's unending fray—
We who survive, for most sleep far away,
Slain for the flag our gallant fathers bore.
As eagles fall, when Heaven's lightning rends,
They gave their youth and lives for noble ends—
Cold, selfish men in secret vote them fools;
Perhaps they were, for by commercial rules
They gave too much for what they got—a grave.
They only knew there was a land to save,
That they were young and fit for War's alarms;
That Freedom called her champions to arms.
The humblest one of that devoted band
Was worth, to his endangered native land,
To human progress and the world's affairs,
More than a hundred greedy millionaires.

So here we marched, but ah! how changed the scene.
Now peaceful kine browse on the verdure green;
Our barracks rude have all been torn away,
The ax has felled our broadly waving oaks;
To Ceres fair grim Mars has yielded sway;
Where bugles rang the solemn bullfrog croaks,
The crickets chirp, and low is heard the hum
Of honey bees where beat the rattling drum,
And lovers whisper where the loud command
Pealed on the air from chiefs of lofty grade;
Where lines of battle formed now fences stand,
And idle sheep loll on the grand parade.

What countless memories are here revived
Of sports and pageants, drill and frolics wild.
When staid commanders had us safely hived
At eve, how oft at discipline we smiled,
And sudden charged the hated sentry line,
And sought the neighb'ring town's attractive bound,
To woo sweethearts, for where brass buttons shine
There Cupid, Bacchus and gay nymphs are found.
Alas, we came to grief from apple pies—
Our chosen band. We smashed a bake-shop in

To learn how moving armies get supplies,
 And rich in sauce and pies and plates of tin,
 And other spoils—all smeared with plunder sweet,
 In goodly order we strolled up the street.
 An armed patrol in stealthy ambush lay,
 To neatly capture us young beasts of prey.

Like Lara, chieftain of Byronic fame,
 Our Colonel was an officer austere.
 From West Point's famed academy he came,
 Few were his words, his haughty mien severe.
 His very glance inspired a kind of fear,
 Yet none possessed a more consummate skill
 In teaching men how properly to kill,
 In Danger's hour how gallantly to lead.
 Or, by example, how to fight and bleed.
 These warlike virtues were anon revealed.
 He proved a hero in the tented field,
 But at the first we did not love him over well.
 He said too much although his words were few;
 The drill ground air had a sulphuric smell,
 And new recruits pronounced his ways congealed—
 Quite frigid, as it were—these warmer grew
 When, ere we left for southern hill and vale,
 Some wretch cut off his blooded horse's tail.

He led us off, at length, a thousand strong,
 And in old Shiloh's green, immortal wood,
 With brag and jest and patriotic song,
 And warlike relish for a feast of blood,
 We marched to stem Defeat's o'erwhelming flood.
 "Just wait till we get there," we grandly cried
 To routed regiments and flying squads;
 "We'll smash those butternuts, cool down their pride;
 Yes, do it in two hours, by the gods!
 And have their flags, and hang Jeff Davis high.
 You are going to see this battle won."
 Our Colonel sneered—we did not then know why,
 But ascertained before the set of sun.
 Ah, well! we then were what the books call "raw."
 Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg, Kenesaw,
 Atlanta, March to the Sea—these the names
 That grew upon our flag, bright as the flames
 Of rising sun, and blazoned all in gold,
 Yet every letter on that standard's fold
 Cost blood and lives and agonies untold.
 God rest the boys who for its honor sold
 All that a human life can have or hold.

I linger here but only to be sad.
 War yet awaits, not of the olden kind.
 I thought these early scenes would make me glad.

They but distress an over-weighted mind.
Ah! the happiest days I ever knew
Were when I wore at war the Nation's blue.

SOLOMON'S LAMENT

O Shulamite, return, return—
My heart is lone, no joys can cheer;
The very stars have ceased to burn
With wonted rays, and chill and drear
The breezes come from mountains bare
To moan to me in low despair.
They miss thee as the stars have done,
Thy roses swoon beneath the sun;
All nature sighs, all fair things yearn
For thee—O Shulamite return.

Return, return, O Shulamite—
I cannot stay my grief with wine;
I cannot through the day or night
These wasting thoughts of thee resign;
No more my wonted joys delight,
No more I bow at Pleasure's shrine,
Nor bask in halls of glory bright—
How long, O sweet, must I repine?
A kindred one I cannot meet
'Mong all Judea's joyous throng;
Ah! whither stray thy wayward feet,
Thou princess of my mournful song?
O peerless idol of my mind,
Thou sweeter than the breath of dawn;
O fairest of all womankind—
Queen of my heart, where hast thou gone?
Hath love yet lore thou hast not taught
Or lore I have not deigned to learn?
Then be all lore save thine forgot
O Shulamite return, return.

OFF TO THE WARS

[1862]

Adieu, sweet maids of honor frail,
Of charms too fair to last;
Adieu each dear and sunny vale
Where happiest hours have passed;
Where sweeps Destruction's lurid gale
My future lot is cast.

HOLOFERNES AT ZIDON

Lo! where his minions had marched in their pride,
 The cities were gone, and all men had died.
 Where once rich valleys blushed golden with grain,
 Hot ashes were blown o'er forms of the slain.
 Where fruits grew luscious in lowland or glen,
 The brooks were all choked with corpses of men.
 In vengeance he rode to the bright sea coast—
 Zidonia trembled at tread of his host.
 The virgins came forth in bravest attire,
 With dancing and songs, with timbrel and lyre.
 With garlands and roses they showered his path;
 Their beauty assuaged his lowering wrath.
 He marked their pallor, the fear in their song,
 And sorrowed for war and the rage of the strong.
 "Let not these daughters be tarnished," he said,
 "Nor harm ye the land in which they were bred."

MUSINGS OF A SEER OF ATLANTIS

[See Prose Addenda.]

The Moon is a pale, dead world;
 A floating sepulchre in eternal space.
 O, Stars, tell me of its past.
 What races there did dwell,
 Waging gigantic wars,
 Crowning kings, and rearing aloft
 Colossean fanes?—miracles of art.

Glorious empires there held reign,
 Waned old, and passed.
 Thrones, peoples, pomps, are gone.
 Flesh, bones, temples, tombs,
 Are idle dust,
 Blown hither and yon on useless gales.

Shall our world perish like yonder orb,
 And roll through space all tenantless
 Till Time shall be no more?
 And to what purport when we are gone?
 Shall human forms all vanish quite,
 Like races now extinct,
 And still the world roll on?

Shall great Atlantis fall?
 Its wealth, arms and glories
 Be only dust?

All rumor of its grandeurs pass away?
Heroes, demi-gods and kings
Be as men who never were?
Its shrines, temples, trophies, fall to dust?
Its mighty wars,
The story of its fame, be lost?
Resolve to nothingness?

I am told of a star
Huge as a thousand suns like ours.
What vasty worlds revolve
In its vivifying rays?
Who dwell upon those worlds?
Creatures of nobler mould
Than petty race like ours?
Do they toil like us to feed
The rapacious maw of Time?
What is Time that we call him old,
In presence of the slowly changing stars?

Pale, melancholy orb!
Desolation's prey.
Sad epitaph to warn this world:
"My doom is thine."

In contrast with huge orbs of Space—
Whole firmaments of suns and worlds—
Prodigious worlds and stars,
Awful constellations vast,
This globe is but a speck,
A mote, a tiny grain of sand;
Imperious Man—a spark,
A flash, a glint, a ray that fades,
An atom blown to endless night.
He springs from earth
And gazes on the stars,
And wonders deeply whence he came,
Then falls into the grave
And mingles with the dust.
He's gone—forever gone!
Hopeless, hapless Man.

With awe yon glorious Sun we view,
With vaster suns all outer space is filled.
The scene dismays. No center, limit,
End or bound, but everywhere,
And still beyond, and yet beyond,
The planets blaze and suns explore.

All matter is instinct with life,
Nor life can be elsewhere.

Constellations meet, burn to mist;
 Renew in grander, more luminous forms.
 Innate force, inherent law,
 Impel, control these elements alway.
 Uncreated, undestroyed, eternal orbs!
 Their doom is change—ceaseless change
 That fills stupendous lapse of time,
 With no final purpose Man can see.
 They flame, consume, renew;
 They wheel with slow, incessant change.

Millions and millions of suns
 Bestrew the Milky Way,
 So utter far from earth
 They fade into a snowy mist,
 And men do prate of nebulae,
 Yet all these luminaries vast—
 All solar sights and scenes we view—
 Obey one star in Pleiades;
 Are held in place and move alway
 At influence of great Halcyone.
 Tremendous orb
 This Halcyone must be—
 A starry speck to us
 In midst of Pleiades.

This awful Universe that spreads so far,
 Is but a speck
 In endless oceans of its kind
 That have no boundary or end.
 Changing but eternal Infinite,
 Its mystery doth appall—
 Tremendous, deep! It baffles human mind.

Where dwells a silent, awful Force
 That slowly works out Immensity's plans?
 An Architect
 Whose colossal lines are never false?
 A Mathematician
 Whose calculations are so vast?
 A Poet, to conceive
 Such magnificent designs?
 Vain we ask derisive stars.

Unbelievable, inconceivable Space!
 Beauty, order, majesty, and fiendish cruelties
 Pervade it all.

'Mong firmaments of universes vast,
 That glow in space that has no end,
 What petty thing is Man.

LIGHT LOVE IN BOHEMIA

Eyes soft and sensuous,
Languishing with love;
With bounteous passion full
And half o'erflowing;
Lust scarce concealed
Within their lustrous shades;
From their liquid depths
Suggesting forbidden things;
Tempting with bewitching grace;
Prisoning lascivious thoughts
That issue to the light
As sun rays traverse the air,
Viewless, silent, yet subduing;
Bidding passion kindle,
And promising consent;
Potent as the sighing winds are,
And the odors of flowers,
When they soothe us from toil;
Melting with dreamy languor;
Passive, yet with a spell
That leaves no choice;
Seeming to slumber, yet awake
And strong in demands;
Steeped in tenderness,
Oppressed with desire,
Beseeching love
And the meed of love—
Sweet voluptuary,
Who resists their magic?

From their inner zones
A soul looks forth;
It feeds on joy,
It laughs with fullness;
It revels in sense.
Yet must it perish.
The flowers in hue
Are fair and matchless.
A master's hand
Cannot depict them.
Yet the winds come
And they perish.
So perishes the soul
And passes from being.
So fair a thing as thou
Must be no more.
Adore thy shrine of sense,
And live thy summer day—
Once sped—it comes no more.

THE IVY

Not where Wealth and Fashion thrive,
Or Pleasure lays its tempting snare;
Not where Hate and Passion strive,
Or monarchs bow with weight of care;
Not where Pomp and Wrong allied
Dazzle with their sickly glare;
Not where palaces arise
The Ivy twines its tendrils fair.

Not where storm of battle reigns,
And men for crowns of glory dare;
Where tyrants forge their cruel chains,
And victims grovel in despair;
Not where notes of triumph sound,
And paeans float on smoky air;
Not where revel bowls go round
The Ivy twines its tendrils fair.

Not where pageants mock the weary heart,
And kings in pomp their will declare;
Where Commerce builds its busy mart,
Or Avarice its gilded lair;
Not where plains rejoice with golden grain
Where deeply smote the wounding share;
Not where Plenty leads her smiling train
The Ivy twines its tendrils fair.

But when Ambition broods no more,
And glory fades to empty air;
When fanes are dust and pageants o'er,
And cities robe in mute despair;
When Ruin frowns where splendors shone,
And Time lays hidden places bare—
Then o'er the monarch's vacant throne
The Ivy twines its tendrils fair.

TWO OF A KIND

"I'm tired out—exhausted, I declare."
"O, I am tired, too. I'm in despair."
Let me tumble here to tear my hair."
"What's your trade, my weary one?"
"Fool-killer, friend. My work is never done."

DISASTER AT SHILOH

The peal of arms was one unbroken roar,
As when a tidal ocean shakes a shore;
'Twas louder than when storms of heaven wage
Their elemental war, with sacred fire.
Now smooth it rolled, then burst with awful ire,
To crash and lash as with redoubled rage.
Sometimes in fearful volleys cannon pealed;
Their fiery shells from lofty woodlands tore
Huge limbs, and flung them o'er the trembling field.
The earth vibrated with explosions loud,
And forest leaves shook in their smoky shroud.
As mellow gales dissolved the battle's haze—
Bore back the combat's clouds where gath'ring most,
Far through the stately woods resplendent rays
Flashed o'er the arms of either warlike host.
For miles the volleys crashed from crest and glade,
While ceaseless roared the dreadful cannonade.
Plutonian thunders rolled through heaven's vaults;
Fierce and impetuous the foe's assaults,
Like surges rushing on impassive rocks.
Our long lines wavered with repeated shocks.
A crisis came—in vain the shrill command,
Entreaties, threats, the fierce and final stand
Of frenzied soldiers and their chieftains brave.
Our legions broke before that martial wave.
From wing to wing of all the Nation's host
Disaster fell—once more the field was lost.
But say not so—on fateful scenes of war
No day is lost, no strife or blow is vain;
Unquenched the glow of Fortune's changeful star
While banners, arms and heroes yet remain.

GLORIETTA MOUNTAINS

O'er forest hills, with canyons deep,
How winsome—wild—is primal Nature's guise.
With ocean sound a lonely zephyr dies.
The mountains in soft wintry sunshine sleep.
O scenes of peace where in old years was fought
A fray that sent some paladins to rest.
The Southern Cross unfurled its baleful hues
To free wild breezes of the boundless West.
Then hillsides paled with Combat's crimson dew.
The whirr of shell and whiz of cannon shot
Awoke the silence of each sylvan spot.
The blood of heroes bathed each lofty crest.
At Santa Fe the visitor is shown
A shaft in memory of those who fell.
They rest in peace in some wild mountain dell—
Rude fighters who disdain a funeral stone.

PHILOSOPHY OF CORTEZ

Amid a selfish world—its clamors loud—
 How shall I win at last a lofty place?
 By genius, valor and ambition proud,
 Or by low artifice, corruption base?
 Creep through the mobs like pestilential air,
 Or like a thunderbolt my pathway tear?
 To force impetuous mankind will bow,
 And yet they hate the bays on Triumph's brow;
 They slander Force because it wins what prize
 Is noblest, most alluring in its eyes,
 And of the spoil will give no man a share—
 Appears in arms to guard its golden lair.
 How great is force! The human race arise
 In salutation to a heart of fire
 That will not perish in Misfortune's mire—
 With plaudits hail when crown of genius glows
 On power that disdains all human foes.
 He who excels mankind in selfish power,
 May hold his course with high, disdainful mien
 But Envy will assail him every hour,
 And only when his ready sword is seen
 Will Hate and Slander in his presence cower.
 In Ambition's chase, away with idle fears,
 Nor care for blood of man or woman's tears.

CAMOENS

A voyager on many seas,
 He saw no shore with scenes to please.
 A scholar, soldier, epic bard;
 A free lance of unsullied fame,
 He ever seemed Misfortune's ward,
 From every stately path debarred—
 His native land's eternal shame!
 Forgetful of the blood he gave
 In her defence, (his poems grand
 Her glory bore to every land)—
 She laid his dust in pariah's grave.
 In vain the marble bears his name,
 His form, aloft, as if for him
 Were praise of earth or voice of blame.
 What if his martial bays are dim?
 With deep remorse and robes of gloom,
 O Lusitania, guard his tomb.

MACEO TO THE CUBANS

Who bows a paltry slave, in low content,
Nor hath a lofty thought or savage mood,
Will have his fill of human servitude—
For such as he the lords of Spain are sent.
No right adorns a freeborn race to-day,
That heroes did not fall in battle for;
Which tyrants have not tried to wrest away,
For liberty demands eternal war.
Shall hate of tyranny forever sleep?
No hope of freedom thrill this prostrate race?
O, slaves, no more in subjugation weep.
In fury arm—a curse for those who keep
A sword undrawn, or yield a single pace
When ruthless Power meets them face to face,
Rebel! Spain is the sum of human ill—
Withstand her minions with heroic will.
From bondage fly to noble scenes of strife.
Away with peace! It is the slave's device
To shun encounter with remorseless Force;
It is the craven's—coward's dull resource.
No prudence now will slavish weal enhance—
To arms! Upon the foe in wrath advance.

PASSING THE GOLDEN GATE

Adieu, O Lands, to me of pain—
You'll greet no more these mournful eyes;
To other climes of softer skies,
Of greener shores, our vessel flies
Far down Balboa's boundless main.

O welcome winds from distant isles,
O welcome suns of warmer glow;
Hoar peaks all pale with crown of snow;
And seas whose floods sway still and slow
Where fragrant Earth forever smiles.

Adieu, Camille! O think of me
When far we cleave yon ocean's foam.
Let all South winds that reach thy home,
And ev'ry star in heaven's dome
Bear messages from me to thee.

My heart is thine—a pensive thought,
Since years may pass ere we shall meet.
Whatever lands my wand'ring feet
Anon may tread, how passing sweet
If thou, O love, forget me not!

In those fair days, when all is o'er
That lures me from thy presence now,
Though bridal roses wreath thy brow,
May I not claim, O love, that thou
Remember still the vows of yore?

Alas! that naught is left to me
Save memories—Love's tender woe.
Ambition speaks—thy heartless foe.
Ah! that I yield to folly so,
And for a bauble fly from thee.

THE CARIB CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

"When knighthood was in flower."

How fair the strangers were with faces pale,
With silv'ry arms and lustrous coats of mail
That flashed beneath a cloudless heaven's blaze;
With snowy plumes, regalia, lofty ways;
With steeds—ne'er heard of in the olden days.
Alas! the humblest knight of pallid face
Was nobler than a prince of native race.
But most her timid gaze fell on the one
Whom all those fearless, warlike knights obeyed.
To her Balboa was an orient sun
Commanding fires of lesser splendor fade.
In admiration, homage, passion, love,
She viewed his knightly mien with raptured eye.
He seemed a scion of the zones above,
A bright arch-angel of the starry sky.
How low—how most unworthy seemed she when
She saw the king of all those warlike men.
Long was the parley that in peace transpired.
With signs, or Lascan words, the rover spoke.
She lingered near, with wild emotions fired.
At last her new-born love the silence broke.
She bade her sire, in murmurs of delight,
To sue for her the stately Spanish knight.
Strange were the ways in that fierce torrid clime,
That race among, and in that early time.
No cold reproof the native chief expressed,
Nor made a wonder of her wild request.
Her hand he gave unto the Spanish knight,
Who saw with pain, and with grave courtesies,
Revealed by signs his bosom was not free,
For long ago he made his noble plight
With pale fair lady far across the sea.
In silent sorrow moved she then away,
Nor from disaster of that evil day

Had lover, pleasure, joy or impulse gay.
Yet fair Castilian love across the sea
Had few more moons of happiness than she.
The peerless rover fell Davila's prey.
In youthful glory, splendor, passed away.

MY CHOSEN THEME

My chosen theme is peerless Man
When Superstition's chains are gone,
And queenly Science leads him on.
I view him in fierce Glory's van,
Resplendent chief of Murder's clan—
Rebellious, wild, with heart of oak;
Defiant of the foeman's plan
While wreathed around with cannon smoke.
Heroic in the bold assault,
Ere pealing up to heaven's vault
Are cries of victory and joy.
I view him in his long employ
Of glorious arts; his lustrous eye
With genius glows; his lips are still;
His hand obeys a regal will
That gloomy Death alone may foil.
Imagination gilds his toil
With scenes that he alone may view.
His pencil charms, his song is true,
He fills with life the marble white,
His music moves us with delight,
Palatial halls he rears on high;
His mighty fleets of steel go by
To brave the tempest on the main;
Around the world he flings a chain
Of astral fire; repels the seas,
Or bids the rival oceans meet;
His air-ships mount upon the breeze—
Leave earth and ocean at his feet,
And float in heights of heavens blue
Where never bird or eagle flew.
He lords it o'er the sullen earth;
The mountains yield their precious ore,
While golden treasures have their birth
Where barren plains unrolled before,
The ocean blue, to Polar brim,
Can veil no secrets from his eye;
He measures earth and heavens dim,
He weighs the planets floating by.
As yet no limit hath been found
To stay this proud arch-angel's lust,
But on he moves, a god uncrowned—
The wonder of this planet's dust.

A REFLECTION

The man who has a dreadful appetite,
Has not a friend or coin—no bread or meat.
The rich repine where chandeliers are bright,
With countless kinds of dainties piled in sight,
And swear like knaves because they cannot eat.

SUNDAY NIGHT AT SHILOH

Like some tornado launched upon its course,
That wave of war moved on with fearful force,
They fierce assailed our lines, from wing to wing,
With ball and shell, with musketry and sword;
They charged as fiends to deeds of murder spring,
And one huge mass in heedless fury poured
To storm our guns; they scorned our leaden rain;
They rushed like maniacs across their slain.
"Bull's Run! Bull's Run!" defiantly they cried,
A burst of thunder to their vaunts replied.
Began the day in darkness to expire;
Our cannons belched forth streams of smoke and fire—
Hurled hissing loads of death; our muskets blazed;
Like silhouettes traced on a lurid cloud,
Fought cannoniers with hate and passion crazed,
One moment lost amid their battle shroud;
Then as it swiftly flamed or slowly raised,
Their forms were lined in vivid glory there.
The firm hill trembled and the smoky air
Was torn with iron, lit with fuse and shell.
In swarms the whizzing bullets fell.
Soldiers, with demoniac zeal inspired,
With frantic speed drove down their balls and fired.
Two sullen gun-boats on the flood below,
With monster missiles raked the startled foe.
That hill-top seemed a roaring, seething hell—
A whirlwind breathing death, and smoke and flame.
Then, sudden as the fearful tempest came,
It ceased—a warlike burst of cheers arose.
We had preserved our guns, position, fame—
Triumphantly repulsed our savage foes.

As darkness hid the bloody scenes of day,
Our broken army massed in firm array,
And yet, for miles, its fallen soldiers lay
From where the camps were stormed that fatal morn,
To where the waters hid our dead in scorn.
An awful silence filled the solemn wood
Where guard, reserve and watchful sentry stood,

Nor meager camp-fire cast its dang'rous ray
Where, on the earth, exhausted thousands lay.

All horrid scenes marred melancholy night.
Like fiery Ætna in spasmodic play—
To banish sleep with danger and affright—
Our cannons hurled terrific, massive shells
Amid the foe; with almost human yells—
With fiendish force, they tore their dismal way,
To waken sleepers with Plutonian screams,
Or slay our foes in midst of peaceful dreams.

It seemed once more, as writ in epics old,
That gods in anger viewed our mortal war,
For Nature's thunders through the midnight rolled,
Avenging lightnings flung their bolts afar,
The wind went howling through the hollow wood,
Cimmerian darkness o'er each army spread;
On dying men, upon the passive dead,
Chill torrents fell, to flow with human blood.

From eve to dawn War's energies were plied.
Flotillas bore across the swollen tide
Our comrades of the Cumberland, whose mien
In truth was bold, for they were fearless men
As e'er won tribute from a soldier's pen.
Morn saw a grand, imposing martial scene
Lit by the rising sun's resplendent sheen.
Unmindful of the dreadful slaughters o'er,
In rival armies, on that lonely shore,
Eighty thousand men in lines of battle wheeled,
And mingled war-cries o'er the bloody field.

Our host advanced and vengeful battle gave.
War's music rang—the thunder of the guns;
The cheers, the tumults, of our legions brave.
With force as vast, and scornful of the grave,
In onset came the South's impassioned sons.
It needs no lofty or pretentious lay
To limn the scenes of that immortal day.
The foe put forth his power and his pride,
The flower of his host in combat died;
From ridge to ridge his beaten hordes were driven;
Long ere the sunset tinged a stormy heaven,
The slaughter ceased; the last loud cannon pealed;
In rout, alarm, Rebellion's legions fled;
The groves were filled with wreck of battle red—
With fallen heroes—wounded—dying—dead—
For twice ten thousand men bestrewed the field
Which these heroic armies battled for.
All fearful scenes the woods, the vales, revealed.
Our final cheers of triumph rang afar,
To close an awful drama of the war.

THE OCEAN SHORE

If cares assail rove by the sea.
 Its friendly gales will cool a brow
 That melancholy darkens now—
 Roam by the sea, the changeful sea.
 More beautiful than Art can be,
 Sublimest of terrestrial things;
 Now stilled in silent majesty,
 Or, if the tempest-minstrel sings,
 It leaps to wrath with surges curled,
 That burst to foam. Hark to its roar
 That echoes till the mountains hoar
 Sway trembling where its tidals pour—
 Its foamy floods in anger hurled
 On ramparts reared of adamant;
 The storm-wraith shrieks, the breakers chant,
 And fierce the waters wild are whirled.
 Roam by the wide, eternal sea—
 The wonder of our moving world.

LO! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH

In the Spring an old man's fancy
 Slyly turns to thoughts of love.—*Tunison.*
 Why has he married in such haste?
 An opportunity was embraced.
 He was lonely, melancholy, chaste;
 All round him was a desert waste
 If no Eve its bowers graced,
 And so he married in some haste.

While foes denounce and prudes decry,
 Grandfathers still to Hymen fly.
 While four grandchildren shout,
 And mundane things turn inside out,
 With heart elate his conjugal mate
 Dines on golden plate.
 Ah, me! it's great—
 It's truly great.

Of our lonely and amorous Autocrat a lady delegate to a Nebraska convention said:

"He endears himself to us because, in so brief a time, he
 has been a widower, lover, bridegroom, and husband, a
 father-in-law and a grandfather, and soon, if the fates are
 kind, he may be lord of the whole earth."

LLANO ESTACADO FIFTY YEARS AGO

Here Espejo campaigned in Spanish days.
A vasty plain beneath an austral sun—
A waste unrolling 'neath Inferno's blaze.
In aeons past its waters lost their ways,
Its fountains fled in vapors, one by one.
A melancholy Sphinx would brood content
Amid this treeless region still as death.
While Toltec empires to oblivion went,
It bowed beneath a hot Sirocco's breath,
It spread unchanged; eternal silence was
All round its plains—reached o'er them like a pall.
It seemed outside the pale of Nature's laws.
Its border was to men a fatal wall
That few might wander o'er and yet repass.
It withered 'neath an olden curse. Alas
For fugitive, at sudden peril's call,
Who in its bosom closed his dang'rous flight.
It frightened peaceful stars of night;
By day the sun smote o'er it with his might.
A brighter era dawns—rich vineyards, grain,
Green groves, will shine upon this boundless plain;
The crystal streams will find their ways again.
This gloomy riddle of an age's flight
A race assails, at whose decree the rain,
The fires, the forces of the skies—will bow,
And here supreme will happy Ceres reign,
Though all is hopeless desolation now.

DESOLATION OF TYRUS

O, Tyrus, enthroned in the midst of the sea,
Grown haughty with gems, with purple and gold,
Thy heart with beauty and splendor is bold—
Who shall avert desolation of thee?

How vain are thy walls, O beautiful isle!
Thy battlements hoary with old renown.
The spoiler will soon thy temples defile,
The flames will enfold each glorious pile,
Thy towers be hurled in the green waves down.

In thy courts and squares the flowerets bloom,
They fill with odors the indolent air,
But thy royal halls have a look of gloom,
No mirth is heard in the lordliest room,
No sound of joyance is echoing there.
Shall sirens in robes of Tyrian fold,

In voluptuous garbs of colors gay,
Appease the victor of resolute mould
Who will come to tear thy towers away?

The scepter has passed from Phœnician seas,
A crown been hurled from a radiant brow;
Calamity broods on the wailing breeze.
The merchants of isles will jeer at thee now:
Aha! what city so fallen as thou?"

In vain to the gods do the great ones call,
In vain in thy temples high priests implore.
Weep! Wail! for thy terrible fall.
Ships will go out on the voyage no more,
But blood of thy sons will crimson thy shore.
"Ai! Ai!" the billows are moaning of thee,
Tyrrus will fall in the midst of the sea.

A SCENE AT SHILOH

[See Job's war horse in Prose Addenda.]

Some cannons left us by the foe—
These brazen pieces in a line.
They mark an army's overthrow,
For here it gave up in dismay
Before the charge that won the day.
Fine rebel guns—as fair they shine
As when foes wheeled them in array,
In stormy prowess to defend.
They roared away to bitter end,
And round them lie the gunners bold
Who fought so hard this hill to hold.
Those fellows died—they would not yield—
To hold one spot of Shiloh's field.
Here lies a lad who warred it well—
Perhaps a mother's only son—
Stretched out beside his captured gun,
With sleeves rolled up, ramrod in hand,
So youthful, stern—proportioned well—
The look upon his face is grand.
It seems a pity that he fell.
I tell you, boys, this war is—well,
Enough to make a devil smile.
The very grass with blood is red.
And all around fine horses pile
The gory scene—most of them dead.
The noble brutes, they seem to know
There's peril where they see the foe,
But face the musketry, the shell,

And other music just as well
As bravest of the soldiers do.
And how we treat them wounded, too.
We let them lie, to live or die,
Or shoot them as we saunter by,
And half begrudge so base a shot.
But what a burst of tender thought
O'er brutes in woe, when soldiers true
(Their bodies turn yon hillside blue)
Are lying now just where they fought,
By thousands o'er this bloody field,
With foes to share their dreary lot.
For miles unhappy wounded strew
The woods around. All hearts are steeled
O'er brutal scenes that speedy blunt
Each finer sense. Grief will not serve.
Where none may from stern duty swerve,
A man who cannot muster nerve
Has no business at the front.

ALOTIPIQUE

[From "Sun Worship Shores"—lost in San Francisco's
burning.]

I find alone a ruined hall,
With fallen dome, vine-covered wall—
Its plazas bright with hues of gold;
The groves that wave in splendor round,
Seem portions of some noble ground
Where beauty flourished manifold.
There is a perfume of the wild,
An odor sweet and undefiled,
Floats to the gates of this old hall.
I know not whence it may arise,
What wood exhales it to the skies,
What wind expands it over all.
And yet 'tis sent and ever sent,
Suggesting aisles of vast extent, -
Where limpid pools of water lie;
Where flowers bloom in masses dense,
Whose odors pall the weary sense,
Whose colors vex the jaded eye.
But sadness reigns—the lord is cold
Who lavished here his hoards of gold,
His lemans gay are valley mold.
The wine-cup shines no more within;
No revel sounds, nor music peals,
Nor sirens joy in ways of sin.
No vestige here the past reveals,
But reptiles crawl where Beauty's train

Moved proudly 'on, and ravens wheel
Where noble knights wore shiny steel—
For Nature claims her own again.
Who dwelt herein? A Spanish chief
Who passed his age in grandeur brief,
To sate at last a Borgia's lust?
Who wasted gold like idle dust,
And made some native lord his slave?
Some free lance of the ocean wave,
Who came to slay the Spanish thief?
What matters now if love or fame
Upon each mind held higher claim?
Each had the bauble of his day,
And lived his life and passed away.

A ROVER'S ADIEU

"In thy dark eye's splendor,
Where the warm light used to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender,
Speak thy last farewell."

Our summer barks rode tranquil seas;
We idly lashed them side by side.
In vain their sails allured the breeze
That came not as such gales as these,
To die upon the waters wide.

Our summer barks rode stormy seas;
We lashed them firmer side by side,
For, O fair love, we did not please,
Though hurricanes swept o'er the seas,
To cast them loose till scenes like these
Might prove the bitter storms defied.

Lo! now we part, no more to sail,
As we have sailed, lashed side by side.
There is no grief will now avail,
And either heart might faint or fail
If gentle thoughts should now prevail,
So, fling to breeze each snowy sail,
And bear away o'er waters wide.

Therefore, O love, with gallant heart,
I bid you now a long adieu.
Let no bright tears in sadness start,
To lend to Grief a keener dart
As far we thread the waters blue,
But strive, O love, with gracious art,

To hide the wounds the fates impart,
 And heed alone the cruel chart
 That guides us on the ways we rue,
 Some day, perchance, on happy seas,
 We'll meet once more with kindred breeze,
 And find each loving heart is true.

RULING MOTIVES

Most human tales this gloomy moral prove—
 The fear of men is better than their love.
 Each battles to achieve his chosen ends;
 Good will and interest make the best of friends.

THE WORLD WAR

[See Note in Prose Addenda.]

A haughty apparition came
 To portals of the Hall of Fame.
 He waved the brazen doors aside.
 "Now halt you there," the warder cried,
 "And humbly stand, submissive bow.
 To enter here what claim hast thou?"

"To set the abject races free,
 I slew the Austrian despot's son—
 The prince the crown descended on—
 And mighty things were caused by me.
 I set the sluggish world ablaze,
 The heavens burned from sea to sea;
 Great armies moved upon their ways,
 For armed men by millions rose.
 The banded nations fought their foes.
 I set the human race at war.
 The vasty planet felt a jar.
 Since earliest dawn of strifes of yore
 Ne'er had Mars such rule before.
 I broke the seal—it was to be.
 Now ope your vaunted gates to me."

Far off was heard the combat's din.
 A sullen gong in signal rung,
 And wide the gilded doors were swung.
 The spectre bowed and entered in.

THE COWBOY SAID

If you've got the Mighty Dollar in your clothes,
You needn't worry much how the season goes,
Nor care a bloody red for former friends or foes.
Take your noble ease—forget your many woes.

CLEARING THE COAST OF TEXAS

[1871.]

The crescent shores are dazzling bright
Beneath the sunset's glow,
And, deluged with the yellow light,
The distant headlands woo the sight,
As gleaming o'er the billows white
They check the ocean's inward flow.

Slow sinks the Sun in gorgeous west,
Obscured behind his golden fleece;
The lambent glory round his crest
Sinks on the ocean's lonely breast,
And lights the surge's wild unrest
Till Night commands the pageant cease.

Then swift the clouds sweep o'er the sky,
Responsive to a typhoon's roar;
The angry waters struggle high,
And vainly seeks the weary eye
To pierce the gloomy wastes that lie
Between it and the fading shore.

The vessel plunges on its way,
Our native clime once more is past.
Our path is through the ocean spray;
And where the fearful breakers play,
And where the whirlwind seeks its prey,
We still must fly before the blast.

Perchance the gale that drives us on
May sweep us to our doom;
Perchance the stars, so pale and wan,
May see the last lorn prospect gone,
And ere the light of laggard dawn
Our minute gun may boom.

Ah! fiercer yet the tempest swells,
As darker yet the heavens grow;
A deeper shade o'er midnight tells,
The blast shrieks like a demon's yells;

Dread thunders rumble forth their knells
In monodies of woe.

Ah! what a scene on which to gaze—
An austral ocean torn to foam,
While mountain high the billows raise,
And in its lurid splendor plays
The baleful lightning's angry blaze,
Imperious in its cloudy home.

In fragments hang the bursted sails,
The masts bend low but do not break;
The sternest eye a moment quails,
The warmest cheek a moment pales,
The firmest heart a moment fails,
And nerves of iron shake.

But true the oak as massive steel,
Back to its place it springs again,
And while the sullen thunders peal,
And ghastly horrors round us steal,
And frightened cravens frenzied kneel,
Down sweep the storms of frozen rain.

The slipp'ry deck with ice is laid,
Beware the surge that sweeps it o'er,
For vain the hand that's reached for aid,
And vain the cry for succor made,
When hero hearts become afraid
That never cringed at death before.

Some hideous power directs the gale,
Some hellish spirit seems to reign;
Above the prow the waters scale,
And should the flimsy hatches fail,
Our fate may form some solemn tale
To warn the daring from the main.

But gallant forms spring up the mast;
They cling to yards that dip the spray;
And while the ship is hurled and cast
As though each moment were its last,
They furl the canvas from the blast,
And set the hurricane at bay.

Soon torrid shores will crest the wave,
Arrayed in thousand peerless dyes.
Bright suns will pave the Sea's blue nave;
Then rave, ye stormy tempests, rave.
And waft us to that Paradise.

THE TEMPLE OF PATIENCE

These words adorn its lofty portals wide:
 "I conquer Fame, and all in earth beside;
 I baffle Fate—ay, mock at Fortune blind.
 Who enters here leaves all his woe behind."

TO THE PLANET MARS

[Composed at night on a skirmish line at Shiloh. I then thought Mars was a ball of fire.]

Red star of War! while armies sleep,
 To march to slaughter at the dawn,
 'Tis mine a faithful watch to keep,
 Lest suddenly the foe come on.

I peer into the gloomy wood,
 Alarmed by some portentous sound,
 Then gaze on thee, red orb of blood,
 Whose beams the warring world confound.

O from among the stars retire,
 Elsewhere send forth thy rays malign,
 Thou baleful globe of restless fire,
 Man's blood is poured for thee like wine.

THE "NEW DAY"—1920

Harem rule has certainly come—
 Twenty-five million solid votes!
 Preachers, pedagogues and petticoats!
 'Twill surely put us on the bum.

BEULAH LAND

Our myths and fables much deceive.
 The best of creeds is—disbelieve.

RUINS OF PALENQUE

When races, empires, disappear—
 How vain the pitiful career
 Of one mere idle dreamer here.

"BACK TO THE FARM"

Civilization begins and ends with the plow.—*O. M. Roberts.*

Like a Chinese gong,
(With chorus wrong)
The milkmaid's song
Comes floating along.

With many distresses,
Fat shepherdesses
In decollete dresses
Jump like frogs
Through barnyard messes.
Bulls and rams and geese,
Chickens and ducks and dogs,
Butter and eggs and grease;
Smells and odors that never cease
From stuff that makes the soil increase;
The muttered grunt of ravenous hogs,
Bray of mules in shadeless pens;
Noisy screech of guinea hens;
Giggle and howl of visiting friends,
The story long that never ends—
Babel and clamor that never mends!

Cincinnatus left his plow
To put his zeal to better things;
Our Putnam did, (there was a row—
He fought against the kings;)
And Robert Burns some ploughing tried;
He feigned in this to feel a pride,
But quit the job—O thoughtful Bob—
To soar on Fancy's wings.
However fine the tale may be,
No agricultural slob was he.
The poet oft deceptive sings.
Mouths must be filled,
Earth must be tilled;
It is a toil that has to be,
And yet, while human life is free,
Immortal gods! no farmer life for me.

RETURN OF THE DOUGH BOYS

[1919]

In triumph wear the victor's wreath
Fair Woman twines with trembling hand;
At Beauty's call men march to death,
And safety crowns a menaced land.

A WISCONSIN SCENE

Ambrosial hills, on either hand,
Are green with crowns of old, primeval trees;
Fair wheat fields waver with a fitful breeze,
Or, lit with gold, the tall blades idly stand.
The ring-dove mourns above this northern land—
All 'round its placid, sunny landscapes please.
Down yonder vale, as framed in groves of green,
Behold an inland sea's wide waters blue,
Like some rare painting of a view marine
From subtle hand of some old master true.
On high the massy, snowy clouds are seen
Slow floating through the summer heavens blue.

WALT WHITMAN VERSE

The Dictionary man says a monomaniac
Is one who is crazy on one subject.
Machine poets are monomaniacs,
And some are dipsomaniacs.
They imagine the stuff they write
Is poetry, when, in truth,
It's only trash. All poets are crazy,
But doggerel-fiends are worst—
Yea, bugs indeed. They go the limit.
They make us tired.
They put us on the ragged edge.
This is poetry, a la Walt Whitman.
Walt was a poet—once in a while—
In spite of much hog-wash he wrote.

PROCRUSTEAN DAYS

Once boldly rose—but now with shame—
The musical wail of the Kansas mule.
How cheap the men are, meek and tame,
In this crazy land that women rule.
Down-trodden Man some day will rise,
And wreck this fabric most unwise,
And start a Mormon paradise.
Of the two, by any test,
The Mormon plan is much the best.
Alack-a-day! with language vile,
The men have gone to Dead Man's Isle.

JOHN BROWN'S REVERIE

Prophetic spells around me fall,
I have a dream of things to be.
I hear the deep-toned trumpets call,
And drum-rolls sound from sea to sea.
I hold in poise a giant force
That might reverse this Nation's course;
Deep prisoned in my fevered brain
Are thoughts I now would voice in vain.
Could I forsee my soul's desire
My words would glow like mental fire;
In passion would my thoughts be poured
Till millions woke to seize the sword.
I pierce Oppression's flimsy veil—
I see the wrong, I hear the wail.
O impulse pause! O passion, stay!
Remote, afar, is action's day.

THE PIOUS GRAFTER

When a time of trouble comes
The pious grafter wakes.
The smoothest of all bums,
He gathers up his chums
With their hymn books and their fakes;
He hollers and he hums,
He bellows and he drums
Till the hemisphere he shakes;
While others fight for mighty stakes,
He gathers in the money that he makes.

BYRON

Genius, Glory, in his throne room sat.
Feudal baron, lord, aristocrat;
Of haughty Norman lineage born,
He viewed imperial pomps with scorn—
Sought liberty and worshipped that.
No fulsome notes debased his high refrain,
But Freedom's voice rang out in every strain.
He left his fame, his haunts of ease—
All scenes that might a sluggard please—
To die in Freedom's holy cause.
For this he won the world's applause.

ATTILA

Born beneath an evil star,
 He led vast hosts in clamorous war—
 To die supine in Beauty's fatal spell.
 Ildico wrought her purpose well.
 A rosier cyprian's footsteps ne'er fell
 Along the sunny boundaries of Hell.

THE VILLAIN DIED

He saw that rhyme would make good prose,
 Then put his claws into my verse.
 The wreck dismayed—it caused me woes.
 For this, and sorrows worse,
 And sundry things I'll not rehearse,
 With fervent lips, in language terse,
 I launch on him a poet's curse.

Let none a poet's wrath deride—
 In fifteen months the villain died.

THE FATE OF BRUCE IMLAY

[On Sunday evening, April 14th, 1912, the steamer Titanic went down with 1503 persons, including 688 members of the crew, and great numbers of women and children. Superintendent Imlay was saved in a life boat.]

Ignoble choice a Briton made
 When mariners were bold, and women were afraid.
 Impending death, deep fear and panic,
 Proved his soul was not Titanic.
 A shattered vessel reeling in the sea,
 Was not the place for coward such as he.
 A boat awaited, safety was in flight;
 Dames and children, beautiful and bright,
 He left to wail in terror and affright,
 And saved himself—his might was "right."
 Despised by all; despised by Bruce Imlay,
 He sought a palace hall and hid away.
 Wines, luxuries, he had; the mercenary smiles
 Of dainty female slaves, whose crafty wiles
 Could scarce conceal their inward scorn;
 In drunkenness and ease, from day to day,
 He wore his worthless life away,
 And cursed the dismal hour he was born.
 Such was the fate of Bruce Imlay.

"O teach boys how to live," our Mentors cry.
 Yes, and also teach them how to die.

WINTER IN FLORIDA STRAITS

With rapture's eye, a silent ocean view,
All silvered o'er with semi-tropic beams;
A shoreless wave in purple splendor gleams
Beneath a canopy of tender blue;
The gale a dying breath of summer seems.
Its pinions bear no melancholy sound.
How clean, how fair, the sapphire sea around.
The torrid wave, the sky's ethereal dome,
In beauty blended, form proud Nature's home.

We voyage now where gray De Leon sailed,
Who sought a fountain of eternal youth.
What wonder visionary hopes prevailed,
That Fancy revelled in a garb of Truth,
That mighty chiefs believed, and sailed the seas
In quest of wildest of weird mysteries.

We dream of happiness, when mortal pain
Is all the goal our weary hearts may gain.
We mourn apace, then fondly dream again
Like brave De Leon and his knightly men.

Across this wave in stately, stern array
De Soto's fleet sailed on a later day.
Far zones allured that rumor paved with gold.
Those mail-clad heroes of intrepid mould
For toilsome years warred through unpleasant lands,
But never grain of gold shone in their hands.
With sorrow worn, De Soto found a grave
Within the Mississippi's turbid wave—
While Famine wasted his companions brave.
When Spanish power passed, this ocean bore
Upon its waters blue a people strange
From every nation, isle and shore,
Whose dream of life was lawless change.
'Twas here the Buccaneers were wont to roam
Without a creed or king, a land or home.

THE GENIUS OF GOOD NATURE

Caesar shone in every walk of life,
And in a ruthless age his faults were few.
Writer, speaker, statesman, chief in strife,
He had the genius of good nature, too.

THE MINSTREL'S ADMONITION

[From "The Griefs of Bohemia."]
Mad chevaliers and singers grave,
My life hath been so brief a span,
I scarce may name what most I crave—
I am content with what I am.
I ask but simple ways of peace,
That drowsy sunshine o'er them fall;
That roses swoon along each wall
Where odors teem and sweets increase,
Nor ever Glory's thrilling note
Above the scene defiant float,
To bid its dreamy quiet cease.
I was not born 'neath martial stars,
I do not court Ambition's bays,
Nor can perceive in bloody wars
What should arouse triumphant praise.
O shun corrupt Ambition's path,
Abjure the slave's low greed for gold,
And sing, O bards, in gen'rous wrath,
To make the fallen races bold.
Aspire to reign in Danger's hour,
At spotless Honor's high command,
But draw no sword, with hireling hand,
In lust of gold or thirst of power.

PILGRIM FATHER TERCENTENARY

I'm very weary of those ancient men,
With tales of how and why and where and when
They landed on a wintry shore,
Three hundred years ago or more,
With guns, tall hats and saintly ways,
And spotless characters we all must praise.
They made of piety a gruesome fake,
And burnt old women at the stake.
"Allow no witch to live," they cried;
Then torch and blaze they fast applied.
They frowned at sin and merry revels,
And flogged old men to cast out devils.
They were so good, old annals say,
They would not kiss their wives on Sabbath day.
With nasal twang and nose on high,
They sang their hymns to stormy sky;
They made blue laws to make the people blue,
And cursed the land with theologic stew.
No man could think a thought or two—
They'd stick him in the stocks at once—

Blasphemer, demon, wretch or dunce!
They'd make him quick such freedom rue.
The only thing they did that I approve
Was this: when wives forgot to love,
But made a bedlam of the family fold,
They'd call such dame a "common scold,"
And ere her water-proof was donned
They'd souse her in the village pond.
The drunkard's fate they did deplore,
They preached right hard against his booze,
And yet a drink they'd ne'er refuse
If tendered soft behind the kitchen door.
"The earth belongs unto the saints," they said;
"We are the saints—the Book says so."
They heeded not the Indian's complaints,
But took his land—a hundred miles or so—
Then gravely knocked him on the head.

I thank the gods the Pilgrim sires are gone,
That times have changed, and happy earth rolls on.

ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL ON A CLEAR DAY

The glassy tide in its dormant pride
Spreads boundless beneath the sun,
And a misty haze on the horizon lays
Like the smoke of a battle won.
The breezes bland from Albion's land
Move lazily on their way
Where sea-nymphs hid imperiously bid
Meridian splendors play.
There's many a scene with shores as green,
With billowy wastes as fair,
Where the lineaments bold of the mountain peaks
cold
Loom out on the dreamy air;
Where Nature's hand in characters grand
Has written her emblems of might,
And the sea and the land are daintily planned
To thrill a lone heart with delight;
And the eye may range through measureless change,
And limitless regions of light—
But choose for me this beautiful sea
As it glitters beneath the sun,
And a misty haze on the horizon lays
Like the smoke of a battle won.

THE BIG BOOK

If trusted friends betrayed,
Put it in the Big Book;
If clouds of grief dismayed,
Put it in the Big Book.
If life has been a losing game,
And you have partly been to blame,
Don't hang your head in silly shame,
But write it in the Big Book.
If pleasures past some worries bring,
And sombre shadows round you cling
Because you did some knavish thing,
Write it in the Big Book.
And if you view with bitter hate
Some clique or clan degenerate,
And long to shoot each reprobate,
Exude your wrath in words of weight
And put it in the Big Book.
O, if you did, or didn't do
Some craven deed or impulse true;
If memories, your soul pursue
Concerning divers things you rue,
Put it in the Big Book.
If life itself a burden grows,
And oft you pine for Death's repose,
Write out your multitude of woes
And put them in the Big Book.
At other times don't ope the Book—
Ne'er give the cursèd tome a look,
But leave the stuff you've written there
For moths to eat and bugs to tear.
The Big Book is to peace opposed;
Except when writing, keep it closed.

WOODROW LOVES THE LIMELIGHT

In sunny France, in storms of fight,
Where Kaiser Bill thought might was right,
What did you learn, my gallant wight?

"I learned, alas! in storms of fight,
That fame is like a thief at night.
Applause of men is ever sweet.
Let History its tale repeat.
Robespierre, so fond of praise,
Could talk and talk for days and days
Of justice, love and righteous ways.
Where deadly shell with fury screeches,

The dough boy fast a shell-hole reaches,
And ponders over Woodrow's speeches.
Where clarions ring and drummers drum,
And folks for comfort never come,
The military arguments
Of folks that live in canvas tents,
All go to show, 'tis only this—
In battle fierce it's hit or miss,
And Woodrow loves the limelight.
In smoky scenes of much affright,
Where men are not too proud to fight,
It seems an observation trite
That Woodrow loves to talk and write,
And keep himself in limelight."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

"These formalities are needless.

I killed Marat."—*Charlotte Corday.*

O strange the wondrous music of her tongue.
Her lofty mien dismayed those ruffian foes;
Upon her cheeks the tints of roses clung.
Her eyes—great, lustrous orbs! like stormy night
They shone; so wild—so wonderfully bright!
Beneath long lashes flashed magnetic light.
Around alluring lips there was a trace
Of gentle sadness, as for others' woes—
A pity Honor's gen'rous nature knows.
Despite her deed she had an angel's face.
About her shapely neck, so pearly white,
Her chestnut hair in massy ringlets hung.
Her beauty was indeed a winsome sight.
Her hand was small as e'er a minstrel sung,
And soft as e'er in lover's hand was laid—
It clove a monster's heart with dagger blade.

A while the low-browed judge in silence mused,
With daunted look—with wand'ring, downcast eye,
As though he fain would say what heart refused.
At length he met her gaze, with air confused.
"She slew Marat," he growled, "and so shall die."

She smiled—it was a sweet, a pensive smile
That lingered years within the memory
Of those around; she gave no vain reply,
But moved beside the waiting armed file
That led her out in girlhood's bloom
To hide her beauties in a felon's tomb.

AFTER SHILOH

How balmy was the forest air,
 For southern Spring moved on her way
 With snowy blossom, bloom and spray,
 Flung round her pathway ev'rywhere.
 The mocking-bird, in frenzied strain,
 Poured forth sweet ecstasy of pain
 From every cool, ambrosial shade.
 Scenes of renown, where myriad forms
 Were laid at rest—in silence laid—
 When storied Shiloh's awful storms
 Of war were o'er, now spread arrayed
 In carpets of rich vivid green
 Where fairies, angels, might have strayed.
 How winsome Spring breathed o'er the scene—
 Robed Slaughter's home in happy smiles.
 Huge woods were clad in foliage dense,
 And shining lines of snowy tents
 Receded far through sylvan aisles.
 Cool crystal rills in quiet poured
 Their sinuous ways 'tween mossy banks
 Where late deployed impetuous ranks—
 Where sped the missile, shone the sword.
 Where War's dun breath had weighed the breeze,
 Was Garden of Hesperides.

Clear was the bugle's mellow call.
 With melody it seemed to fill
 The drowsy wood—then slowly fall.
 Colossal camps were strangely still.

* * * * *

O plan absurd of Folly's brain!
 An army brave as ever shone
 On Roman field or Grecian plain—
 That o'er the European main
 Had hurled a tyrant from a throne—
 Its force consumed in pageants vain,
 In petty strife or vile repose,
 In all the arts a dullard knows
 Until a wily foe had flown.
 'Tis vain to join in Glory's chase,
 When owls usurp an eagle's place.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

Though nigh or far his banners range,
 Through scenes familiar, scenes all strange,
 A soldier's life is ever strife,
 With wild romance, excitement, startling change.

TO A SOCIAL CLUB FAR AWAY

There's a surging sea before us,
And a gloomy waste around,
And the angry heavens o'er us
All day have darkly frowned,
And gales that seem to master
All things that meet the eye,
But drive us on the faster
Where sterner dangers lie.
All nature is in travail,
The billows e'en complain,
Then who shall sneer or cavil
With cynical disdain,
If I shall own a sadness
As Memory portrays
Those scenes of glowing gladness
We knew in other days?
Those fleeting scenes of pleasure
That sped so swift away,
When Joy filled up its measure
And ev'ry heart was gay;
When Youth in haughty madness
The gauntlet flung to care,
And never sigh or sadness
Could hope to enter there.
We crowned the hours with roses,
Nor marked them as they went,
Nor how each year discloses
Some deeper discontent;
Nor dreamed how soon our number
Would be a broken thing,
Or who would lowly slumber
Beneath the flow'rs of Spring.
We heeded not the morrow,
Or what its dawn would bring;
We feared no hand of sorrow
The aching heart to wring.
Ah! Grief has given lessons
We may not soon forget,
And time has thinned our numbers
Since last in joy we met.
Then fill the hours with gladness,
And revel while ye may,
For life is full of sadness—
O whirl it swift away.

BUYING TITLES

"How much are princes now per head?"
"A million dollars, miss," he said.

THE DELUSION OF CABRILLO

[Discovery of California.]

What shall we call this weary sunset shore
 Imperial Spain hath sent us to explore?
 Camillo, versed in poesy and song,
 Who loves romances—has a mien of woe,
 As if in sorrow for some grievous wrong
 Wrought in the golden clime of Mexico,
 Presents a name to us, most noble knights,
 And California is the rover's choice.
 It pleases well—soft as my lady's voice,
 Mellifluous, romantic, too, and fine
 As love made warm with rich Castilian wine;
 Suggestive of a land of pure delights,
 Of golden days; of love-lit, starry nights.
 Camillo found this name in quaint romance
 Of olden time—a Saracenic tale
 Of Moorish love—of war's unhappy chance,
 And sundry ills that Paynim joys entail.
 This barren shore is worth no sov'reign's claim.
 'Tis lonely, unadorned, its outlines tame;
 Therefore we'll aid it with Camillo's name—
 The province California meets our glance!
 A savage people wander to and fro
 Where no delicious fruits will ever grow;
 Where not a note of human pleasure sounds,
 Where even blessed water scarce abounds.
 There is no trace of ore, no silver, gold—
 No palaces that we might rob or hold;
 There's naught that avarice, adventure bold,
 Would prize in all these pagan vallies lone.
 From equatorial clime, to poles,
 Far as we roam or mighty ocean rolls,
 O knights, it is the one Gehenna known.
 What can our king do with such heathen zone,
 But send his friars here to gather souls?
 Make angels of poor California's own?
 Array its native sons in Roman stoles,
 And have such dreary land to Hades blown?

A STAGE CHORUS

[On the stony stage road to Silver Reef, Utah, in 1880.]

Bumpity bump!
 Bumpity bump!
 O lud gud—
 Bumpity, bumpity, bump!

CONCENTRATED LIE

[Written before the World War.]

History is a lie agreed upon.—*Napoleon*.The crimes and follies of mankind.—*Gibbon*.

"Happy the land that has no history."

Egypt was great, and robbed the Asian lands
To far India's line—robbed Afric, too—
Burnt, pillaged, wasted and enslaved.

With temples, palaces and royal fanes,
Thebes reigned imperial a thousand years,
And golden tribute drew from many lands.

Assyria plundered wide, also Babylon.
The Persian and the Mede returned the bloody call
That Egypt made, and fiercely robbed and slew.
The Greeks consumed the Persian hoards. Also
What Egypt's fallen cities yet contained.
The Roman crushed the Greek—and half the world
beside.

The Goth, the Vandal and the busy Hun
The Roman robbed; the Danes, the Norman knights,
O'ercame and robbed fair Albion's isle.
The Spaniards robbed Peru and Mexico.
The Anglo-Saxon took the red man's land,
(Which he had seized from races further back).
This outline rude is but a glimmer of the tale
That tiresome grows, to prove that might is right.
All petty states did what they could, as chance allowed.
Devouring other petty states, as in the sea
Fish of size the smaller fish devour.
"Eat or be eaten! Kill or be killed!"
Is Nature's law to creatures of the wood.
Throughout the world, in ev'ry zone and land,
Man's ancient avocation is pursued,
And he most bloody of all beasts of prey.

WHEN A WIDOW'S VERY FAIR

A wise man says that when a widow's very fair
Supreme attention should be paid the am'rous queen—
That she should to a monastery cell repair,
A doting husband soon disport upon the scene,
Or she be buried well out in some valley green.
This wise man says a special widow case requires
Attention ere a husband's funeral day expires.
An old and ugly widow, who is rated sour,
May be left at large, seeking whom she may devour.

THE TOMB OF BYRON

[In 1871 I visited Newstead Abbey—the home of Byron; the old church at Hucknall-Torkard that entombs the poet's dust; and Annesly Hills, the home of "Byron's Mary."]

The gloomy church in slow decay
 Seems fitted for his last repose,
 For centuries have passed away
 Since first its humble walls arose,
 And yet in homely strength it stands,
 A monument of cycles flown;
 Ah! withered are the faithful hands
 That reared aloft its ancient stone.
 Around its walls, now aged and hoar,
 A thousand graves are thickly spread,
 Where sleep the valor and the lore
 That once in field and forum led.
 Their shattered slabs, beneath the sun,
 Recount no tales of honors past—
 Their epitaphs have one by one
 Been blotted out by rain or blast.
 The rose-flecked vines, in mantles wide,
 Stream o'er the windows stained within,
 As though in tenderness to hide,
 Their images from outward sin,
 And as the breeze with gentlest care,
 The inflorescence softly sways,
 A mournful sigh steals on the air
 That murmurs of departed days.
 The aisles are dim with softened light,
 The pillars old are dusk and bare,
 And here and there a tablet white
 Records whose bones are crumbling there.
 Strange shadows move at Fancy's freak,
 And silence reigns so deep and dread
 'Twere sacrilegious but to speak,
 For 'neath the stones on which you tread,
 Secure from Slander's venom tongue,
 Or ruthless Hatred's reeking blade,
 Shrined only by the songs he sung,
 Britannia's peerless bard is laid.

THE MAIN GUY

Of devils, deities and fates,
 And unseen forces, snares and baits
 That shape the course of modern States,
 The mighty Dollar dominates.

RICHARD THIRD

[In the city of Leicester, England, on a barn that stood on the bank of the river Soar, I saw a tablet that read: "Near this spot lie the remains of Richard III., the last of the Plantagenets, 1485." His dead body was thrown into the river at that point.]

I much admire that fearless English king,
 Although his crimes and cruelties I hate.
 How bravely did he battle Fate,
 And make his warlike island kingdom ring
 With tumult when he fell from high estate.
 Resolved he fought when friends and vassals fled—
 He died with England's crown upon his head.
 Some olden tomes his cruelties deny.
 'Tis writ that history is but a lie.
 Though Venom soiled his royal fame,
 There's none assail his martial name,
 Or scoff at valor shown in dying hour.
 Though gone was hope, his knights and power,
 He wielded arms, with demon hate, till slain.
 Submission, flight, defeat, won his disdain.
 Though Fate shall pour its darkest ills on me,
 Stern Richard shall my dauntless model be.

ISLES OF FONSECA

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]

Where sunlit, foamy waves expand
 Around these fair volcanic isles,
 Tall, granite peaks adorn the land
 And one eternal summer smiles.
 A lawless rover of the seas,
 In sailing o'er Fonseca blue,
 Once well declared such isles as these
 A home for gods; he waved adieu
 To perils on the Spanish main,
 O'er these fair scenes to careless reign
 As vassal gay of sov'reign Sun—
 Here passed his days in am'rous ease,
 And wasted gold by valor won.
 For glowing native girls are true,
 Where blue Fonseca's waves expand;
 The fruits are clad in golden hue,
 The fragrant atmosphere is bland—
 O, occidental Cyclades!
 The balmy vales and seas of blue
 The mind—the soul—the fancy, please.

KENILWORTH

A castle famous in proud feudal days,
 A ruin mantled o'er with ivy now.
 Weird echoes of the past
 Float o'er the twilight scene.
 Heard you the clarion peal?
 It bade the vassals arm.
 O list you well—a voice proclaims
 The stern conditions
 Of a tournament-at-arms.
 The neigh of battle steeds,
 The trumpet's call,
 The onset's rush,
 The ring of knightly steel;
 A burst of cheers—
 Gay Beauty's gentle voice of praise,
 The haughty tones of royalty—
 All these I hear.
 More tender notes
 Pervade the twilight air—
 The melody of lutes,
 The song, the serenade;
 The low, impetuous words
 Of passionate love.
 O shrines that lure me
 From the prairies of the West—
 Bid the sails of my bark
 Shine far o'er purple seas—
 The tombs where Byron
 And the Bard of Avon sleep,
 And where the god-like dust
 Of proud Napoleon lies.
 I pause awhile
 Beneath the walls of Kenilworth,
 To muse on tales
 Writ by the Wizard of the North.

A LARGE VOLUME

As tiresome years departed, one by one,
 The brilliant things he should have done,
 The splendid goals he might have won,
 The cash he spent in merely having fun;
 The awful things he never should have done,
 The things that he would like to do—
 His troubles old and troubles new—
 Would make a book to weigh a ton.
 And still his sad account a while must run.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S DREAM

A conclave of diplomats,
Of whom He was Which;
A palace on the Bosphorus—
Each day it made him rich.

An imperial war fleet,
By the Idiots maintained;
O'er seraglio and city
A Caesar he reigned.

The whole world obeyed him—
Its adoration paid;
His soldiers were millions,
To make the folks afraid.

One cold, frosty morning
His air castle grand
Came tumbling to pieces,
At Freedom's command;

And the pedagogue, humbled,
Like an ostrich at bay
Ran his neck in a sand pile,
And wilted away.

GALVESTON ISLE

The Mexic sea unrolls in beauty far—
No canvas glows with yonder purple hue.
How vain is Art where Nature's glories are:
Who shall portray the restless Ocean blue?
It is a zone of dangerous mischance;
Of mystery, adventure and romance;
Rich in its lore of wild and wayward life;
Of shipwreck, peril, bold escape and strife.
Perchance in pomp across this vision grand
Cordova sailed for Montezuma's land;
Unto this isle Lafitte, the corsair, came
To lead his outlaws to a scene of fame.
When Britain's navies and her arms essayed
To blight our shores with red Invasion's woes,
The corsair gave our native land his aid;
With hero Jackson tamed our British foes—
Then burned his pirate fleet on yonder tide,
Save one fair, stately ship, the "Ocean Pride."
With chosen chiefs he sought remoter seas—
To other lands left lawless memories.
His grave is on a lonely, verdured isle
Where torrid seas in fadeless glory smile.
This very shore, beside this ocean's flow,
Was trod by heroes of the Alamo.

IN CUBAN WATERS

Slow moves the vessel on her weary way,
The dying breeze scarce fans the tide,
And rainbows gather o'er the spray
That feebly dashes from her side;
No surges in colossal fury play,
Nor lift their crests in foamy pride.
The nautilus scarcely deigns to ride
Upon its voyages to fairy land,
But leans upon its satin side
As anchored by some human hand,
And lures the day-beams as they glide
From sunny sea to lovely land.
The gorgeous sky with brilliant tints
Is grandly rich within the west,
And golden rods from heavenly mints
Down in the tide are deeply pressed.
The land lolls in the drowsy blaze,
The groves hang down their haughty heads,
The mountains blue undaunted gaze
Whence all the glow of splendor spreads;
And such a beauty gathers round
The earth, the seas, and sunset skies,
I wonder if a soul e'er found
A fairer clime in Paradise.

NOT HOMELESS

The foreign lands, the mountains and the sea;
The cities great—hives of humanity—
The prairies wild, had homes for me.

SUN WORSHIP SHORES

Sun-worship zones my song inspire.
Colima flames with crest of fire;
Resound afar its murmurs hoarse.
Land of romance! where scenes transpire
As if in scoff of mortal ire;
The tidal wave sweeps on its course,
The firm hills move with Nature's force;
Yet, O, a spell of beauty reigns
O'er mountains, ocean, valleys, plains.
Why rove the shores of Grecian isles,
Or sail the blue Venetian wave,
When flood so fair in starlight smiles?
Why o'er Cisalpine valleys rave
When Zuma's vale the eye beguiles?
O Beauty's home is on this shore—
Who well surveys will roam no more.

DANTON

["My name is Danton, well known in the Revolution. My abode will soon be nonentity, and my name will live in the Pantheon of History."]

It was an era wild of human rage,
When Hatred, Passion, wrought their bloody deeds
Like hungry tigers loosened from a cage.
Where Tyranny had sown its baleful seeds,
The whirlwind swept away the Feudal Age.
A kingdom's pillars fell like withered reeds.

Voluptuary, chief in reign of gloom,
Whate'er the dark mistakes of Danton were,
With lion heart he rose to meet his doom.
His fierce demeanor smote his foes with fear;
His fiery lips rained forth such hate severe,
That foemen trembled in Death's council room.
No wretch he seemed, appointed for the tomb;
No fallen ruler, palsied with despair,
But some high judge wrought up to fury there.
So near his courage swayed a doubtful scale,
E'en Terror's monster *, with abhorrent air,
Betrayed alarm lest Danton should prevail.
The ordeal o'er, he marched with fearless mien
To brave the horrors of the guillotine.

* Robespierre.

A YOUTHFUL THRENODY

Earth seems a Hell.
Life came unasked,
And so comes woe.
It thickens on us,
It is our heritage.
Goaded by desires
Implanted in us,
We have no means to stay them.
We bend and strive and strain,
And all is naught.
I denounce existing things—
There is no ruling hand.
A gale is forth,
Ominous to Man,
Scattering wide disaster.
A whirl of ruin
Roars around us,
And there is no haven.

FRANCE

[1870.]

O bleeding and grand yet fallen land,
 Whose splendor may vanish for aye,
 What touch can restore the masterly hand
 That pointed thy legions a magical way
 To triumphs so vast the world stood aghast?
 In wonder it gazed on thy towering might,
 While kingdoms went down before the wild blast
 That fitfully rose from tumults of fight.
 O, if the wierd Grave could assemble thy brave
 Embattled beneath the great Corsican's glance,
 While he led them on thy glories to save,
 What arm could arrest their haughty advance?
 If Helena's lone king to contest could spring,
 With power to marshal and hosts to obey,
 How nations would tremble and Europe would ring,
 As he smote the stern monarch who cumpers thy
 way!
 O, if the proud dead can gaze from o'erhead,
 To pity thy throes of terrible pain,
 How Napoleon mourns thy majesty fled,
 And chafes to be with you again!
 How his falchion bright, through the varying fight,
 Would flash like lightnings of God;
 How the foe in affright would fly from his sight,
 Or crouch where the conqueror trod!
 Destruction would spread with a mantle of dead,
 The fields where his thunderbolts fell,
 And the plains where his vengeance impetuous sped
 Would glow like the portals of Hell!
 But his fierce race is run, his work is undone—
 Lo! Destiny mocks at his powerless pain;
 An eagle that soared till it challenged the sun,
 Back to the earth must flutter again.

 MEXICAN BORDER IN 1916

A nation of cowards.—*Judge Landis.*
 Though Freedom's cause is ever right,
 We hoist a flag of lily white
 And whine: "We are too proud to fight."

 NOVEMBER, 1920

Returns compiled as best we can
 Disclose that Woodrow "also ran."

IN PARIS

[1871.]

My thoughts go forth in warlike rhyme
To martial souls of every clime;
To soldiers of each rival race,
Each loyal to the cause he shares,
And faithful to the flag he bears,
And brave in his appointed place.
Their varied standards I admire,
Their signs of rank, the arms they wield,
The faultless movements they acquire,
Their coolness in the face of fire,
Their valor on the battlefield.
I love the annals of their deeds,
And honor him who vainly bleeds,
Alike with him who needs not yield.
Let all brave men receive their fame,
For after gods proud heroes came.

MY MOTHER

"Ignore the common goal," she said,
"Leave fools to gather rubbish vile;
Lift thou thine eyes to heights o'erhead
And seek to bask in Glory's smile.
A sluggard falls in midnight shame,
The Shylock's pomps with him expire,
But heroes leave a deathless name
For countless ages to admire.
Strong be thy will—as iron strong—
To cleave a path to high renown,
And, peerless in the fields of song,
To millions will thy name go down.
The years but drift to Death's dark shore—
Let proud ambition sway thy mind—
So live, that when thy race is o'er
Resplendent trails will glow behind."

OUR PLANET'S VOYAGE

A thousand million frightened ones,
Sailing space on flimsy ball of earth,
Await a great catastrophe—
The tragedy of human kind!

PHILOSOPHY OF LUCRETIVS

We prate of mystic powers,
 As oft we speak of Jove
 Or mighty Hercules,
 But know them idle myths.
 There is no Fate, no Destiny,
 To shape the lives of men;
 No supernatural force.
 Only Nature's innate law—
 Cold, merciless, exact.
 Effect? from Cause. Unknown cause
 Is Chance, and even Chance
 Has hidden laws. Man lingers on this globe
 By sufferance, the sport of Change,
 Of grievous ills. He wars his way,
 And at the last should die
 With sullen, silent, deep content.
 He needs no deities, no gods of air.
 Hé journeys to Nonentity.

. TO HORTENSE

I realize that all I seek
 Is transient as the words we speak;
 Is evanescent as the bloom
 Upon the rose just ere its doom
 Is whispered by the chilling breeze—
 Thou alone hast power to please,
 And far the goal my heart would win.
 More happiness is garnered in
 One hour of love with you alone
 Than e'er Ambition called its own.
 A truce to Hope—it is a cheat
 That thrills us deepest ere defeat.
 There are more joys, O love, in thee
 In one brief moment than whole years
 Have often yielded unto me.
 Life is but bitterness and tears;
 There is no substance in it all—
 'Tis emptiness and utter woe.
 Let Fame's reluctant laurels fall
 On other brows—ah! be it so;
 I little reck so thou but smile,
 For life is such a little while
 It scarce is well to reach so far—
 To waste it in such ceaseless war;
 Be thou my solace and my star.

GUATEMOZIN'S APPEAL TO MEXITLI

O Spirit of a mystic, awful past!
Supremest of all Heaven's regal train,
Thy brilliance o'er the flood of years is cast,
With Time—Eternity—for thy domain.
Where shines thy royal throne, O martial star?
Thy legions where? in fadeless luster bright,
In glory to dismay poor mortal sight.
Array fierce armies for ferocious fight;
Yea, close this hapless land's disastrous war.
Death-angel wild, in boundless heavens high,
Triumphal throned in empyrean sky,
With countless camps that reach remotely far
Past azure, starry plains all unsubdued,
For scenes of strife thy glorious powers are.
In fury close this rueful mortal feud.
Strange robbers come to spoil the Zones of Sun,
To slay thy chosen people, jeer of thee.
Thy faithful mighty empire is undone.
Poor Guatemozin, on his vassal knee,
Implores for aid, O martial star, of thee.

BIVOUAC IN TENNESSEE

A summer scene! In sunshine lie
Green rolling hills of native maize,
Whose wavy masses woo the eye,
And lure July's rapacious blaze.
Green, luscious maize! Avoided where
The sons of ease in sloth repair,
To vainly spur their dull desires,
But prized where soldiers laugh at care,
Or feast beside their bivouac fires,
This region teems with wildwood flowers.
Ah! truly milk and honey flow;
Warm skies dissolve with solar powers,
The cotton rolls in plumes of snow.
All round the queen Pomona reigns
O'er leafy vales, o'er fruitful plains,
And all the balmy zone contains
Of treasured fare is freely ours.
The good old rule, the simple plan,
Suffices for the sons of 'Mars
Who tread in Danger's reckless van,
To bear aloft our sacred Stars.
How Nature feasts our lawless clan—
'Tis homely spoil for giant wars.
A summer gale meanders by;
With mellow voice it seems to sigh:
"O merry be—you soon may die."

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

"I am the State!" and earth was play-ground of the kings,
And men were low as brutes and creeping things.
Crime, brutality, unbounded lust,
Derided Law, debased humanity to dust.

Here vengeance reached the curs'd brood at last,
And lecher, traitor, tyrant, fitly died.
Let execrations on their graves be cast,
Their loathsome memories be spurned aside.

ARC DE TRIOMPHE

[Written in Paris in 1871.]

Beneath this beauteous arc,
From capitals on conquered European plains,
Crowned haughtily with bays of tumultuous war,
The victor hosts of the great Napoleon came.
Colossean scene of Glory's dang'rous dream—
Arms, trophies, ferocious pomps, wild music of war.
Upon this wide, imperial road rolled the guns
That shook all Europe's thrones at Austerlitz.
Ah! late has Time his bitter jest made o'er it all.
Where strode the regal Corsican with Caesar's mien,
The German kings their myriad banners wave.
In a glorious fane of conquered France
Germania's lord has donned his mighty crown.

MADRE D'ORO

He had lavished his years on the Mother of Gold—
The famous mine the Indians guard.
Wild were his tales by a camp-fire told,
Of dangerous wars, rude fortunes hard.
He was friendless, pale, alone and old,
But his eye was bright, his spirit bold.
He knew he would find the Mother of Gold.
For oft he fled the Apache bands
With bullets of gold in his withered hands,
Which the Indians shot instead of lead,
But his comrades he left behind him dead.
Their bones are white on the desert sands.
Each gave a scalp to an Indian lance.
It was out on the wildest border line.
No rover had seen that wonderful mine,

And ever survived the desperate chance.
He was old indeed—so old that ore,
Though richer than ever was found before,
Would never do much for his last few years,
But he laughed outright, with merry tears
That barely dimmed his restless eyes,
As he told of a sweet, a winsome girl,
An only child—he would yet surprise
With a diadem of snowy pearl,
And all the coin her home would hold,
Some day—when he found the Mother of Gold.

JOAN OF ARC

With plundered gold they bought the pretty girl—
These “gentlemen” and lords of chivalry,
From whom such “noble houses” now descend—
These bishops, knights and “prelates eminent.”
They locked her up, deserted and alone.
With shame, insult, abuse, they broke her heart.
They tortured her—“God’s people” well knew how—
And when from agony she had “confessed,”
They took her out and burnt her at a stake.
When time has partly veiled this awful crime,
They canonize the maid and call her “saint.”
I’ll give the soldier-girl a nobler name.
I’ll call her Womanhood in martial guise,
And heroine who for her country died.
By this the world will love to keep her name.

THE OLD CONQUESTADOR

Farewell adventure’s dang’rous game.
On alien shores we meet our foes;
Like worthy knights deal doughty blows,
But when campaigns have reached a close,
We’ve paid with scars for knightly fame,
And only sigh for sweet repose.

HE HAD SOME FRIENDS

“Have you no friends?” “O, yes, a few.
In times of trouble they are true.
When I am told to take a walk,
They hustle out and promptly talk—”
He pulled some dollars into view.

CORTEZ AND PIZARRO

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]

Cortez, of high, transcendent fame,
Won through these lands his deathless name.
His treasure ships, his galleons, rode
These balmy seas; his dauntless knights
Foreswore past loves for new delights—
Castile abjured for scenes like these.
Close by their camps yon river flowed,
Where palm trees lure the spicy breeze,
And lavish pomps of Nature please.
What lawless life those rovers led,
In flow'ry zones they warred for gold.
The march, the foe, the onset bold;
The rich returns from forays red,
Stern honors when each raid was o'er,
The revel wild or light amour.
Though millions 'neath his sword were tamed
No grisly chief that leader famed.
Soft were his lustrous oval eyes—
Dark, tender eyes, full often sad
From weary thought or sorrows had;
Pale, noble features—thoughtful, wise,
Were lighted by those lustrous eyes.
Fair seemed his ways to fearless knights
Who knew no code of human rights
Except that gold—all gold implies—
Should be the spoil of him who fights.
Of coarser vein, of ruder mold,
Pizarro won his wreath of bay;
Of harsher mien, of manners cold.
Fame lured him not; he craved for gold.
His life's romance had waned away.
O, Pleasure, Love, had had their day;
His knightly prime had lost its flower.
He sought uncurbed, imperial sway.
He had an old man's love for power.
When selfish courtiers chose to fly,
Well knew Pizarro how to die.

THE POETASTER

He writes his trash with painful care—
(It almost makes his fingers bleed),
But never thinks while drudging there,
His rotten stuff no one will read.
A dismal case it is indeed.

DARK DAYS IN THE JERSEYS

In silence of wrath George Washington rode
At the head of his troops o'er a wintry land.
Deep traces of care on his countenance showed,
For the foe prevailed! O somber the load
That heavily weighed on his weary brain,
But bold his heart—ah! never a trace
Appeared on his proud, his manly face,
Of thoughts of flight or of base despair.
He would fight while he found a soldier there.
With a dangerous fire his calm eyes glowed.
A few thousand men obeyed his command,
And they wearily trudged through a wintry land.
Their tents, equipage—their blankets were gone.
They were starved and cold, but still marched on
With the faith of children in Washington.
Their clothing was old and hanging in rags,
But they bore their arms and their battle flags.
His purpose from them the leader concealed.
He was marching down to Trenton field,
And he routed the foe when his cannon pealed.
With a fearless heart and a Spartan band,
He drove Despair from his native land.
The star of Hope that day arose,
Undimmed it shone to the warfare's close—
Till the land was free of its foreign foes.
All hail to the men that Washington led,
Who never for snows or dangers cared,
The world admires the deeds they dared,
Reveres the soil on which they bled.
They fought in rags—but the foeman fled.
Hurrah for the field their blood made red,
High glory to him who never despaired.

EXULTATION OF PIZARRO

Aha! that gold is mine—that mass of gold—
All a stately palace hall will hold.
'Tis crowded to the very dome with gold
In massive bars, in Suns beset with stones
As pure as ever gleamed on royal thrones,
Or shone on crown or oriental diadem.
I thought a serpent glared—it was a gem
That gazed on me from out that golden mass.
What costly stones flash on me as I pass,
Imbedded in the virgin ore; alas!
How shall they from their places fair be torn?
O, I am rich—I'm rich at last! so rich

That never man of hapless woman born
Had spoil enough to gaze on me with scorn.
I hear of men whose fevered palms do itch
For gold, and I could slay such greedy slaves
In droves—by crushing them with precious ore!
And then conceal their idle, bloody graves
With shining piles of gold—ay, fling out more,
And would not then deplete this mighty store,
I told this Inca of a fell disease
The Spaniards had, that naught but gold would cure—
A plague arising from a heart impure,
That baffles all the skill across the seas.
He swore to me upon his bended knees
That he would fill that palace hall with gold,
If I would set his royal person free.
Thereon the silly pagan put his trust in me,
And had his vassals bring enormous wealth
To cure that ill—to give my people health!
Pizarro's health appears much better now—
No fever burns his philanthropic brow,
But soon the Inca's body will be cold.
I'll have him killed, now that I've got his gold.
Perhaps I'll torture him to learn of more
His people may conceal in places far.
What Spanish eyes e'er saw such wealth before?
I'll be a prince—yea, wear a noble star,
And yet I've seen the day I've needed bread,
And had not where, at eve to lay my head.
They say 'tis evil to desire gold—
These ruthless human wolves in quest of prey,
Whose very souls—for coin—are daily sold;
Who rend each other for some paltry pay;
Who rob, who plunder, through their petty day,
But grey Pizarro will accept of gold.
He knows what princely avenues unfold
If merry villain shakes a bag of gold.
Ah, me! I'm crazy with such pleasant sight
As all this monstrous pile of metal bright.
It fills my savage soul with deep delight.
I must away to rest these eyes, and then
I'll hasten back to gaze—to gloat, again.
Meanwhile, with torture, faggot, rope or knife,
I'll rid this frightened Inca of his life.

LANSING AND BRYAN

With sceptre in hand, and crown on his head,
"Remove those baubles," the Autocrat said.

DARK DAYS IN BOHEMIA

I do not write, as wrote New England's bards,
 In pleasant parlors, rich with works of art,
 Where ladies call to leave their kind regards,
 Or pay the tribute of their gentle hearts.
 I've found the world a brutal battle ground,
 And I have fought beneath a banner black,
 But why portray the scenes that I have found?
 The wreck and ruin round my stormy track.
 There is a goal that shines on me afar;
 Mayhap allures with cruel, baleful beams;
 Perchance derides—as dread as failure seems—
 For heaven's orbs in all their courses war
 Against achievement of my youthful dreams.
 My weary soul is faint with hope deferred.
 The world may never dream or know a word
 Of all the strains with which my fancy teems.
 As I have lived, so may I die—unheard;
 My verse may molder in some cellar heap,
 And I in some ignoble grave may sleep.
 Defeat, for me, makes all this world a tomb.
 These thoughts are stern—they fill my mind with gloom.
 Wild, restless moods awake my soul to life,
 And I renew what seems an idle strife.
 How can I write like Fortune's petted sons,
 Whose tender skies are soft with summer bright?
 O weave a song for earth's unhappy ones—
 The fallen heroes of disastrous fight.

EVE BEFORE CORINTH

"Rouse up the soldier ere the morning star."

Soldier, sleep! for the dawn will bring
 Roll of drums and thunder of strife.
 Missiles of death on viewless wing,
 Will hiss in hate where slaughter is rife—
 Where bullet and shell and shrapnel sing,
 And cheers of stormers on hilltops ring,
 And war-dogs bay for the soldier's life.

Soldier, dream—O dream of the day
 When rumble of strife is heard no more;
 When hosts of war have melted away,
 And cannons have ceased their murderous play,
 And volleys have lost their terrible roar.
 Dream of scenes you have left for aye,
 For morn will bring your very last day;
 The grave awaits when battle is o'er.

BATTLE OF IUKA

[1862.]

In somber desolation stood
A forest wide—in silence and in gloom;
As moveless as the cerements of a tomb.
Autumnal eve stole o'er this lonesome wood—
This mournful scene for contemplations deep,
For awful thoughts on mysteries profound;
Where ambitions, passions, cruelties might sleep,
Nor human hate invade such holy ground.

A burst of cheers from armed lines,
The gleam of steel in solemn twilight shines!
Dark banners toss, battalions hasten past;
Red autumn leaves whirl from the cannon's blast
As rival columns in confusion close.
A charge—repulse, a fearless counter charge,
The roar of arms! In desperation, foes
Commingle o'er the combat's fearful marge.
Huzza for strife. Fast fall fierce Valor's blows.
No man a touch of gentle mercy knows.
In crimson rills the blood of soldier flows.

While thunder peals resound, the foe recoils,
Then hurries to ferocious charge once more.
Fresh masses in disastrous onset pour.
A blaze of Hell dismays—the strife is o'er;
The Union guns are plashed with human gore.

A brief cessation comes, and then a peal
Of rifle arms; a clash of level steel
Where cannons volley with intenser zeal.

In vain incessant efforts of the foe.
His host retreats within the dark wood's gloom
Defiantly, in sullen overthrow,
Pale stars the misty dome of night illumine.
Dense ebon shades in mercy intervene,
Like awful palls thrown o'er some fearful scene.
War's hapless votaries expire between.

ARK OF THE COVENANT

Like the wonderful king who pleasantly reigns,
The Ark they built with money and pains
Had beautiful words and not any brains.
Since bunk was plenty and brains were few,
The Ark went down in the ocean blue.

PHILOSOPHY OF PIZARRO

For precious ore I have much need,
So "Rob the Robbers" is my creed.
To plunder nations is no wrong,
For earth belongs unto the strong.
This life's a wheel within a wheel.
An idle, worthless, timid sire
Transmits no proof, resentful steel
To bear the blows of life's ordeal,
To strengthen in life's fearful fire.
The strong prevail, or prove their worth;
They tear their weaker comrades down,
And then array with crest or crown,
To loudly vaunt their "noble birth."
They hold their spoil by force and wrong,
Their gilded lairs are glad with song,
For earth belongs unto the strong.
Let each secure a spot of soil,
Then war his ruthless way along,
And wrest away a share of spoil—
This world belongs unto the strong.
The weaker creatures round his way,
Man kills for pleasure or for prey.
In turn they kill all things they can,
For murder seems creation's plan.
This robber's den with purple dome,
Appears Pizarro's proper home.
He seeks to win what seems his own,
By force—by no man's royal grace,
Nor has alarm, nor fears to face
The peril that surrounds a throne.
The king of Spain will be his prey,
If e'er they join in crafty play,
And issues prove Fernando weak.
Pizarro covets royal sway—
The prizes men of honor seek,
Nor cares for love, nor casts vain eyes
On crowns that shine in yonder skies.
This world his field of high emprise,
Ambition—Gold! his Paradise.

TECUMSEH

"The Sun was my father,
The Earth my mother,
And death ends all."
The savage knew as much
As proudest lore reveals.

OUR MESSAGE OF PEACE

[See Prose Addenda.]

I saw a ship cram-full of gold,
With Bibles and rum down in its hold,
And checks and drafts and wealth untold.
"O where are you going my sailor bold?"
"Going to help the missionaries."

I saw a Captain climbing a hill,
With soldiers keen to do his will.
All ready and armed to maim or kill.
"O where are you going, you sons of ill?"
"Going to save the missionaries."

I saw a ship on the China seas
With soldiers and sailors as thick as bees,
And cannons on board as big as trees.
"O where are you going with things like these?"
"Going to save the missionaries."

I saw some Chinamen hanging high
On gibbets aligned along the sky—
And lots of coffins hurried by.
Of a mandarin I questioned why.
He gave to me a low reply:
"They scared the missionaries."

I saw a big ship sailing back
With money and coin in many a sack,
And heathen heads all turning black,
Arrayed with care upon a rack.
In some surprise I asked a mate
Why he carried such funny freight.
He answered me with air sedate:
"They scared the missionaries."

We need a bigger national fleet
With dynamite guns nobody can beat,
Then our message of peace we needn't repeat.
To every chief on the China coast
We'll shout ashore with haughty boast:
"You read that book, you heathen Chinees,
Or we'll blow your city clear over the sea."

O, leave the pagan with a child-like smile
To hunt for Heaven in his own style,
And use your money to feed the poor
That Misery leaves at your front door.

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO THE-GOVERNMENT

While Woodrow was strolling
Among scenes consoling,
And was gently cajoling
A King and his peers—
Their great plans extolling—
The Devil was coaling—
His fuel controlling;
Hell bells were tolling,
Political knells knolling;
Sob-sisters were polling
Their first vote, with tears
And emotional fears,
But Brother-in-Law Bolling
Kept things rolling.
He gathered no cash
From profiteers rash—
No forty thousand bucks
With the best of lucks,
In a great, huge chunk!
That's newspaper bunk—
So it appears.

A well-informed gentleman states
There were no concessions, divisions, rebates,
Or other things some fellow narrates.
Everything went for the old United States.
No bribes were paid or ills devised,
But ships that cost Four Billion bucks
Were plundered first, then "amortized"
By pleasant looking government ducks,
Who also "amortized" the bucks.
The Idiots now, without protest,
Will drudge and tug and do the rest.

With a wireless station in easy call,
Woodrow knew nothing about it all.

DEATH WOUND OF CORDOVA

What cares Cordova for a wound,
For marches long or ocean's flow?
His dreams are sweet on any ground—
He fights where challenges the foe.
His valor burns where Glory smiles,
Where Fortune lures with angel wiles;
Heed not a savage foeman's blow—
Where bays are won high blood must flow.

LOST EMPIRES

[From "Sun Worship Shores." See Prose Addenda.]

Hath lofty muse of Story wrought
On most momentous of her themes?
O, Fancy soar in somber dreams,
And revel in portentous thought.

A withered empire lies in woods
Where olden Glory weeps in gloom—
In melancholy solitudes;
In vasty solemn shades that loom
Like hoary Time's mysterious womb.
Far in a wood of shadows vast,
Aloof from wond'ring mortal gaze,
Repose the ruins of the past—
Great cities of primeval days.
Their very names were white with age
Ere wiped from Time's historic page.
Huge avenues, true as a die,
Paved smoothly o'er with massive stone,
Pierce wilderness—green mountains lone—
To where Phœnician cities lie.
Stupendous walls, fanes, temples grim,
Are hid by foliage and limb,
For Man has gone—has left his own.
Nowhere is sign or trace of him.
Here Glory reigned in olden time,
When Asshur was in early prime,
When Europe was a savage zone.
How long ago these temples gray
Arose with monolith of stone,
No mortal now may truly say—
'Twas long ago—in former day.
The wreck of pleasure domes is spread
Beneath a restless torrid wave;
The ocean monster's young are fed
In revel halls of princes dead,
And swim along a city's pave.
The ships of Ormuz once did pour
Their spices, treasures, on a shore
That now is vanished Empire's grave.
The land of Ophir, rich with gold,
Was where these waves of purple rolled
On glorious isles in days of old.
Here came the ships of Solomon,
Far sailing o'er the western seas,
Past austral islands, one by one,
Their Tyrian sails flown to the breeze,
Or furled, by worshipers of Sun—
Undaunted mariners of Tyre,
Fierce devotees of sacred fire.

Great palace halls were built of stone
As mighty Egypt built her own;
Huge temples rose to golden Bel,
Where human blood in torrents fell
For welfare of the Summer Zone.
To Ashterath were altars built,
Where gory streams were freely spilt.
Of Nineveh here all was known;
Here voiced astrologer and seer,
And all Chaldean pomps were here,
Star-worship and all starry lore.
These temples were in utmost yore,
When o'er the world Sesostris warred,
Ere Judith smote her heathen lord—
When splendor was in Indus hoar.

VALLEY FORGE

What friends at Valley Forge had George the Third?
What powers there sustained the British Crown?
At mid of night the northern gale was heard,
And wearily the stormy snows came down.
At morn, December skies wore Winter's frown.
The starving soldiers, pale with cruel cold,
Around their waning fires unhappy stood,
Or marched in arms across an icy wold—
Their ghastly trail was tinged with human blood.
Pale Famine, too, sustained the British Crown;
All viewless roved the fiendish foe Despair,
But Washington and Liberty were there,
And all in vain the stormy snows came down.

MOUNT TACOMA

The Indian loved this noble peak
That wand'ring dudes call Muntraneer;
He heard his deities in thunder speak
From out its clouds, when eve was near;
On high they passed in vivid flame.
Tahkomah was the olden name
He chose—mellifluous, soft to the ear.
The trapper, hunter, soldier knew
No other than the savage gave.
Now cities line the western wave,
And aliens name the peak anew.
'Twill bear no name of foreign buccaneer—
On truthful page Tacoma will appear.

NAPOLEON IN OBSCURITY

[Written in the garden of the Tuileries in 1871.]

Here lone he strolled in youthful years—
Unfriended, lost in dreams of pride;
Here, penniless, he burst in tears,
Or darkly pondered suicide.
The pangs of penury, unrest,
Quenched not the fires within his breast.
Young, lithe, erect, slight as a girl,
Soldier-like in step, with bearing proud;
Dense hair that fell in wave and curl
Around his shoulders like a cloud
Wherein the tempest finds a home;
Firm lips that spoke a will of steel—
Immutable as heaven's dome;
Fierce eyes whose glance you half could feel,
So piercingly they gazed; whose glow
Was eloquent of lofty woe,
Imperial pride, unflinching zeal,
And slumb'ring yet transcendent power;
(In bitter gloom they seemed to lower
On vacant air, as though his brain
Revolved deep thoughts of savage pain
He would not banish; then they grew
Triumphant in their baleful hue
As though Imagination threw
Around some scheme you could not guess,
The halo of profound success);
Fair features in heroic mould,
For avarice had ne'er controlled
His thoughts, to stamp its craven lines
Upon his brow, nor passions base,
Since each low pursuit swift defines
Its hideous brand or secret trace;
An air that haughtily bespoke
One born not for Submission's yoke,
But framed by Nature for command;
One who had been, in some soft land,
Enthroned in ease, a poet grand,
Whose stormy numbers idly flung
To list'ning throngs, had swiftly rung
Through all the world, till nations hung
Upon the music of his tongue,
Or on his harp's impassioned strain,
Bewildered and enrapt; yet one,
Had Treason dared its horrid reign
O'er empires shattered and undone,
Had seized the helm of State, or sword,
And scattered far Dissension's horde,
Or fiercely hurled Invasion back;

A strange, wild one who did not lack
The gentler weaknesses that win
The humbler myriads to sin
And luxury and sloth, but who
Around his soul such cordons drew
Of stern resolves, that Beauty's bloom
Was baffled by his sullen gloom;
That Pleasure spread for him in vain
Her Circean toils, and wanton Ease
Was powerless to forge a chain
So coyly screened he could not seize
With ready hand and rend in twain.
Such was the chief ere yet his name
Was blazoned on the scroll of Fame.

In yonder fane he proudly dwelt
In later years, with hosts at will;
Wars came; red Slaughter raged until
He spoke, then all the world was still.
Countless kings before him knelt,
And utmost lands his power felt.

Great good he wrought in his fierce way.
His faults were those of mortal clay.
With glory crowned, with many stains,
His name will live while earth remains.

ADIOS, BOHEMIA

O'er mountains blue, o'er desert sands,
'Neath burning suns of tropic sky;
In gorgeous vales of summer lands,
Where'er, henceforth, my path may lie—
In fortress rude, cathedral old,
Or ruins hoar, with ages gray;
In truce or strife with rovers bold
Who toss their lives like chaff away;
On granite peak or ocean shore;
In peace or war, in wild foray;
In lawless ease when strife is o'er,
In pensive hours at close of day;
If gay with hope or sad and lorn,
At solemn feast or revel wild;
'Mid matchless scenes at glowing morn
Where endless summer long hath smiled;
'Neath midnight stars, where'er I stray
In reckless chase of gold or fame,
Fond memories will haunt my way,
And e'en the winds of dying day
Breathe on the air Bohemia's name.

ROSECRANS AT CORINTH

[Written before the General's death.]

Invincible in arms, with laurel crowned,
He heard the wooded hills, the vales, resound
With cheers of soldiers on their battle ground,
In warlike honor of his dauntless deeds.
This is the noblest of a hero's meeds.
When some resolved, some stately chieftain leads,
What column hesitates or craven flies?
Torn ranks reformed beneath his fearless eyes,
To brave the foe at his imperious will.
Bold as a lion, as a serpent wise,
Applauding armies owned his martial skill.
No famous feudal knight e'er shivered lance
With bolder mien than this high chief of ours
Moved o'er the field to meet Rebellion's powers—
Undaunted, lion-hearted Rosecrans!

October skies wore autumn's rosy glow.
Twice westward wheeled a golden sun, alas!
O'er bloody pomps, o'er War's red scenes of woe.
Where now the dreadful pageants of the foe?
His driven host—a wild, commingled mass,
With Ruin urging on disastrous flight—
In terror streamed through gloomy shades of night.
Upon his trail avenging armies pressed,
And Hatchie's wave was tinged with martial blood.
Through autumn vale, through flamy-tinted wood,
Went pouring on the flower of the West.
Though slain were dense on Corinth's bloody field,
Our banners there in haughty challenge waved,
As Hope in stately majesty revealed
Our native land in peaceful splendor saved.

Our leader then was in his regal prime.
I see him now as in that stormy past—
A dauntless chief; a lofty spirit cast
In manly, sinewy frame of steel.
Resistance but awoke his keener zeal;
His courage on a scene of strife sublime—
Serene he waited for his chosen time
To launch a storm, to deal a final blow.
All men who warred with him his valor know.
His eye was like an eagle's in its gaze;
His army crowned him with triumphal bays.
To-day he bows beneath a weight of years,
Thin locks of gray entwine his honored brow.
Age calms his high, intrepid spirit now;
A vision of repose to him appears.
His faithful soldiers, too, are growing old—
Ah! time to them his martial fame endears.
They look far down the misty aisles of years,
And hail him still as Rosecrans the Bold!

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

The Empire impends—
The years are weighed down
With the burden of its coming.
Its throne will be
As the throne of the world.
The snows of the Poles
Will whiten its limits,
Uttermost seas prohibit its growth.
There will arise in this land
A dominant race,
Triumphant in war,
With a genius to rule.

SPAIN

[1898.]

If she but dares one faithless measure more,
A day of dark, disastrous doom is near.
'Twill end her power on this western shore—
We'll drive her banners from this hemisphere.

THE SWEET SOUTH

These isles allure that keep Fonseca's fame.
The purple sea, the tender breath of gales,
The glow that bids a myriad flowers bloom;
The plummy birds that sing so passing sweet,
Allay my fretful spirit like a spell.
Here in the bosom of the gentle South
Shall passions of old sorrows be forgot.

O you who love the breath of summer shores;
Who weary of the clamor of the world,
These are the palmy scenes for which you pine.
The sternest ordeal here is idleness,
The utmost virtue known is indolence;
In lotus vales, voluptuous repose!
Rove in these flow'ry haunts of fruited gold,
And revel in sweet heritage of ease.
What matter if some olden strife shall cease?
Content you in these leafy scenes to dwell.

BURIAL OF DE SOTO

However well a battle hath been waged,
To him who fails, Derision bawls:
"Away! Go off and hide thyself.
We want no more of you."
A clown, by simple chance and ready gold
Attains preeminence; unknown, a fighter dies.
How oft, in mad Contention's mix, may this befall.
To one, therefore, I would refer,
Who failed, who died, but did not wholly fail,
But fought his fray to final end,
And left his corse on Glory's palmy field.

Our leader's dead! He leaves us in dismay
In this vast wilderness, with foes around.
How gloomy, dismal, are the lonesome woods;
How hostile, boundless—filled with cruel foes.
The swamps appall, where hot effluvias breed.
The land is all alive with tawny foes
That move like demon shadows on our trail,
To plague each fallen soldier as he dies;
Pale Famine soars on silent wing around.
No cities have we spoiled of treasure huge.
This march has been a fearful, idle quest,
For only savage races meet us here,
Who have no spoil a knight would deign to seize.
This rude, wild region has no gift for us
But graves, and far, O far from us the Sea—
So far, we ne'er shall find its breezy shore,
That some white sail of Spain might haply come
To bear us to sweet homes we ne'er shall view.
And he who brought us here, alas! is dead.
He leaves us but a gloomy choice of death.

So be it then. His form be clad in mail.
Ay, lay our leader out in Spanish mail,
Without a blemish on his costly steel;
With plume disposed upon his knightly helm.
Upon his loins belt his unsullied sword—
So high of soul he was to fare so ill.
Drape o'er his corse the colors of Castile,
For he hath boldly borne our banner far.
With noble guard of honor placed around,
In solemn state his body shall repose,
While mournfully pale soldiers gaze thereon.
Lo! See you that hoarse cannon peal,
That surly Nature may deplore his doom,
And echo grief, across the river's wave.
All through the day the chevalier shall lie
Beneath a canopy of cypress boughs,

As though reclined in some cathedral nave.
When sunset reddens o'er this dreary land,
Recount his warfares rude, illustrious—
On Aztec shores, in far away Peru.
'Twas there he won his early meed of fame,
Though Fate betrayed him on this venture wild.
Have speech of him in worthy strain, high flown,
For he hath been Castilian soldier true,
But of the world reaped not his merits all.

When twilight shadows come, in funeral barge
All cushioned o'er with flowers, with forest leaves—
Rich lined with royal banners trimmed with gold,
We'll place at rest our noble cavalier,
And he shall seem asleep in glory there.
With blaze of torch, with heavy boom of guns,
And with a mournful blare of trumpets loud,
Our fleet of boats shall slowly voyage out,
And this great stream which brave De Soto found
Shall be his grave! Whole centuries will pass,
And yet all men will some time speak of him.
The stream forever will bear on his name.
Pay honors now above De Soto's corse,
That Spain some day may learn his knightly doom.

WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

Frantic, foolish, wild with vain demands,
She shakes her puny fist at frightened lands.
Behind her petticoat the preacher stands.

DANIEL WEBSTER

[Written in 1890.]

No monument above his grave is reared.
A simple tablet bears his name renowned.
Shall dull oblivion for him be feared?
A marble fane, with shining turrets crowned,
Would fail to glorify this hallowed ground,
Or have his memory be more revered.
He spoke to us from out the Nation's past,
When ruin shadowed hill and vale and glen.
His lofty words awoke us like a trumpet blast;
They filled vast armies with impassioned men.
So Grandeur stalks his church-yard by?
Such men as Daniel Webster never die.

CENTRAL AMERICA

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]

The fruits are clad in golden hue,
 Romance is on the sportive wind;
 The verdured vales, the skies of blue,
 Bewitch the soul—enchant the mind.
 What annals of a storied past
 O'er all these lands a glamour cast.
 What names, adventures, feats of arms,
 High deeds of brave, intrepid worth
 Traditions olden summon forth,
 Arrayed in gay, romanceful charms,
 On these fair shores of summer seas;
 Dim tales of explorations bold
 For buried cities, pearls and gold;
 For seizure of rich argosies;
 Of warfare for imperial sway,
 Of crimes, of cruelties untold.
 They float upon each ocean breeze,
 Pervade each isle, each sunlit bay.
 Some ruin meets an idle glance
 To mark a corsair's bold advance;
 There gold was found, or wealth was hid
 By some rapacious ocean Cid—
 Rude king of crime's audacious band;
 The charm, the spirit of this land
 Is old and wonderful romance.

Here flows the sea Balboa found.
 No monolith or famous ground,
 Or crest aglow with sacred flame,
 Conveys to us his deeds and fame.
 No land or stream is named for him,
 Of Spanish chiefs the peerless one,
 His ocean shines till shores are gone.
 Behind its golden western walls
 The glorious Sun-god nightly falls,
 In pilgrimage to zones of dawn—
 Mysterious deep men pondered on,
 When rose Atlanta's vesper hymn!
 It laves shore line of bright Cathay,
 Of Australasia far away—
 And where the Polar stars are dim,
 Its ice-fields roll and surges play.
 But earth and isles and foamy sea
 Form one vast wreath, O knight, for thee.
 While southern stars the scene surveyed,
 Fame waved aloft her dazzling blade,
 And gave to thee thine accolade.

ONE LAND

The American Flag will be unfurled
From where the Polar snows gleam in the sun,
To where the Tropic of Cancer spans the world.
By peaceful arts all regions will be won.

A FRONTIER SABBATH

All night long, in the moonlight,
Was heard the sweet notes of the pistol—
And the pleasant shriek of the victim.

—*Lieutenant Derby*

How sweetly dawned the gentle Sabbath day.
Festivities began with William Blake,
A rustler on the road of some renown.
To test a weapon of imported brand,
He bagged a Mexican—Moreno called.
For sport a coroner was found. Thereupon
A due and proper inquest scene ensued.
This was the verdict written out and signed:

"We, the jury, do declare that quite a stiff
Arizona zephyr blew, which, as the corpse
Was walking on the square, concentrated on his back,
And bored a hole clear through him, and he died."

These merriments led up to drinks,
And everybody soon was feeling fine;
Then bull-fights emptied out the social halls.
They drew a mob of every race and hue.
One fearless matador threw up a scarf
Of crimson tint, to dodge a bovine's charge,
But slipped and fell. The bull was quick,
And put two hoofs upon the fighter's back,
And pinned him to the sand.
Then taurus turned his mighty head,
And ran a horn down through his helpless foe.
'Twas slow withdrawn, besmeared with gore.
Then down the other horn was swiftly sent.
Delighted howls and yells went round the ring,
And brought the pleasing contest to a close.

Some noted Yuma ladies blew in town,
Which caused a public ball to be decreed.
The fun began at ev'ning's pensive hour,
And all the outlaws of repute were there.
Free mescal flowed and music tore the air.
An incident involved a moment's pause;

Two gentlemen desired a lady's hand in dance,
And in the brief discussion that ensued,
One gentleman was killed. They rolled his body
Underneath the music stand. On went the dance,
And joy was unconfined until the Yuma belles
Made curt remarks about their darker sisters there.
In hope to quell an idle storm, Bill Blake
Cried out: "All hands take pardners for a waltz."
The haughty Aztec ladies made demur—
They said they much preferred a chaste quadrille.
Thereon the Yuma ladies chose a waltz,
And low but dire a slight dissension grew.
Anon each caballero deemed it wise
To back his lady's wish with modest word.
Bill Blake at last pulled out his trusty gun,
And swore that he was chief, and that a waltz
Was duly jotted down on his program.
A shot was heard and William fell.
With sundry faults, Bill had his friends;
Nobody knew how many men he'd killed;
He'd held his own in every sort of brawl,
But now, at last, he'd got a dose himself.
The other man was not so much to blame,
But still it seemed a sort of row
Was something that was due to manly worth,
And so they pulled their guns and ambled in.
Lead flew! Every gent and lady there
His or her revolver drew, and pumped away
For precious life. Five men were killed and some
Were gathered up and carried home.
Three ladies also underwent repairs.
The careless comment of the rustlers was
That a more soulful Sabbath never passed
In any lively town on that frontier.

GUATEMOZIN'S DEATH PLAIN

Hail! gentle Death, that gives release
From every ill, gives final peace;
Dispels each woe, and builds a stair
Whose shining steps and rails of gold
With brilliance pierce the cloudy fold
Of mundane skies, and stretch afar
To where rest, dreams and visions are.
My nation's foemen I defy,
And on a bed of roses lie.

ARIANA

I cannot give thee treasures rare—
 Gems that shine where Ganges flows,
 But, love, I place a regal rose
 Amid thy wealth of raven hair,
 And on thy rose-red lips I press
 A true-love kiss for none but thee.
 Many a maid has heart distress,
 Disdains her gems brought o'er the sea,
 Nor in pure gold perceives delight,
 Because (her gold—her gems despite)
 No lover bows to her the knee.
 Many a proud, unhappy dame
 Would lavish all her envied gold
 For eyes like thine; for cheeks aflame,
 And form like thine of peerless mould;
 Would barter wealth, rich diadem,
 Her palace home, resplendent gem,
 And rubies rich as golden wine,
 For that lone rose and hair like thine.
 O youthful beauties far outshine
 The treasures of Golconda's mine.

BOHEMIA'S FOE

I mourn a spoiler that invades
 Bohemia's fields of roses white.
 Around its path perfection fades
 As smitten by Contagion's blight.
 Ah! Poesy, thy children dread
 The venom of one lurking foe.
 In rage it lifts its loathsome head,
 Its deadly eyes with hatred glow.
 'Tis Penury, with clammy coils
 Cold as the hand of brutal Death.
 High-soaring aims it swiftly foils,
 They vanish at its deadly breath,
 At sight of it Ambition flies,
 And Genius 'neath its torture dies.
 O Poverty, I hate thy name,
 Thy semblance or remotest frown;
 Like some young poet born for fame,
 Yet weary waiting for his crown,
 I shrink at rustling of thy folds,
 And shun the standard Glory holds.
 Ofttimes my heart grows strangely weak,
 Yet swells the impulse fiercely strong;
 Some day my silent lips will speak,
 My soul burst forth in floods of song.

DRAGON CANON

It's a troublous world,
They say in the song,
So lend us a hand—
It's not any wrong—
It's the golden rule
Of the Sunday school
To help folks on.

He's all played out,
He's going it strong—
Tarantula juice!
He won't last long.
He'll strike bed rock
Where he don't belong,
So give him a shove,
And boost him strong.
O help him, boys,
With generous will.
He's going down hill.
Give him a shove—
Bowl him along.

His mule is dead,
His credit is gone,
His grub used up,
His claim jumped on.
O help him, boys;
It's only a rule
Of the Sunday School,
Without much noise
To help folks on.

When he thumped a bar
All hands took a drink.
When you needed a coin
You got it, I think.
He did some good
When able and strong,
But now he's played
As an old time song.
O, jump on him bad;
Yes, tramp him strong.
He's a regular cad
Who's all gone wrong.
Give him a lift,
Bowl him along.
It's never wrong
To help folks on.

I'll stake him with dust—
None of you shout.
I'll rustle the grub
To send the man out.
He'll find a good mine,
Without any doubt,
And when he comes back
With cash on his thong,
There's not any lout
Will sing him a song,
While I am around,
And bowl him along.

It's only a case
We quite often see.
I'm hot round the collar—
You hear me!

COLUMN VENDOME

[Written in Paris in 1871, after viewing what was left of Napoleon's column—torn down by the Communists.]

Insane with hate of tyranny and crown,
The fools have torn the soldier's trophy down.
'Twas built of cannon captured in his wars,
When forth he moved to break the bolts and bars
Of Europe's dungeons, foul with feudal rust,
And strew her petty despots in the dust.
He paved the way for freedom yet to be—
Almost he set the captive nations free—
And then alas he paused, renounced his lofty fate,
And stooped to baubles of imperial state.
These gilded toys to him brought no repose,
Yet lands are freer for his giant blows;
The peasant now his ancient master braves,
The despot cowers before hereditary slaves;
The robber knight relies no more on castle walls,
But pleads his cause in parliamentary halls.
Great as Napoleon was, and great his early plan,
He was no more than what he was—a mortal man.
Since History began her stately part,
And wizard lore of war had olden birth,
A greater master of Destruction's art,
A greater soldier—ne'er bestrode the earth.
He wielded mighty force with peerless mind.
Not Alexander, Charlemagne, combined—
Not Caesar, Cyrus, Hannibal, compare
With France's wonder and the People's king,
And with his fame, which burdens Europe's air,
The utmost mortal centuries will ring.

CAMP AT LAKE PROVIDENCE

In fitful sounds War's clamor comes.
Afar I hear the roll of drums,
The trumpet peals in martial pride.
Anon the strains of war subside,
And then a moan of Carib seas,
Low-voiced is borne on balmy breeze.
What though upon the sunlit shores
The brazen guns aligned appear?
No gleam of weapon startles here,
No scene reminds of martial bays,
But happy Earth the Sun adores,
That o'er the world in splendor pours—
In lavish pomp—his golden rays.
Ah! deem not Peace prepares to reign,
That strife is past, its tumults o'er.
The camps are dense on yonder plain,
They whiten all the sylvan shore,
And ere yon pallid moon shall wane,
War's trump will sound, his cannon roar.

DAKOTA SNOWS

December skies frown o'er a zone of snow—
A Polar waste appalls a weary gaze.
Fair streams, unseen, in icy fetters flow;
Bleak desolation wide the eye surveys.
The sun has fled; the earth, alas! is cold.
Hoar Winter has all regions in his fold,
A world is in its pallid cerements rolled.

Though gloomy Russian plains as cold as these,
Napoleon's fated army forced its way,
With Cossack, Famine, wintry gales, disease,
All hounding on its awful trail for prey.
What hecatombs fell on that fearful march,
When human hate with Nature's rage combined.
No happy view was 'neath all heaven's arch—
Despair led on and Ruin trailed behind.
Alas! Napoleon then, with mournful mind,
Must well have mused o'er Genius desolate,
And owned how vain a thing is mortal man,
When helpless 'neath capricious Fortune's ban,
When goaded by the ruthless hand of Fate.
And yet that black disaster proved him great.
What though Dakota scenes are gloomy, dread,
When snowy winter holds his cruel reign?
Its autumn moon shines o'er an empire plain
That groans with massy weight of golden grain,
Nor do its manly sons disdain or fear
This ruder season of their changing year.

CAMP ON THE COLDWATER

[1862.]

The north wind o'er each fallen brother grieves,
And strews his lonely grave with forest leaves.

"RACE SUICIDE"

Better a single child, nourished and trained,
Than myriads born to misery and vice.

CAESAR

A thousand cities carried by assault,
A million valiant foes in battle slain,
A million captives sold to servitude—
All this, and more, that he might briefly reign.

NAPOLEON THE GREAT

On his desolate isle far grander he seemed,
Than when in the passion of battle he dreamed
Of Europe repulsed and his throne redeemed.
Though a world in arms dishonored his crown,
Shall the slanders of foes dim his giant renown?
His martial adieus o'er an empire's grave
Will long resound in the hearts of the brave.

TAMAR

This plaintive note was from a Mormon maid,
Who dwelt far south in Utah's granite hills.
As pure as waters of her mountain rills
Her spirit was; dense hair of raven shade
Upon her brows in heavy tresses laid;
The roses's bloom was on her cheek.
Ah! how her lustrous, brilliant eyes could speak.
Her form was of a full, magnific mould,
For she was mountaineer and rider bold.
Smile not at penmanship and language poor,
For college arts ne'er found her lowly door.
She was a rose—a star in bright relief;
"Respectably yours," she signs her message brief.
Ah, me! perhaps she pines as fifteenth wife
Of some old bishop of unpleasant ways.
I'll breathe a sigh above her wasted life,
Then cast her faded letter in the blaze.

THE DISMAL RULE

When you see a man who is making money fast,
 Always offer him a friendly helping hand,
 When you meet a chap whose golden days are past,
 With melancholy tales of fortunes overcast,
 Reveal an idle sorrow, so he can understand,
 And have him spread his pinions for the bitter land.

THE GRIEF OF DE LEON

For vanished youth, O knights, I mourn.
 A summer cloud, an idle cross,
 A fancied grief, might well be borne,
 But not, alas! this mighty loss.
 My life hath seen its summer prime,
 My beard is hoar with frosts of time,
 My flowing hair is silver white
 As driven snows of Iceland's clime.
 O precious years, forever flown,
 What argosies of deep delight
 By mellow gales were softly blown
 O'er thy still seas in starry night.
 O years that fled in sweet disdain,
 Your memories—an Aidenn bright—
 Oppress me with delicious pain.
 Then Fortune blessed—O Pleasure smiled;
 Around me were illusions wild,
 Mad fantasies; all gorgeous dreams
 Of sanguine hope and regal pride.
 Arose like bubbles on the tide
 Of shining, tranquil inland streams
 That on to sullen oceans glide.
 Then strains burst forth from rosy lips
 That win no more wild rapture's praise,
 And orbs now cold in Death's eclipse
 Magnetic flashed with passion's blaze.
 Too soon, alas! life's glories went.
 Now looms the end—an ocean black.
 What frenzied cry, what wild lament,
 What charm, O years, can call you back?

A COMMENTARY

Caesar and Sertorius pardoned all—
 Their own blood drenched them at their fall;
 Fierce Marius and Sylla slew their foes,
 And died 'mid scenes of calm repose.

VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN

Adieu, O knights, to scenes of ease—
For Coromandel bear away.
O trim our sails for stormy seas,
And look to see the lightnings play,
And list for breakers through the night,
And lashings of the billows green
On sands and rocks and shoals unseen,
And roar of surges fiercely white.
For isles of Indus gaze at morn,
Far looming in portentous night,
And hurling back blue floods in scorn.
On Orient seas of ills beware,
Mark where the tides flow rude or fair,
Where danger threatens our ocean path,
Where tidals roar in foamy wrath.
Our course around the world we dare.
No more of idle revelries,
Of thoughts of dames and pleasant ease—
O sail, this voyage out with care;
For stormy scenes, for ills prepare,
And we will cross Zipangi seas.

NATIONAL HYMN

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of monopoly,
Of thee I mourn.
Land where rich folks reside,
Land of the nabob's pride,
From every mountain side
Loud wails are borne.

THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE

[Outbreak of the Sioux in 1862.]

The Sioux were forth like fiends from Hell.
The plains re-echoed with their yell
Of savage hate, and homes ablaze,
And shrieks that on the midnight fell,
Told where they rode their bloody ways.
Upon the doomed frontier they swarmed—
Sleuth-hounds of death, vile dogs of war,
Nor infancy nor age could bar
Their brutal wrath. Half-naked, armed,
Vermilion-daubed, ferocious, wild,
Their scalp-locks trailing to the wind,
Fell demons on their onset smiled,
And smoke and wreck were strewn behind.

AN ADDITIONAL PLEASURE

"I always like to play with fellows that are poor,"
A Denver gambler said, as we exchanged our views.
"Why so? I never heard a man say that before,
You ought, of course, such adversaries to refuse."
"You see," he smiled, "it hurts a poor man so to lose."

THE OLD PAPER MILL

Sing, poet, sing—O sing your fill;
Print your trash and "shoot to kill,"
But when you have your crazy will,
Your stuff will go a dismal route,
And reach a port not thought about—
The "Dead Book" place—the paper mill.

SAN FRANCISCO SAND LOTS

[1878.]

Buckle on your rifles.—*Denis Kearney.*
Buckle on your rifles, boys—
O saddle your cannons all;
Gallop your canteens through the streets,
When you hear the Hoodoo call.

Fill your bayonets full of shot,
And keep your blankets dry,
And pepper away with pickled pork
When hell-bound thieves are nigh.

I'd have you fry your tent stakes rare,
And carefully boil the succulent shell;
Of grape-shot juice drink deep, my boys;
Your stirrups load to the muzzle well.

O, paint the city red, my boys;
Your manly forms with booze embalm,
Wear out your throats with awful yells,
Then all creep home like Bopeep's lamb.

HEROES

Balboa climbing the lofty Isthmian peak,
Paul Jones upon his captured foeman's bloody deck;
Mad Anthony Wayne, commanding his charging lines;
Forget them not! Within their veins coursed noble blood.

WAR IN LOUISIANA

Shrill the fife in yonder camp,
The clarions blare and soldiers cheer.
I hear the column's heavy tramp;
'Neath wildwood boughs the tents appear.
Gay banners wave and weapons shine
Along each blue battalion's line,
And like a rumbling thunder's roar,
From Vicksburg's far embattled height
I hear the rebel cannons pour
Defiance of the nation's might.
Across the tide, the wood, the plain,
Far swells their peal of stern disdain.
The bayous fringed with native wood,
Catch echoes from the river's flood,
Where navies in their pride contend,
And rude notes of the battle blend.
War's clamors roll, but Nature smiles
At fierce Destruction's efforts drear;
Where swift the march of Strife defiles,
Where Treason rears its fortress piles,
Red roses bloom, gay buds appear.
When all this wrathful storm is past,
And these heroic toils are done,
The plains will glow with joy at last,
Green ivy trail the ramparts won,
And roses wreath each idle gun.
So scenes of horror pass away,
As Peace prevails o'er sullen Force.
Green earth will robe in tresses gay—
Conceal the trace of Ruin's course.

MAN WITH A JAW

How dear to his heart is the noise his voice makes,
When his throat is in order and his utterance clear;
Like a volcanic shock the whole house he shakes,
He thunders and roars like a Mexican steer.
His opinions he bellows without any fear;
Ay, preaches his rot with fury and zeal,
Till far through the hostelry his sentiments peal.
When he raises his voice to the uttermost pitch,
The traveling man murmurs: "The son-of-a-Witch!"
And Bedlam itself is apparently near.
O, the Texico bloke,
The Trinidad bloke,
The Santa Fe bloke—
They poison and pester the Cow frontier.

AN OLD TRUNK

Graveyard of the past! with here and there
A photo, keepsake, tress of hair.
Whose was it? I've forgotten, I declare.
What stacks of letters! Cremate these remains
Of Youthful ecstasies and pains—
These relics of romantic days.
Consign them to the kitchen blaze.
What fools young people are.

ALMEIDA SAILING FOR INDIA

In glow of Lusitania's moon
He revels in wild visions fair—
This dreamer with dense golden hair.
Sweet ocean isles with bays are strewn,
Afar the foe in terror flies,
And ere the blaze of Triumph's noon,
The minarets of Ind arise
In balmy hush of starry skies.
Imperial pomps his heart console
As oriental domes unroll
O'er aisles ablaze with royal state.
Voluptuous paths his pleasure wait
As grand, wild music falls or swells
Upon the air faint with perfume.
The fountains of a thousand wells
Of lawless bliss his lips may drain.
All sensuous joys his hours illumine,
In scenes unmarred by mortal pain.
Is this thy dream in youthful bloom,
O free lance pale with martial care?
O Fate conceal his rueful doom.
Where somber shores no splendors wear,
On ocean isle, his lonely tomb.
His frays await on fields obscure,
In strife remote, with foemen vile.
In vain the wiles of Fame allure.
The savage o'er his corse will smile,
And wear his arms of honor pure.
Not aisles of glory, lofty fate,
Or winsome scenes of pleasure fair,
But ruin, sorrow, death await,
O free lance pale with martial care.

THE SOLDIER'S CREED

One day at a time
Is enough for a soldier.
If all right to-day
No thought of the morrow,
Or days that are gone.
To-day is the one great day.
Rest by the fire—
There's a watch on the line.

PHILOSOPHY OF SINALOA

The path of Spanish glory is not paved
With gold, with crowns of laurel ev'rywhere.
The dust of Colon is in foreign grave,
De Soto's dead and half his army slain;
Cortez, in loneliness, his age consumes;
Nunez Balboa, of such lofty fame,
Poured out his blood at low Davila's will;
Almagro dies by great Pizarro's hand,
A son avenges—fierce Pizarro falls;
A royal order slays the knightly son;
Narvaez and his cavaliers are gone;
De Ayllon's knights in fair Chicora bled;
By wound of arrow, in some gory fray
In Land of Promise, has De Leon died,
As brave Cordova fell in Yucatan.
I deeply sorrow for the sons of Spain,
Whose crimes, misfortunes and o'er tragic lives
Do make a desert of this western world.
An utmost wisdom learn—O knights 'tis this:
Not fierce ambition, lust of gold,
Or unavailing murmurs o'er defeat—
Assumed indifference to pain or loss,
But calm and lofty manliness to bear.
Endure the trials of life's brief career,
As Grecian soldiers came on battle plains,
With silent lips—with firm, defiant hearts.

HOBO'S DELIGHT

"Where fly you in haste, with a joyous air?"
"To the city and land of Everywhere.
And you, whither bound, my careless jade?"
"To Anywhere Land my course is laid."

MIRABEAU

"Bring flowers, that I may take my eternal rest."

He stood between a threatened king
And millions mad with deadly rage—
O'er tyrannies grown hoar with age—
Dread clamors made all Europe ring.
With freedom for its corner stone
He sought to save a feudal throne.
He stood supreme—heroic soul!
But treachery around him stole;
Ingratitude's keen shafts of steel
Gave wounds 'twere idle to conceal.
The base arose by arts of shame,
To mar his war for public weal.
He fell, as falls a giant oak,
Nor strange—his lion heart was broke.
Sleep, Mirabeau! secure thy fame.

AN OKLAHOMA CORKSCREW

Of many crimes 'tis now accused—
This idle thing, once greatly used
In handling viands much abused.
It lies contemptuously refused.

With foolish loyalty infused
Men, by other men, are often used,
Much to their loss—their detriment beside.
They then are coldly cast aside.
Amid the rush for plunder, place and pelf,
They find themselves tossed on the shelf.
Though little else we might expect,
No looker on is much enthused
To see a faithful fellow wrecked.
Pope, the poet, told us long ago:
"Use ev'ry friend and ev'ry foe;
Each person for himself, you know,"
Or flowery words to that effect.
Corkscrew, avaunt! old friend, or foe,
Out this window now you go.

"SHE MARRIED A TITLE"

Her foreign titles, baubles, coronets are tame
Beside Moll Pitcher's patriotic fame.
Moll drove the cannon missile home, when heroes fell
To brave the lords our shoddy damsels love so well.

THE SINGER

FAME TO GENIUS

The annals of Ambition teach
That splendid goals proud spirits reach.
What if along the solemn beach
Of Life's broad sea the surges play,
And toss wild wrecks in savage mirth?
These wrecks bore but the souls of earth,
But iron souls can set at bay
The storm's wild wrath, the ocean's rage,
And stamp upon their passing age
The impress of imperial sway.
Press on, therefore, at last to find,
Despite defeat and fleeting pain,
The sceptre of colossal reign—
Triumphal bays of peerless mind.
No spoil is won by cravens meek,
But victors war with purpose strong;
They strike and crush, through right or wrong,
A path to all high goals they seek.
Arise with pride of Asian kings
And face the world's derisive gaze;
Undaunted snatch thy regal bays
And wear them in the noon-tide blaze
As from the heavens handed down;
All earth contains no grander crown;
The brightest of terrestrial things
Will pale before its gorgeous rays
As stars before the Sun go down.
I launch a curse upon thy path.
May every joy thy being hath
Be turned to gall; may serpents spring
Along thy way to smite and sting;
False friends betray, and Treason glide
In guise of kindness at thy side;
Abhorrent ways await thy tread,
And thunderbolts burst o'er thy head;
The tempest war thee in its wrath,
And lightnings burn along thy path.
Let Hope desert, and hate and greed
Despoil thee of each worthy meed.
Be thine all woes all men have borne
Since first our planet wheeled in air;
Face misery in sullen scorn,
Deep disappointment and despair;
Disasters come, misfortunes reign;
Thine inner fires, smould'ring there,
Afflict thee with incessant pain.
Then shalt thou sing some nobler strain.
Know thou 'tis indigence and shame

Give burning passion for a name,
 And sorrow of a vast account
 That bids the bard's high spirit mount
 To realms beyond this mortal sphere.
 His path is hemmed with woe severe—
 Who to his lofty crown aspires
 Must blight his life for sacred fires.

A REPLY

Who conquers fame in this rude style
 Will be a knight of lofty zeal,
 Or rue his gifts, and only smile
 At siren Glory's mute appeal.
 The singer of ambitious mind,
 Impulses bold and tastes refined,
 Should, like Pindarus, be the guest
 Of cities, isles and kingdoms blest.
 High pomp should gild his hours of ease,
 And arts and charms his senses please;
 Grand music his great songs inspire,
 Proud Beauty wake his lyric fire.
 Not his to stoop to venal toil,
 To mingle with the world's mad throng;
 To lavish zeal on low turmoil,
 Or suffer deep and grievous wrong,
 Or squander years in useless pain—
 Those golden years ne'er come again.
 Who bold aspires to high renown
 Wears not resigned a martyr's crown.
 While yet the scornful heavens frown—
 Remote his coronation day—
 His restless soul he chafes away.

A FEMININE QUERY

You ask, fair friend, that love be truthfully defined.
 'Tis passion, sentiment and selfishness combined;
 With ownership, and bondage too, not far behind.
 For greedy men, 'tis pastime after busy days.
 With damosels—a solemn choice, a temporary craze.

THE TALK FIEND

"That quiet man—is he about?"
 "That quiet man is up the spout—
 In Beulah Land, without a doubt.
 The Talk Fiend came and wore him out."

THE WORLD'S UNREST

There is no hope for nations—*Byron*.

Wild forces rise at Ruin's call,
And Civilization totters to its fall.

Don't worry over public ills, my son.
Our petty toils will soon be done,
Our crowns on high will soon be won.
Who'll manage things when we are gone?
The busy world will still roll on.

HORSE-AND-HORSE

"I will lead you on to days of glory,"
Said William the Hun.
Shake, old son.
We know the rest of that wild story.
When manhood's joys had just begun,
And will and impulse both were free,
John Barleycorn, the crafty one,
Sang that pleasant song to me.

POOR DEVIL

He was always hurried,
He stewed and worried;
To his toil he scurried,
And now he's buried—
Over the Styx been ferried.

REIGN OF THE PEDAGOGUE

"With watchful waiting on the fence,
Our indignation grows intense."
'Twas thus he wrote of late events.
Go put the scribbler in duress,
And give the villian much distress,
With mercy shown not in excess.
We'll make a whip
Of censorship
To mure him up in wretchedness.
'Twill make him dutiful,
And be so beautiful
To smash all precedents
Of freedom of the press.

COUNTESS DUBARRY

With feathers fine she made her nest.
Carlyle calls her a dirty pest
Fit only for a hangman's guest.
(He was a grouch, his works attest).
Her final days were much distressed—
The poor old girl died like the rest.
All terrified at such a scene,
She perished on the guillotine.

PRINCE OF INDUS

A scion of the victor Tamerlane,
In strife he throve; tall pyramids of skulls
Told where his enemies had peace at last.
All rural scenes awoke his joyous praise.
Flowers were his chief delight, and immense
The gardens that he caused the slaves to rear.
Gay, munificent, no lighter heart in camp,
He led a stately and romantic life,
And all the glories of the land were his.
On raids of war he loved a wassail well,
And oft would camp in some delightful vale,
To get his gray old emirs mad with drink.
He swore full abstinence at forty years.
That age attained he bade his merry slaves
Bring forth his costly golden revel bowls,
With gems adorned, and threw them to the poor.
Magnificent a firman that he wrote
To win his vassals from the use of wine.
When told his chosen son was fatal ill,
He vowed unto the gods a mighty gift—
A precious one—the noblest that he knew.
His courtiers brought the Agra diamond forth,
A gem renowned in all the eastern world.
"A nobler, greater gift behold," he cried;
Then thrice around the dying youth he strode.
Slow lifting up his hands, he prayed the gods
To spare the son—accept himself instead.
The prayer was heard. The dying prince revived.
Pale grew the father and he swooned away.
They bore him out among his treasured flowers,
And in the sunshine of a cloudless day,
Breathed o'er by breezes of the land he loved,
In peace the famous paladin expired.

OUR SAINTS AND MARTYRS IN JAPAN

The missionaries in Japan build fine houses, and live better than high government officials.—*Tokio Herald*.

Foxes have holes, birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.—*Jesus Christ*.

Fanaticism and its lords

These basic principles enjoin—

Cant, hypocrisy, deceit,

And eager quest of golden coin.

HO! FOR VICKSBURG

The call hath come—we must away,

Farewell this green and flow'ry spot,

And welcome now the banners gay,

Anon the rush of rifle shot,

And let the battle lightnings play—

Our gleaming lines will falter not.

Farewell, once more, the quiet camp;

Farewell ye scenes where roses bloom,

And welcome now the legion's tramp,

The flash of arms and wave of plume,

For ere young Luna lights her lamp

We'll hear the foeman's cannon boom.

Farewell ye fields and forests green,

In vain ye spread your charms for me;

I would not linger though a queen

Arrayed her halls of dance in thee;

My spirit pines for a wilder scene—

The pageant of red victory.

The city's walls are proud and high;

Lo! Death is throned upon her steep,

But when our thund'ring cannons ply

We'll rouse her from her giant sleep,

And if beneath her walls we die,

May glory shine where we shall sleep.

MY FORBIDDEN CITY

The goddess Memory is there enthroned.

I enter not. I trouble her no more.

THE GRAVE OF BRIGHAM

This is the grave of Brigham Young—
Much heard of in the Gentile tongue.
He sleeps unhonored and unsung.

A mortal man, he was of clay.
Unworthy knave, he had his day—
Did grievous ill and passed away.

In Utah vales his fame survives.
He did not live the best of lives.
He suffered much—from 19 wives.

JULIAN

Philosophers, like desperadoes, die
As quietly as summer days go by.
Julian—Rome's master, autocrat and King—
Had noble gifts of mind and gracious ways;
The bloom of health, and strength of early days;
A manly beauty that historians praise.
Riches, power, pomp, and all they bring,
Fell in profusion round this mighty king.
How brightly passed his royal prime;
Not in low pursuits that men debase,
But Learning charmed his idle time,
And helped him grace his lofty place.
War's trumpet blew—then Julian rose
To lead his host against an empire's foes.
Disdaining ease and sensual repose,
The post of duty—Honor's post—he chose.
No base regrets his brilliant thoughts obscured;
Villas, pleasure grounds, no more allured;
He couched at eve on battle plain
'Mong rudest of his martial slain.
Sore wounded in disastrous fray,
He saw his life blood ebbing fast away,
But spoke farewell to every friend,
And proudly met his warlike end.

PATRICK HENRY

He hollered out with all his might:
"Peace! Peace! We are too proud to fight."

DESPAIR OF DE AYLLON .

[From an unfinished drama.]

DE AYLLON

When Fortune signals from on high
With fearless heart cast thou the die.
Pause not for vain and laggard thought;
Heroic deeds are swiftly wrought,
And goals are lost while moments fly.
Crownless and in sport of men,
I mourn high deeds that might have been.
Cortez is prince of Mexico,
Where once in arms 'twas mine to go.
An inspiration moved my soul;
I saw the path, I saw the goal,
I trembled on Decision's brink.
I paused, alas! in fear to think;
To weigh the venture's glory, pain.
This bolder leader in disdain,
In frenzy snatched the golden chance.
Swift as the lightning's dizzy glance,
He has renown—high fortunes bless
With gold, with honor and romance.
My wasted life is nothingness.
No prize allures, no view enchants;
Repulsive all my future seems;
Its flowers fall from deadly blight—
O anguish of a life-time's dreams
Gone out in gloom, in hopeless night.
I brood on all in wretchedness.
At last I cast illusions by;
The shores resound with smothered roar;
My martial hopes, ambitions, die.
I'll poison years with strife no more,
But rest me in Tacuban vale,
Remote from din or sorrow's wail,
No suppliant of siren Fame,
Forgetful of misfortunes past.
My sands of life have fallen fast,
Infatuations old are tame.
How keen the cruel scorn of foes.
Chicora's race, with fatal blows,
Gave me despair, disaster, shame,
While baser knights of lowly name
Upon vice-regal thrones repose.
Ah! be it so, for life's defeat
Reveals the sum that Wisdom knows—
All earth contains is but a cheat.
How swiftly sped ambitious days
That bore but fruit of utter pain.

I fierce aspired to martial bays
That cannot cool a weary brain.
I roved o'er Desolation's ways
In fury for colossal gain.
The spoils I sought would not repay
The joyous years I cast away.
There is no wreath of glory bright
But hath adorned some other's brow.
A fool disdains all pure delight
In bloody zeal to wear it now.
There is no prize a sword may reach
That hath not oft been fleetly won.
Shall Time in vain essay to teach
His moral stern? All hath been done.
The Incas piled their gloomy stone,
Pursued their dreams of golden lust,
Pizarro has their mighty throne—
He strews their shrines in idle dust.
Prate thou to fools of Glory's breath,
Of honors in disastrous fray;
Of daring deeds in face of death
Where hecatombs are swept away;
Of all the idle pomp of fame,
Of laurels dyed in human gore;
Of grateful empire's high acclaim
And History's immortal score;
Of all the horrors knaves invent
To minister to gain;
Of all the scourges ever sent
To thrive on misery and pain.
I hate them all—the foes of weal,
The ruthless reapers of the grave;
Fools only fight while scoundrels steal,
And sov'reigns spurn their mangled brave.
The flimsy wreath soon fades away,
The dauntless lines are soon forgot,
And Death exults above his prey,
And haunts alone the bloody spot.
What empty prize shall now I seek?
Hath life no more? Ah, do not speak
To me of love. There is no kind
That ghastly selfishness can find
No portal wide to enter in;
There is no kind unstained by sin,
Unmantled by a garb of shame,
Or worthy of the price or name.
For me no more is Glory's call,
My faithful steel in silence rust;
I'll hie me to a revel hall
Till gloomy death shall end it all.
Espania, to her sons unjust,
May never know my doom I trust.

"ABSENT MINDED BEGGARS"

Romantic was our trysting place,
Where cooling waters ever glide.
The roses bloomed on every side.
How green the boughs that hung in place.
The tender winds, the stars above,
Suggested dangerous moods of love.
We murmured vows; we often sighed,
Then one another deified;
Yet time flew on at such a pace
That, ere we deemed the night was done—
One-half our burning thoughts unsaid—the Sun
Rose red and round above the river wide.
Our gross imprudence we denied.

JEAN PAUL JONES

In my Valhalla stands Jean Paul Jones,
Who first unfurled our flag on foreign seas,
And from his cannon spoke in thunder tones
His bitter hate of tyrannies.

With shattered ship a dismal wreck,
He stood impassioned on his bloody deck
And urged the reckless contest on.
Swift answer met his clarion call.
His heroes fought when every hope was gone,
Then saw the foeman's haughty colors fall.
The rival bark was his—he leapt thereon;
And—master, victor, of the warlike scene,
Encircled by his fighters brave,
He saw his own proud ship careen,
And slowly sink in Ocean's azure wave.
While spell of war this mighty nation owns,
Full glory give to Jean Paul Jones.

CLEMENCEAU TRANSPOSED

Ever since the human race began,
Man has been at ceaseless war with Man.

THE PHILIPPINES

"The American flag is here to stay,"
Quoth Dewey in Manila Bay.

IN LINE OF BATTLE

I sit beside a flowing stream
And Fancy's hand is weaving fast
The fabric of a happy dream
Too deep with calm delight to last.

I see no more the camp fires red,
The ranks impatient for affray,
The tents o'er hill and lowland spread—
My vagrant thoughts are far away.

I dream of home, of early friends,
Of wild woods dear in childhood's day;
And, careless that the strife impends,
I further launch my thoughts away.

I dream of every peaceful scene
Once dear to boyhood's thoughtful eye,
As near my couch of vernal green
My burnished arms unheeded lie.

I mark no more the pomp of war,
Nor glowing lines of martial steel,
Nor cannons, old with battle scar,
That make the foe's battalions reel.

I dream of haunts where sunny days
Were never tinged with silent woe,
Ere Treason bid our cities blaze,
Or Freedom hurled us on the foe.

I dream that strife has ceased to be,
That Glory's paths no more we tread,
That fallen States once more are free—
That fields no more with blood are red.

I dream that all the gay delights
Impulsive youth may hope to win,
Have called us from these gory fights,
And hemmed their ceaseless horrors in.

Yet, as beside a flowing stream
I mark no more the pomp of war,
But idly dream my happy dream,
The sullen cannons roar afar.

WRITTEN IN A GARRET

I've often sighed o'er melancholy bards
Who poured immortal strains from garrets dim.
O wretched sons of song, here's my regards;
Peruse my lofty Mount Olympus hymn.
I soar above the sordid scenes of earth,
I scoff at Mammon and his idle snares,
For where my florid fancies have their birth,
There is no savor of mundane affairs.
I'm up aloft, far o'er the madding crowd;
The dust of vanished ages, with his hoof,
My winged steed may spurn, without reproof—
Then thrust his head out o'er an attic roof,
And bay the world with noble hauteur proud.

My purposes in early life were high.
Ambition's voice appeared to me sublime,
A royal message from an upper sky—
In youthful frenzy I resolved to climb.
And here I am, far o'er the human race,
And elevated to a higher plane.
No sound of traffic mars this holy place,
Here undisturbed, the gentle muses reign.
O youth averse to drudging in a shop,
Aim high—you'll find a room up at the top.

Though here alone I'm not in solitude.
A thousand airy beings round me swarm.
What though my chamber furnishings are rude?
Upon that naked floor the gods have stood,
Bright-winged—yea, beauteous—from Jove's abode;
And by the power of a potent charm
That moves as noiseless as an echo's chime,
I summon here, in congregations vast,
The mighty heroes of the storied past,
Each in the pomp and splendor of his time.
What millionaire's rich Persian rugs are trod
By troops of kings, or by a demi-god?
Would I the converse of such souls resign—
These conquerors of thousand ancient thrones—
To puff cigars or sip at foreign wine
With banker Smith or wholesale merchant Jones?

No! here's my home—my royal palace fair.
I'm rich in things that coin will never buy.
With wide magnificence I fill the air;
My domes imperial reach to the sky.
I lose myself in dreams—O wondrous fair—
That all would vanish were a mortal nigh.
While heroes, demi-gods, move in my train,
A human step would that bare floor profane.

A MILLIONAIRE'S REVERIE

[From "The Griefs of Bohemia."]

I am a man whose moods and glowing thoughts
Find no expression in exalted song,
Nor touch the chord that thrills a list'ning world,
Nor soar aloft on restless wings of rhyme.
With inspirations deep my soul is mute.
I gaze on California's vivid stars,
And know their dread and awful language well.
I hear the Ocean speak and comprehend.
All beauties California doth unfold—
The glories of her soft Hesperian clime
I view with raptured eye. The mysteries
That common men essay in vain to solve,
Are clear to me; so clear, I might unveil
Them as a dreaded oracle would speak,
If men resented not deep words of truth.
The hidden springs that move this world's affairs
I touch with skill and garner countless gold.
The Spanish chief who robbed the land Peru,
Bore off no spoils to overshadow mine.
The ships upon the stately sea I send;
Ten thousand cars of precious commerce move
At my command. Sometimes I madly dream
The world was only made for men like me.
I have odyllic arts, swift born of thought.
I can within my palace parlor brood,
And make a roaring whirlpool of the mart,
Engulfing fortunes, homes and ruined men.
And yet, at times, weird thoughts oppress me sore.
Some beardless boy now carols in the wood,
Whose humble name will awe the world
When all my envied gold is scattered far,
And I am dust, and utterly forgot.
I have not lived the lofty life I crave.
I have within me true poetic fire,
The spirit that exults in royal song;
The glow of thought that casts a glamour o'er
All mundane things; the instinct, not defined,
That leads high bards to pour majestic lays
That charm, delight and mystify mankind.
But this is all—I have no skill to voice
The stately, pent up music of my soul.

ONLY SOME SOLDIERS

[1863.]

Here let them slumber, side by side.
Fame knows them not—with high but homely pride
Each proved himself a man indeed—and died.
For this, another's name is glorified.

THE DOOMED POET

Vampire booksellers.—*Burns*.

Booksellers' hacks.—*Goldsmith*.

Now Barabbas was a publisher.—*Byron*.

[Office of the Reputable Publishing Company. Enter Mr. Grinder, Manager. Mr. Goth at his post.]

Mr. Grinder: Goth, the Foreign Missionary Fund—sent 'em money?

Goth: Usual sum, sir.

Mr. G.: Holy Rollers?

Goth: Gone, sir.

Mr. G.: Empty Churches?

Goth: Also.

Mr. G.: Busybodies?

Goth: Check gone.

Mr. G.: Charity Mongers?

Goth: Gone, sir.

Mr. G.: Very well. Let's to business. What's been done with "Rimes Of A Ruthless Rioter," by Oklahoma Hooter? Anything in it?

Goth: Our electric multiple-typewriting department had the fellow's book yesterday. Took its cream, you know.

Mr. G.: You wrote Hooter, did you, returning his manuscript?

Goth: Nicely, sir.

Mr. G.: Sent our thanks?

Goth: As usual.

Mr. G.: Have a care, Goth. Hell hath no fury like a poet scorned. Where's the type-written copy?

Goth: Gone to Mrs. Vera Famous, with suggestions: author unknown to the public, style crude, not up to standard, and so forth. Same ideas, subjects, titles, meter, methods, etc., from her gifted pen will receive attention.

Mr. G.: Ah! I fear you blunder, Goth. Riots? She knows nothing about riots—never saw one.

Goth: All thought of, Mr. Grinder. She'll follow him closely, not using his language, of course, or judiciously, perhaps.

Mr. G.: Dangerous, Goth. The copyright law.

Goth: Only a bit of paper, Mr. Grinder. He drinks like a fish, has no money—all down and out.

Mr. G.: Go ahead then. Put the puff-writer at work. Make Rome howl. What's in the morning paper?

Goth: The Mightybig Oil Company's after us sharp. It's

ravenous, voracious—hostile. Our stock's in danger, Mr. Grinder.

Mr. G.: Ha! I tell you, Goth, these predatory people need attention. Greed, graft, money madness, bode ill to the country. It's a tiger jungle now. Write Dr. Golightly, Professor Grab; any of our scribes. We need a book on the subject. Don't be timid, Goth. The pure in heart inherit the earth. Remember it. I'll be out a few minutes now at the Old Ladies' Anti-Population Society. It meets to-day. Au revoir.

(Exit Mr. Grinder.)

REVERIE OF COLUMBUS

Rumors of shores unknown are wide afloat.
Faint echoes of the past o'er seas prevail.
To courts of Egypt went, in times remote,
A Grecian sage, to learn a gruesome tale
That ready credence won, but much appalled.
'Twas of a continent—Atlantis called—
That once did occupy this lonely sea.
Five empires were, where now these waters be.
Cities great they had, with populations vast.
Immortal glory fills that misty past.
In one black, awful night convulsions tore
The solid fabric of its ocean shore,
And hurled Atlantis in a cruel sea.
When Egypt had this tale of woe sublime,
Its wise men said the tale was white with time.
What if the lost Atlantis yet may be
Above the wave, across this ample sea?

THE SAGE OF SISKIYOU

O dreamy Thoreau! Here's a man
Where all men were when civil arts began;
Unversed in law, too proud for homely toil,
A tree his roof, lord of his native soil.
Behold this person of the Digger breed—
Without ambition, impulse, aim or creed;
A homeless wretch, in destitution quite,
Repulsive as an ancient anchorite;
A human buzzard of uneasy wing.
He has no house or home, no earthly thing
Except, alas! a fiendish appetite.
He's now just where his native race began—
Scarce more than brute, and Thoreau's model man.

NAUTICAL DISCIPLINE

A Ballad Of The Deep Blue Sea

I went to sea on a clipper ship
That sailed away from an eastern slip.
They made me mate—I swung the “cat”
Whenever a sailor gave me chat.
If the “cat” was weak and his tongue was strong,
I triced him up with a leather thong,
Or gave his feelings quite a jar,
With a handy blow from a capstan bar.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the jolly tar
That sailed the ocean wastes afar.

When I was mate on the stormy sea
There never was mate that ruled like me;
O never since and never before
Arose such oaths as then I swore.
My voice was shrill and fury quick,
And any sailor I could lick,
The sailor knew if he struck a blow
To mutiny court his case would go;
So he bowed his head and took his whack,
And never dared to strike me back.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the jolly tar
That sailed as mate of the “Shooting Star.”

When I was mate of another ship
I ruled my men with a fearful lip;
With a fearful lip and a brutal hand,
And a way that sailors understand.
I cursed the crew till the air got blue,
And smote with rope till the claret flew.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! and tiriloo
For the mate that sailed the ocean blue.

Away we went till Neptune’s breeze
Brought us around to the sunset seas.
I took my grog and chewed the weed,
And grew quite swell on tony feed.
Ah! yes, I had fine times indeed.
To all on board I showed my heft
By knocking sailors right and left.
But earthly pleasures soon are past,
And such enjoyments do not last.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the jolly tar
That sailed the ocean wastes afar.

One sultry night with ugly luck
A coral reef our vessel struck,
And very bad luck it proved to me,

For it fired me off the foamy sea.
I felt the shock and launched a boat,
And left the rest to sink or float.
Two sailors fled along with me—
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the stormy sea.

The ship rode well and we sneaked back,
But the Captain's face with rage was black.
He knocked me down and sprained my neck,
And booted me off the quarter deck;
A fearful trounce he gave to me,
For I saw the moon in apogee,
And stars enough to fill the sea.
My nether limbs and horny hands
He loaded down with iron bands.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the jolly tar
That sailed the ocean wastes afar.

He smashed my nose—which gave me pain—
And from my waist he hung a chain.
Not even then he let me go,
For I saw the stars swing to and fro
As he tossed me down to a place below.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! and tiriloo
For the mate that sailed the ocean blue.

He locked me up to watch and pray,
And used me foul by night and day.
When weeks had passed we came to port,
And there he had some further sport.
He rolled me out like a bale of hay,
And I quit the ship without my pay.
With spirits low and body sore,
I needed help to get ashore.
This help the Captain gave to me
As he booted me off the foamy sea.

But the world is wide for men like me,
And graft is better than trips at sea.
I loafed around for quite a spell,
Till my spirits rose and I got well.
Then I launched with skill a corsair boat
I flatter myself will safely float.
It brings much coin to knaves like me,
And proves much better than a life at sea.

O better to stay on a far off shore,
Better to toil for a Jap or Turk,
Than sail in fear wide oceans o'er,
With duties around you cannot shirk,
And a Captain fierce on folks at work;
Better to seize on tainted gain,

Than covet the life of danger and pain
The seaman has on the stormy main.

I've a pirate flag and pirate deck,
And I gather money by the peck.
A collar of brass is round my neck.
I buy up men and sell their votes,
And have them change their political coats.
Whatever I want these fellows do,
And I rake in sheckels not a few.
I sail for coin to hide away
For liberal use on a rainy day.
Sing heigh! Sing ho! for the jolly tar
That once was mate of the "Shooting Star."

LIFE

Life is warfare—
It is merely a battle.
Step into your place
With sword and shield.
Like a champion strike,
Nor suffer the crowds
To trample you under.
Wounds will be yours,
But none will escape them.
Retreat is cut off—
Lo! nothing is left
But deadliest battle.
The sands will redden
Around you with blood,
Parthian arrows will fly;
Chariots of iron will rumble
With ominous sound
To oppose you.
Murmur not.
It is yours to contend
Till the combat is ended.

A POET'S CRITERION

While I am lighting a cigar,
Suggest to me some scientific test.
Like a lot of lady loves my poems are.
I lose my admiration for the rest,
And always like the latest one the best.

THE VOW

[1863.]

Amid the shock of arms
 This treasure I will bear,
 Where brave confront the brave,
 And with a proud despair,
 Play with the rods of death
 When havoc fills the air.
 Who finds my fallen form
 Will find thine image there.

THE SUBSTITUTION EVIL

The patent-medicine men
 O'er substitution evils rave,
 But note the anguish when
 Book-pirates brave,
 In anxious quest of graft,
 Mix up a bitter draught
 For poor Ambition's slave.
 It gives the son of song a quake.
 A bitter draught the pirates make,
 For nameless bards to take.
 They mix it, and fix it,
 And give it a shake,
 Then pass it to Apollo's child.
 Ah, me! it's never mild.
 "Jesus wept and Voltaire smiled."

OUIDA

[Louise de La Ramee.]

Her glowing tales brought wealth and fame—
 Jewels, plaudits, pleasures came;
 Then darkness hid her like a pall.
 In foreign clime in penury she died;
 Strange mystery concealed her fall.
 Sham Sorrow made to her no call,
 Nor homage paid in halls of pride;
 Sincerest grief to grief replied,
 As humble friends put her poor dust aside;
 Then kindly Death obscured it all.

VERY BLANK VERSE

"The trail of the Serpent is over it all."

Villa—dead or alive!
Salute or perish!
Peace without victory,
Slaughters without bloodshed,
Frays without combats,
War without battles,
Battles without fighting,
Armies without soldiers,
Soldiers without weapons,
Wounds without injuries,
Death without doctors,
"Words without meaning,"
Speeches! Speeches! Speeches!
Bunk for American idiots!
We are too proud to fight.
'Twould break the heart of the world.
Rats! Rats! Rats!

A CALIFORNIA LOVE SONG

Shine, shine, O Sun, to-day;
Be blue, O skies, for me;
Be still, O shining Sea,
And soft, O zephyrs play.

Let all the lands be green,
And heaven's purest light
Descend in golden might
On ev'ry circling scene.

Let perfect peace be nigh
To all the world to-day;
Let clouds drift far away,
And storms to deserts fly.

O, perfumes, load the gale;
O, roses, be more red;
O, lilies, bow the head,
And blanch in beauty pale.

O birds that sing afar,
Awake your songs once more;
Your sweetest music pour
Till shines the ev'ning star.

O waters that we hear
 When night has shrouded all,
 Now lighter be your fall,
 And sweeter to the ear.

O leaves that rustle low—
 When moves the idle wind,
 Droop on the air and find
 The softest sounds ye know.

O fruits of ruddy hue,
 Your utmost splendors wear;
 I bid you look more fair
 Till falls the twilight dew.

O grapes that blush so deep,
 That bloom in Summer's glow,
 Sway in the breezes slow,
 Or hang as if in sleep.

For she shall come to-day,
 Who all my heart enthralls;
 A spell around her falls,
 And beauty haunts her way.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG

What we shall perform will be sufficiently great.—*Claudius before battle.*

In blaze of brightest of mid-summer suns
 The giant river shines from shore to shore.
 The ceaseless booming of our battle guns
 Disturbs the smoky atmosphere no more.
 A silence reigns as when a storm is past.
 Our fleet of war in gloomy menace lies.
 Two armies meet, not by the bugle's blast,
 But with strange pleasure—with fraternal cries.
 No boast or insult from a victor falls.
 Words of rude chivalry and kind replies
 Are heard alone within the conquered walls.
 Our banner o'er the fallen city flies,
 And warfares end o'er this colossal prize.

First armadas came from triumphs won;
 They gave assault—their stormy wrath was vain.
 A noble army came—high deeds were done;
 The blood of soldiers poured like autumn rain.
 In vain were mighty fleet and army found.

The foe defiant held his vantage ground.
 His lofty heights loomed o'er a placid wave
 For miles, with cannon wall, with fortress crowned;
 Those martial hills were strewn with fallen brave.
 Then Science cried: "Away with arm'd Force.
 We'll turn this ocean river from its course."
 The Median drew an Asian stream aside,
 To wrest away the throne of Babylon,
 But our great river smiled at mortal pride.
 It flowed unchanged in stately beauty on.

Now to the sword the task is left once more,
 And Shiloh's heroes throng the sunset shore.
 The strife awakes with wilder, madder zeal;
 The lowland's tremble at the cannon's peal.
 The sylvan bird, amazed, restrains its song;
 Earth shudders at the thunders borne along.
 Fierce armies move on ramparts far away,
 Grand Gulf's green hills become their speedy prey;
 Not rivers, floods or fens can intervene
 As martial skill unrolls the warlike scene,
 Compels harsh Nature's obstacles to yield,
 Outflanks the foe, or wins each bloody field.
 At last within his famous fortress walls
 At bay he turns, wars to the last—and falls.
 The Mississippi's tides, from warfare free,
 Unvexed flow on to tinge a torrid sea.
 On high the Nation's notes of triumph swell—
 They breathe defiance of all foreign foes.
 Proud legions mourn the paladins who fell,
 And Glory gilds their scene of last repose.

CAREFUL PIETY

With greenbacks to roll,
 Heaven is his goal;
 His piety and prayer
 A business affair
 To save his soul.

CLIO'S RESPONSE

He has covered this Nation's face with shame as with a garment.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

This verdict stern will Clio's voice declare:
 "Foul treasons festered in his lair;
 A Briton sat in Caesar's chair."

THE GOLD HUNTER

I rode all day through the Utah hills.
Mountain peaks clad in raiments of snow;
Clear, cold, rippling mountain streams;
The canyons deep, unlit by noon-day sun;
Huge cliffs that walled the narrow vallies in—
I spake of these, extolling each in turn.

But the old man toyed with his long white locks
And smiled—in a low voice talked of gold.
He smiled and mused, then talked of gold.
His restless eyes with fateful brilliance shone.
I feared that solitude and years of quest
For one sole thing had turned his brain.
Howe'er I strove his theme to change, he smiled,
Then mused awhile and talked of gold.
He told me of his mine—a chimney mine—
Rich beyond a miser's dream; filled with gold!
Save his own, no human eye had seen this mine;
Ay, none should see until the money kings
Fawned round him like so many slaves,
Then with the power of almighty coin
Tore out the coffers of a mountain's heart,
And laid its hoarded millions to the gaze.
This would they do, and his the lion share.

"Things are in earth," I said, "outshine this gold.
Honor, love, respect of men, mental peace.
What is gold to a desolate heart?
To him whose ruined manhood mocks at tears?
Whose life is one long tale of wasted powers?
Who, like a suicide, has killed his fame,
His high achievements and all peaceful joys?"

"Gold," the old man said with peculiar smile,
"Will buy all things that you have named—ay, more!
'Twill buy the immortal souls of men,
And fairest women ever born to love
Will bow submissive at the shrine of gold.
It buys the great man—body, brains and soul.
The public rostrum will he mount for hire,
And fiercely execrate what you command.
Glory may be bought, applause of men.
Gold buys you all—you each demand a price.
In olden days, two thousand years ago,
Jugurtha warred with Rome; it was his vaunt
He kept the mistress of the world at bay
With gold; that had he only gold enough
He'd buy out Rome—monarch, senate, throne and all.
Beaten down at last, a captive made,
They flung him in a gruesome hole to starve,

But only when his mighty gold was gone.
Gold is ruler, prince and arbiter of all,
The key that opes the way to pleasure halls,
To happiness, delightful scenes of joy.
Nothing withstands the pleasant sound of gold.
Fame, power, ease, life, itself, it buys,
It veils dishonor, treachery, deceit;
O'ercomes each foe, turns grief to merriment.
Among despotic scenes the man is free
Whose coffers are well lined with minted gold,
While in the freest land who has it not
Is but the rich man's tool and sullen slave."

"My dream is this. 'Neath California skies,
Where purple ocean spreads his foamy waves;
Where sunny mountains wear their changeful tints,
A tall, fair palace shall anon arise.
The roses of that soft celestial clime
Shall scent the air—the breath of orange groves,
And odors of a hundred gorgeous flowers.
Close by the sea my princely home shall stand,
Where lotus gales may fan its gardens wide.
There shall I reign, enjoy, a potentate
Supreme, by magic force of gold.
All pleasures, pomps, delights that gold may buy
Will celebrate my final happy days.
Yea, luxuries will fill my royal halls,
And music, such as Heaven's angels peal,
Will vivify each passing idle hour,
And fawning parasites and suppliants,
With fulsome flatteries and cringing forms,
Will circle round in hope to swiftly please.
Gods! what power's in this mighty metal, Gold!
White now these hoary locks, my forehead pale;
Though shrill my voice, uncouth mine aged form,
Think you the dames—the bright eyed damosels—
Will not perceive some grandeur in my guise?
One thing believe—they will not spurn my gold,
For gems, apparel, pomp and gold
Do much intoxicate fair woman's brain,
Nor wildest miser hath such savage lust
For coin as tender Woman hath.
Ah, well! the dames will find me princely, too,
And life shall be, for me, a poet's dream.
So long I've brooded o'er this happy plan,
With wealth enormous at my finger tips,
It seems more sweet to revel in my dreams,
Than with my gold to buy reality."

I heard no more, but woke at dawn
To find the lord of millions rolled
In ragged blankets on an oaken floor.

Years afterwards in loneliness he died.
Stiff he lay within his cabin rude,
When found by prowling Navajoes.
Stern, mountaineers, ere long, made hasty search
For treasures they had heard wild rumors of,
But not an ounce of Utah gold was found.
The vaunted chimney mine, replete with ore,
Was but a wriggling passage way in rocks.
For years a lonely maniac, deranged
By vigils long and solitary quest,
Had kept his watch above a worthless pit.
Meantime, perchance, more happiness was his
Than had he gained the vasty store of gold
He madly dreamed was hid beneath his floor.

SATAN REBUKING SIN

Too sad, alas! the mournful tale,
O, Byron, skilled in song to please.
How nobler to have cast a veil
Of purity o'er lovers frail,
And left unstained, in sorrow pale,
The beauty of the Cyclades.

SALUTATION

Thou god of song, veiled on Olympus high,
Apollo, hail! saluting thee we die.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]
How soft is Ocean's mellow chime
In Equatoria's balmy clime,
Where stars glow with translucent rays;
Where brighter constellations blaze,
And vaster orbs move o'er their ways
Than in the North's pale, dreary skies.
The soul an inward force obeys—
It worships in this paradise,
Or pines to range the starry waste
In raptures that arch-angels taste,
Or visit orbs in heaven's brow
That lure us with their beauty now.

Sweet idleness of sensuous Night—
 Voluptuous languor of the clime!
 Existence here is calm delight;
 None heed the flight of golden time—
 None hasten here—life has no goal;
 Soft indolence and idle joy
 These children of the sun employ.
 Upon the reefs the surges roll
 At Cardon's lonely ocean isle.
 Dark beauties pause—they hear—they smile,
 Then sing their clarion songs of love.
 Through vernal haunts paired lovers rove,
 By coy palms obscured from sight,
 For all are lovers here; the night
 Is but a season for their vows.
 The stars, the gale, the seas arouse
 Emotions of sweet Passion's flame.
 The woodland Eve hath tender knight
 As well as noble haughty dame.
 These revelers gay children seem—
 Their land is but a summer dream.
 I rove upon a starlit shore,
 For cool the midnight ocean air;
 I hear the restless billows roar
 Far off to sea—though foamy there,
 The waters here are still as death,
 Or shimmer with a zephyr's breath,
 Then shine with stars, and all secure
 The freighted bongo slowly glides
 O'er liquid fire of phosphorus tides.
 Beyond the bay highlands obscure
 A peerless moon; the low bark rides
 A glossy flood, or floats at ease;
 Brown cavaliers their ladies please
 With light guitar, soft roundelay.
 The red Sun reigns o'er gorgeous day,
 And arbor, hammock and cigar
 To rest invite; romanceful night
 Has gentle music, love and star,
 And every form of gay delight.

BEDOUIN

My status in Earth I mention with candor—
 An Ishmael, an utter Outlander;
 No clique or clan, lord, boss or commander.
 'Tis thus through life I venture and wander;
 True to each friend and ruthless to foes—
 (The Indian's plan for various woes),
 My ultimate haven—eternal repose.

ONCE MORE TO THE CAMPS

[March, 1864.]

My cheek is pale, my pulse beats fast;
 My limbs, alas! are faint and sore;
 I shiver in this wintry blast,
 I tremble at its roar,
 And shall my dreary lot be cast
 Amid this Northland bleak and hoar?

No more for me the leaden cloud
 Will frown along the sky;
 No more for me the tempest loud
 Will howl and shriek and sigh;
 No more for me in snowy shroud
 The King of Ice will whirl on high.

No more for me the cutting cold
 Will fiercely range the frosty air;
 No more for me o'er heath and wold
 The winds will chorus of despair;
 No more for me the snows will fold
 Their shining robes o'er all that's fair.

Adieu this drear and hostile clime—
 It has no beauties for my soul;
 Its very streams, with notes sublime,
 To Southern valleys roll;
 Why waste I here my fleeting time
 In this drear desert of my soul?

Huzza! for the vine hills far away!
 For the boundless fields with cotton white!
 Huzza! for the lands of genial day,
 And summer lands of radiant night!
 Huzza! for the lands of fierce affray,
 Of sun and song and wine and fight!

 PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
 Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the rhyme—
 That perceive when the rhythm
 Floweth rightly in the verse.

A man born to rhyme
 Is of few days
 And full of trouble.

Better to dwell on a house top—
Yea, in a bug-house—
With dinner of herbs,
Than with a poet who reads you his verses.

A man who saith:
"Lo, I will strike the sounding lyre!"
Shall not be rich.

Shun the rhymester.
Have none of his ways,
Cut thy hair, nor wear it long,
As the vain cow-puncher, doth.
Let thine eyes have no far away gaze,
No pained expression.
Sit not for a long time,
Like to a growth on a log,
In prodigious meditation.
Pose not, when the picture man is nigh.
Have not ink on thy pants,
Nor on thy finger tips,
Nor sigh wearily
From exhaustive but inconsequential toil.
Be not melancholy, nor greatly cast down,
In that the goddess Fame
Hath passed thee by.
Could she not load a ferry-boat
With people who write rhyme?

Withhold not correction from a child
That writeth rhyme.
Smite him with a club—
Yea, deliver him from Sheol.

Devise not ill against a rhymester—
He hath trouble enough as it is.

He who maketh ballads to the moon,
And penneth soft sawder,
Shall not bunco Peter at the gate.
Beelzebub will gather him,
And great shall be the taking thereof.
The place wherein he shall dwell
Will not be nice.
A long time will he howl
His doleful ditties there.

Give ear, my son.
Touch not the sounding lyre,
Nor make a monkey of thyself
To scribble rhyme;
Nor tackle booze, and think thyself

A very great poet indeed.
Then shalt thou lay up gold
In many coffers.

O, tired is the world.
To all the bards it crieth out:
"Hold! Enough!"

The man of sense doth read his butcher bill
With very great care, when he hath no time
To even know you have written rhyme.

Is it not enough
That no man whatsoever wanteth rhyme?
Go to! put thy drivell in a fire.
Then shall earth have peace,
And the people rest,
Nor be troubled with thee any more.
Selah!

CLOSING FOR BATTLE

Oppressive is the Sun's hot glare—
No cloud obscures the fierce orb's brow;
An awful tremor fills the air
For all our lines are moving now.
The drums are hushed—they would not dare
Invoke a storm of slaughter yet;
No bugles call, no trumpets blare,
But starry banners toss and fret
O'er serried arms; a nameless dread
Is blown on winds that sigh o'erhead.

Discharged by swift, impulsive hands,
A signal gun sends forth its peal.
The foe confronts! Look where he stands
Immovable, with walls of steel
That loom before the startled van,
Or soon deploy, or slowly wheel
To meet the strife's unfolding plan.
Proud war steeds plunge and cannons roll
In silence o'er savannas green.
Full soon Titanic bells will toll
The dreadful music of the scene.
With high appeals bold leaders urge
Advancing lines to dare the shock.
These move a monstrous ocean surge.
Those? Coronado's ocean rock!
Lo! myriads press on battle's verge;
Soon o'er the dead will Slaughter stalk,
And balmy zephyrs breath a dirge
For those whom Glory's paeans mock.

PERCIVAL

Pale Percival, how sweet his mournful strain.
Unfitted for a lawless world like ours,
He could not sell his noble thoughts for gain;
He could not all conceal his pure disdain.
Where Merit pines and loud Assumption towers,
He sang his chaste, his gentle songs in vain.
Deep learned in all the treasured lore profound
The slow-wheeled ages have on us conferred,
No proper goal for lofty worth he found—
His plaintive notes the world impatient heard.
While ruder men could boast of hoarded gold,
Could win the plaudits of gay Folly's throng
Pale Percival, with hunger's pangs untold,
To mar his notes, gave earth his song.

HOME AT LAST

His title no one will dispute.
One spot awaits the rover brave;
A blessed place of wide repute—
A quiet, peaceful spot—
A well-selected corner lot;
A peaceful, tranquil, nameless grave.
When he's crossed the Big Divide,
And slid down on the other side,
With a somewhat painful smile
He'll stop and stay awhile,
And do no traveling any more.
All funerals are much a bore,
But one we'll all anon attend
Is waiting at the other end,
And, Rollingstone, it is your own.
Be ready when the game is on.

BOHEMIA

Where tired Ambition arms for foes;
Where chosen spirits find repose
From battles past where they fought well;
Where Fancy reigns and genius glows,
And earth's unfettered souls rebel
At any chains the fates impose—
(Where life assumes the hue of rose),
The sons of gay Bohemia dwell.

DEATH SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET

[This passage is what remains of "The Trial Of Robert Emmet"—a poem I lost in the burning of San Francisco.]

* * * * *

LORD NORBURY

The mighty throne your heated tongue maligns
 Will ne'er be shaken by an idle boaster's breath.
 Wild visionaries like yourself, who rush to death,
 Will never see fulfillment of their base designs.
 To mad extremes your zeal proceeds; an evil mind
 Betrays itself, with purposes too well defined.
 By public ranting such as this you would misguide
 Unwary dupes, and fools to consequences blind.
 'Tis treason that you here proclaim with lawless pride.
 Your wand'ring thoughts from sentimental woes with-
 draw,
 And listen to the sentence of the Law.

ROBERT EMMET

Sir, your deceitful forms a prisoner harass.
 You have demanded why the sentence should not pass.
 It is a form. My sentence was decreed
 Before yon minion rose a single charge to read;
 Before this court in solemn state assembled here,
 Before your lordship came in majesty severe.
 My sentence I await, but to the forms adhere.
 Let olden tricks of tyranny be cast aside,
 For I demand the right your question has implied.
 Must sanguinary courts abase the victim's mind,
 Subdue his soul, befoul his honored name,
 As preparation for his death of studied shame?
 Ere his dismembered form is to the grave consigned?
 Is this the clemency your vaunted courts assume?
 More dread to me than scaffold, rope or felon's doom
 Is Slander's tongue. If here I may not vindicate
 My name and fame, who dares that fame calumniate?
 For those I love no legacy may be entailed
 Save that the tongues of hireling slaves have here assailed.
 With dying breath my spotless name I will defend—
 Ay, against the world, and to the bitter end.
 I have been branded as a venal tool of France,
 An emissary of a hostile foreign land,
 Intent, my petty private fortunes to advance,
 By landing arm'd foes upon my native strand.
 My country's peace, her independence, I have sold
 As Arnold once betrayed—for paltry sums of gold,
 For feudal rank, despotic Power's potent smile.
 O calumnies absurd! most infamous and vile!

I sought alone my fallen country's weal,
 The freedom of an ancient race; my brain, my hand,
 My heart, have all been moved by patriotic zeal
 For independence of my native land.
 No viler motive o'er my name be cast.
 Though wild, chimerical, it now may seem, and vast
 The power of a mighty empire we oppose,
 Force yet remains—yea, concord—to o'erwhelm our foes—
 To rend from place the regal emblems we despise,
 And proudly consummate this noblest enterprise.

Lest none of you my memory assail, or say:
 "He was a loathsome creature, born of troubled times.
 His nation's liberties he would have sold for pay,
 This traitor met his fate for many grievous crimes.
 He had a lust for gold, a vanity for sway.
 For monster such as he we have no fitting name.
 He strove to ply a trade in our fraternal blood;
 Had barter with our foes across an ocean's flood,
 In hope to profit from his native country's shame."
 O calumnies of Hate! Shall I, my lord, who brave
 Your jealous despot now, and for my native race,
 In Freedom's holy cause, approach a dreary grave—
 Shall I in silence brook such idle slander base?
 Away! I hurl denial in your lordship's face.
 Nor seek to burden me with such atrocious guilt
 As being cause of all the blood now being spilt
 In just resistance to a ruthless foreign king.
 Charge me with this, when even now is being built
 The scaffold rude whereon my murdered form will swing?

* * * * *

In sacrificial haste your noble lordship seems.
 The blood your throne must have still pours its ruddy
 streams.

Impetuous and warm in ample veins it flows.
 Artificial terrors your legal pomps impose
 Congeal not its flood. O still have delay.
 My flame of life is quenched, my mortal toils are done.
 To the grave's awful stillness I now take my way.
 Earth opens to receive her unfortunate son.
 Silence of the world is the boon that I implore.
 Let me slumber obscure on this desolate shore.
 Who is there who will dare my course to vindicate?
 O traduce not my name in ignorance and hate.
 Till my country is free, let me slumber unknown,
 No memorial rise, no funeral stone;
 No trophy be reared o'er my patriot grave
 While this island is trod by a tyrant or slave.
 I shall rest me in peace till the triumph is won,
 Nor perish in vain. Noble lord, I have done.

WHERE FORTUNE SMILES

[1908.]

The Carib seas and austral isles
Are scenes no more where Fortune smiles.
Pactolian streams pour sands of gold
From Mexico's hot, riven slopes,
Where frenzied men, with glowing hopes,
Tear out each vein, each crevice old,
In eager quest of wizard gold—
Rude, lawless men of moody brows,
Whose heaven is in fierce carouse
Where music peals and Vice arrays—
Dark, silent men with fearless ways.
Each hides a grief with sadness fraught—
A shame, an ill, of former lot—
Or olden things are all forgot
In fury for the Midas prize
That far within each mountain lies.
They ravish spoil from Nature's hold,
And revel, brawl and lavish gold.

THE OZARK HILLS

The Ozark Hills, in vernal green,
Have bowers cool for sweetest rest,
Whose boughs no sun rays pierce between
From farthest east to utmost west.
O roam within—the whole fair scene
For any careless heart is blest.

A YOUTHFUL WOE

The dream is gone—an humble cot
On some green hillside's grassy slope,
With palms around the sacred spot,
And roses in the little plot,
And peace and happiness and hope
Beneath the roof where she should reign.
O heart, thou shalt atone for this!
O happy dream, come not again
With promises of perfect bliss
And burdenings of utter pain.

PYRRHUS THE KING

PYRRHUS

If gods are kind—with this great conquest made—
Why shall our march of victory be stayed?
Not till proud Carthage shall my sceptre own,
And I am master of the Lybian throne.
When Afric's shore beneath my power quails,
Our fleets of war shall homeward set their sails.
Yea, homeward shall a dauntless victor come,
With laurels crowned, rich with imperial spoil,
To plunge great Macedonia in turmoil,
For Greece must yield to him who conquers Rome.
Then? Then? Why, then we'll fling these arms away,
And end in countless joys this mortal day.

CINEAS

O, monarch, pause! Draw not again the sword
To stake a mighty throne in changeful war.
Lo! every bliss these happy realms afford,
And splendor shines from your triumphal car.
Rich palaces a royal soldier wait,
With trophies hung, and filled with lemans fair.
Tempt not the vengeance of insulted Fate;
Enjoy, while yet for you life's pleasures are.
Why scourge a frightened world, in mad array,
With ruin, death, calamity and woe—
To gain, when useless tumults pass away,
When hecatombs are Slaughter's prey,
What Heaven confers without a blow?
Why wade through seas of human blood to gain
What now is yours, unmixed with mortal pain?
O Pyrrhus pause! Who spurns the cup of joy,
Revengeful gods in burning wrath destroy.

PYRRHUS

Portentous words! They cause me mighty pain.
Who suffers with Ambition's deadly curse,
Must keep his path, come loss or gain,
Come joy or woe, or mortal sorrows worse,
Great heroes rise at Destiny's command;
They fright the world, they scourge and mar,
Like puppets moved by Fate's malignant hand.
With doom decreed, they run their course
Through conflagration, strife and force.
Let trumpets peal! Fling banners to the gale!
This day 'gainst haughty Rome my fleet shall sail;
Lucanian hills shall thrill with shocks of war,
Sacked cities burn, their walls with carnage stream;
O fateful shall the sword of Pyrrhus gleam
Where shrieks and wails and ghastly slaughters are.
The trumpets peal! Proud banners be unfurled!
Pyrrhus is in arms to desolate the world.

HIS ONLY WEALTH

[See note in Prose Addenda.]

A voice came out a rich man's grave:
"The wealth I won at heavy cost,
I left behind—I count it lost.
The coin I spent for good or bad—
For pleasure, sport—I only had.
In getting gold I was a slave,
But all I have in this lone grave—
My only wealth—is what I gave."

KENESAW

Where Kenesaw its lofty crest
Reared threatn'ing 'neath a torrid sky,
Long had our legions hotly pressed
To fiercely strive and proudly die.
From peak to peak and height to height
The gleam of bayonets met the sight;
On barren ridge and hills of stone
The brazen-throated cannons shone,
And tents were white in vales between,
Half hid by summer's robes of green,
And silent squares of daring men
Were massed within each leafy glen,
And parapets and walls of clay
Far o'er the mountain stretched their way;
And fortress dark, on every side,
To fortress dark in rage replied;
And musketry in volleys broke
From leaguered lines through woods of oak,
And where the peaks were lost in blue,
Rebellion's haughty standards flew.

The sun went down in blazing ire,
His glory mingled with our fire;
His gorgeous streams of golden light
Poured flood-like through the roaring fight,
And all the stars our banners bore
Gleamed like Montana's yellow ore.
No moon was forth when night was come,
No longer rolled the warning drum;
No rifle cracked from vale or hill,
The rumbling guns grew strangely still,
And weary with the day gone by,
Each soldier placed his weapons nigh
And laid him down to dream or die.

Late was the hour swift riders bore
Strange tidings through those forests hoar.
With cautionings of watchful foes
Our chieftains roused us from repose.
No trump was blown, no signal made,
But like a host become afraid,
For leagues and leagues the still lines poured
Back from their works, as surges creep
Back to the fountains of the deep
When baffled by the firm sea-board;
And then, as rent, conflicting tides,
Sore fretted by the wailing blast,
Resolve into a current vast
That cannot scale the cliff's tall sides,
But past its base resistless glides,
So formed we there and westward swept
While still the foe unthinking slept.

Long was the night, and silence dread—
So strangely deep it seemed the dead
Might stir beneath our martial tread—
Far as Cimmerian darkness spread,
Intensely reigned; some muttered word
Anon amid the gloom was heard,
Some charger's neigh, some clank of steel,
The noise of some half muffled wheel,
Some wild bird's scream, as if in fright—
And these alone disturbed the night.

With balmy winds and azure skies
Morn came in Triumph's splendid guise.
Upon the foe's far flank we bore
In War's proud pomp, with music's roar,
And columns massed, and seas of steel,
And musketry's terrific peal,
And crash of shell, and cannon glare,
And thund'ring cheers that rolled away
O'er mountain slope or valley dell,
As though the hosts of Cæsar's day,
Or clans that fought when Ilion fell,
In fury marshalled for affray.

The startled foe, amazed, undone,
Recoiled before that storm of might,
And ere the stars of early night
Our banners waved from hill and height—
Embattled Kenesaw was won.

RIVAL CHIEFS

Two mighty men were born, high chiefs of war to be—
Napoleon on the shore, Lord Nelson on the sea.

A CALIFORNIA SCENE

In rapture—nay, in adoration stand.
See where the sunset tinges ocean's tide.
Palms, roses, vineyards, fill the valley wide;
Green bowers cool and orange groves expand.
All famous fruits in gay profusion shine,
All precious wines flow from the luscious vine;
Earth's bounties pour as by a god's command.
This is the gem of all the southern land,
With sylvan scenes; a pure, celestial clime—
Vales of delight by sea-born zephyrs fanned.
All through the year 'tis one sweet summer time.
With ev'ry weal that mortal hearts demand,
An Eden rolls 'tween hills and ocean grand.

REFRAIN IN DIXIE

The feet that tread o'er many lands
Grow too broad for leathers fine;
Campaigning scatters life's few sands,
And private soldiers can't resign.

COMBAT L' OUTRANCE

No silver moon or tranquil star
Sheds o'er my path one lonely ray,
But ebon shades my progress bar,
Weird omens haunt my dismal way.
Shall utter darkness ever last?
March onward! be my dauntless cry.
'I've set my life upon a cast—
I'll stand the hazard of the die.'

HALCYONE

More graces crown you in Love's scene
Than Egypt's proud and fated queen
Imperious wore, in Fortune's smile,
When, drifting o'er the placid Nile,
The love songs of her nymphs subdued
The very winds her galleys wooed.

IOWA AUTUMN

The red sun rises like a ball of fire,
All shorn of lustrous beams; its rosy hue
Burns through the mists of morn, that soon expire,
And robs the warm, brown hills of pearly dew;
Then o'er the landscape rolls a smoky haze—
The Tyrian purple of October days.
The streams, at noon, in lazy splendor flow;
At eve the moon sails like a golden shield,
Or silver cestus, o'er blue heaven's field.
No sign forewarns of winter's chill advance,
No breezes murmur, gales or zephyrs blow,
But earth is happy in a joyous trance,
As raptured o'er a lavish season's yield
Of flowers, fruits, rich treasures of the field.

Torn, mutilated cornstalks, brave no more,
Seem like old fighters ranged o'er vale or hill
To yield up arms—high clemency implore,
Since age hath rived them of their warlike skill,
And leaves them helpless in a foeman's land,
To meekly wait a victor's cold command.
Where is the glory of their summer days,
When haughtily they bore the steadfast rays
Of northern sun, or heat of hostile skies,
And wore their tassel plumes in martial guise,
And warred with gales, and waved each saber blade
Like princely knights of dangers unafraid.
So wanes a bold, impetuous man away,
As age steals o'er him—chills his wonted fire.
With trembling hand he moves his locks of grey,
Nor strife, nor triumph now is his desire.
His wrath is vain. Repose—deep silence please.
He totters to his couch to dose at ease.
The tall oak's boughs will soon be bare,
For, leaf by leaf, its flamy splendors fall.
The rooks across the peaceful valley call,
The dry leaves rustle at each breath of air,
A myriad lovely hues the groves adorn,
Ere autumn yet assumes a mien forlorn.

BYRON, BURNS AND POE

Strong drink, O bards, you should not much desire:
It sets your crazy brains on fire,
And snaps the chords of proud Apollo's lyre.

A CHAT WITH PHIDIAS

"Gold will wear away; silver will tarnish, wood will decay, the granite stone itself will disintegrate, but jewels will continue unchanged for thousands of years."

"What are you building here, my lord,
With such a massive wall?"

"I'm building here, my friend,
A lot of rock to fall.

Whate'er we plan with busy brain
To high o'ertop each hill and plain—

Castle, palace, prison, fane—

In time will tumble down again.

Soon as we get the final slab to stay,

And fling our hated tools away,

The pile we've reared commences to decay.

This thought, just now, began to give me pain."

RETROSPECTION

'Tis sad to wake from some delicious trance,
And find its airy splendors fled;

'Tis sad to meet some dear, familiar glance,
And find its soul of love is dead;

'Tis sad to see a noble bark
Go down amid the sea;

'Tis sad to sit and silent mark
A well loved spirit flee;

'Tis sad to see a gallant band

Close round a leader tried,
And see the foe, with potent hand,
O'erwhelm them in their pride;

'Tis sad to see a dauntless form

Guide conquest on its way,
And pass unscathed amid the storm,
To fall at close of day;

'Tis sad in indigence to feel

The bitter curse of Fortune's frown,
Nor hope to make Derision kneel

At blaze of genius and renown;

'Tis sad to see the crumbling wall

Where childhood's home hath been;

'Tis sad to see a dear one fall,

And feel your own the sin.

THE DIFFERENCE

I've learned a bit of wisdom in life's ungente school—
Success makes a hero and failure makes a fool.

LUCILE

O paragon of flesh and blood,
With hair as black as deepest night,
And eyes that seem a dreamy flood
Of passion in resistless might.
Joy not in Beauty's transient reign.
'Tis but a day. Eve comes again.
Thy raven hair as dark as night,
Will be anon as lilies white.
The glow that tints thy dainty cheek,
With waning years will take to flight.
Ah! cruel Time, his fingers bleak
Full swiftly mar each chief delight.
Fair Pleasure's sweets are swiftly sped;
Our joyous days, how soon they glide;
Our fondest hopes—they soon are dead,
But Sorrow seeks her victim's side,
And long—ah! long doth there abide.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Soldier of fortune, trust well to thy blade;
In gloomiest ordeals be not afraid.
Skies that are sombre grow brighter anon,
Hosts are unconquered till valor is gone.
Follow thy banner, as Glory leads on.
Fearless of danger, in sunlight or shade,
Soldier of fortune, trust well to thy blade.

A SENTIMENTAL DREAM

While ignorance and greed and superstitions thrive,
This earth will reek with bloody wars.
In vain the dream of endless peace.
Force moves the planets on their courses true,
And Force must rule a lawless world.
Our fellow man, despite a slight vaneer,
Is but a brute and savage yet.

THE FAR SOUTH

The Night hath veiled her starry charms,
The Sun-god waves resplendent arms;
Warm, blushing Day, queen of the zone,
Ascends once more her blazing throne.

CARINUS

The lord of Rome, in cruel mirth,
Despoiled a faithful soldier's hearth.
As if indifferent of the crime,
The soldier bided well his time.
At last it came, the annals tell.
In blood the brutal despot fell.
I'll twine at last a laurel crown
For him who smote Carinus down.

A CEREAL STORY

[1918]

I keep the human race alive,
But, up to date, no poet sings of me.
Where countless populations thrive
Not a living man would be,
Except for me.
There's little use my virtues to repeat.
Man's a crazy cad—dupe or cheat—
Or both, to make expenses meet.
What's my name? you ask. My name is Wheat;
High toned, high in price, and hard to beat—
The Anglo-Saxon's chosen grain;
My home's in Freedom's proud domain.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

The war is over, battle banners furled;
The Hun is licked; we had no fears,
But greet you, boys, as knightly peers
Of any fighters in the world.

THE DEMON "IF"

[See Note in Prose Addenda.]

Of all the fiends impatient people curse—
Hobgoblins, witches, ghouls and imps perverse—
Whose evil deeds we see rehearsed
In melancholy tomes that nearly burst
With miseries, the demon "If" is worst.

PEACE APOSTLES

Here, Jawn's a gun.
Git the dawg and kill the song birds.
We didn't raise our boy to be a soldier.

COLUMBIA'S PTAH

"In Go(l)d We Trust."
Egypt had its gods—they vanished one by one.
Phœnicia's chosen god—it was the mighty Sun.
Assyria had its gods and so had Babylon.
From Greek and Trojan down to Visi-Goth and Hun,
They all had gods to heap their crazy honors on.
Columbia has a god that beats them—every one!
A god for business, pleasure, politics and fun,
That closer than a brother sticks—
The god of Gold, my son.

CHARGING A RIFLE PIT

Above our heads, across the vale,
Our battery, with screaming hail,
Dashed the opposing works away
As tempests toss the ocean spray,
And yet our leader's ringing call
Was heard distinct above it all.

'Mid sharp commands and hot replies
I faintly heard a score of cries,
And then, in wild disorder still,
Our curving lines surged up the hill,
A gleaming mass of fearless men.
The moments sped like dizzy dreams.
Amid a tumult of alarms,
The flash of steel, the roar of arms,
Explosions, curses, groans and screams,
The rush of crowds, the fall of men
That heedlessly were trampled then—
The sight of blood, the glare of fire—
All, mingled in confusion dire,
And scarcely knowing which had lost,
In wrath the battlements we crossed.

JAYTOWN CHAMPION

Him? Why that's the feller that won the cup.
He swallows his giggle and coughs it up.

A ROBBER KNIGHT

Forage liberally on the country.

—*William Tecumseh Sherman*

A wise bird is the busy Crow;
 A military bird, I'd have you know.
 He hieth forth at early morn;
 He sees the stupid farmer go,
 Then fills himself with captured corn.
 A shotgun cracks, but Crow is gone.
 Much dainty food he feasted on.
 For merry conversation bent,
 Unto his fellows does he tell
 How wide the deadly missiles went,
 How far apart they vainly fell.
 No angry farmer shooteth well.
 With stolen corn Crow filled his sack.
 Caw! Caw! Caw! he loudly carols back.
 Chattering fast in accents wise
 Of the conservation of supplies,
 And driving hoosiers nigh insane,
 By commandeering their grain,
 Crow is off to fleece an oaten stack.
 Let him get who hath the power.
 Crow philosophy is to devour
 All in sight, when farmer turns his back.
 The grasshopper laughed; he said: "Well, well!
 It really seems that war is hell,
 But world-wide peace will never do—
 What Malthus wrote is coming true.
 We'll have new ways to run a farm,
 And make hillbillies all disarm.
 Crows must live, grasshoppers prey;
 The time has come for our New Day.
 That Congress chap must turn his coat
 Or surely lose the grasshopper vote."

THE WILD SUNFLOWER

O'er all the boundless prairie zones,
 It sways and lifts its golden crown;
 Salutes the Sun, his power owns,
 Till in his pomp the Sun goes down.
 Rude in its beauty, this wild flower
 Charms the plainsman's idle hour;
 Through sterile soil it forces way,
 The sunrays linger on its crest,
 It proudly glows in scorching day—
 'Tis emblem of the boundless West.
 Afar each nameless flower nods—
 Yellow lilies, purple thistles, goldenrods,
 Bestrew the gardens of the gods.

A PIRATE SONG

Yo ho! ahoy! heave ho! for Dead Man's Isle.
Where are the men we gazed upon?
Sheepish men with stupid smile,
That lingered around our way a while?
Where have they gone for many a mile?

"They drained to dregs a bitter cup;
They wilted away—they shrivelled up.
To Dead Man's Isle those men have gone."

Alas for Armageddon's day!
Disaster sweeps upon its way.
Those men are gone? What shall we do?
Who now will pull the country through?

"'Tis prophecy of high command
That preachers and petticoats rule the land;
Pullets and preachers,
And feminine teachers,
And heavenly creatures
Of Gideon's band.
With inspirations true—
O hoop-de-dooden-doo!
They will rule the land—
They will pull the country through."

Skulls and bones lie in a pile—
Let's heave away for Dead Man's Isle.

DEADLY TOLTEC DOPE

[See note in Prose Addenda.]

"What have you there, my comrade true?"
"The finest thing you ever knew.
See how it shines like morning dew.
'Twill make you happy—crazy, too.
Have a taste of Marihuana Brew."

THE MEXICAN PEON

Hot blooded, deadly in his ire,
Hate sets his very veins on fire.
Silent in his tranquil mood;
Kindly, generous and good;
Sympathetic, friendly without fear;
Rude, but courteous as a cavalier.

ASSAULT IN FORCE

We fought that not a slave should be
From Polar snows to tropic sea.

With all the pageantry and pride,
That ever Terror's front defied
Since Satan dared a God to scorn,
We marched up through the shining corn.

Led on by chiefs of iron mould,
One impulse wild our hearts controlled—
One impulse wild, in-wrath condign
To break the foe's unconquered line.

No thoughts of home deterred us then,
No thoughts of love from maids or men,
No fear of pain, no sombre dread
Lest Night its mantle dusk should spread
O'er vanquished lines and slaughters red;
But, like a scourge for vengeance sent,
Lost in our pomp and fierce intent,
And proud to be the hope forlorn,
We marched up through the shining corn.

There was a flash—a blinding light
Streamed down the crest from left to right
Like lightnings flung from folds of night,
And swift a crash of dread import
Rolled up from bastion, trench and fort;
The cannons dark vehement spoke,
Destruction from its sleep awoke,
And canopied amid the smoke,
Its ghastly wings exulting spread.
Sulphurous clouds in volumes dense
Swayed slowly o'er the strife intense,
And leaden hail with vengeful speed
Smote down the ranks that dared to lead.
And while we faced the storm of death,
And struggled on with bated breath,
Resolved to win, and yet dismayed;
Confused, appalled, yet scarcely stayed,
The cruel cheers of taunting foes
From out their shielding works arose.
I could not tell for dust and smoke
Just where our column soonest broke,
But backward hurled in rout complete,
In shameful plight it wildly fled,
And flags ne'er borne in base retreat
Were furled above our gallant dead.
There was no stop, there was no stay;
In massacre had closed the fray,

And frantic haste and mad dismay
Impelled us down the trampled slope
Where late we charged with dauntless hope,
As though a world would fail to cope
With us in all our stern array.

A tiny stream stole down the vale
Where first our storming column massed,
Upon whose breast the lilies pale
Were late in beauty purely glassed,
But we had soiled it as we passed—
Had marred its outlines with our tread—
And here and there a tint of red
Came floating down its troubled tide,
Presaging that some wretch had died
By shrieking missile surely sped.
Along its margin halted all.
Some stopped to breathe, and some to call
For friends they feared to meet no more;
And some because of anguish sore
From wounds they scarcely knew they bore;
And all, because the sheltered spot
Secured them from the plunging shot.
Anon the thunders died away,
The smoke dissolved in genial day;
The victors' hoarse, incessant cheers
In painful clamor reached our ears;
And then the air became so still
You might have heard that tiny rill
Go stealing o'er its sandy bed,
Had not the dying moaned instead.

WRITTEN FOR "JUDITH"

[For some forgotten reason, I excluded these lines from the poem.]

She summoned then Bethulia's mighty ones,
Men of high fame, the nation's chosen sons.
That they should heed the soldiers' clamors loud
She spake in tone of lofty censure proud:
"Not thus," she said, "our fathers did of old.
They faced invasion with a spirit bold;
Before their cities fell to bloody spoil,
They died in combat on their native soil.
Therefore, my lords, a stern example show;
Disdain a thought of Zion's overthrow;
By fierce decision of the sword abide.
Hold fast the walls! Assyria be defied!
For if the city bows to Judah's foe,
The bulwarks of the land are swept aside."

THE WAY IT IS

My rover bold, where'er you go,
You'll meet a friend or face a foe.

A ROVER'S FANCY

O dark and austere and savagely drear,
The wide waters rolled to an ultimate sea,
And the winds that arose from their sullen repose,
Had a myriad voices for me.

When zephyrs that float from the rich glowing West,
Oft thrill us with murmurs and sighs,
And the gales that disturb the face of the deep
Sound the paeans of turbulent skies,

Who doubts that the mind, in sadder refrains,
Interprets the burden so solemnly sung,
And gathers from Nature's gloomier strains
A weightier wisdom than eloquent tongue

E're thundered from altar or forum profound
To listening masses low bending in awe—
A weightier wisdom, that vaults o'er the bound
Encircling Creation's inscrutable Law.

I believe these sounds, though mystic and crude,
Are echoes that from Omnipotence fall,
And the mind when in a sensitive mood
Can ponder and fathom them all.

As I stood on the steep that looked o'er the sea,
And the winds came forth to trouble the night,
A magical lore seemed given to me
To know their weird symphonies right.

SOCORRO

A very bad egg
O'erfilled his beer keg,
And still kept crying for more, O;
So they said he must go
To the city below
Geographers call Socorro.
He disdained to ride on a burro,
And had not a lone cent of *oro*,
So he hit a box car,
And hopped in, by gar!
And straight on he rode to Socorro.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Where, on sunset shores, the Spanish knights
A fortress reared, or where a mission came,
There will you find a clime that man delights—
As fair as Cashmere Vale of classic fame.
Castilian sons had scorn of wintry zones
Where surges dash on icy capes and isles,
And Ocean's wave with smothered sorrow moans.
Their sails were flown where am'rous Nature smiles,
And heaven's blue is bright with torrid star;
Where sensuous airs breathe low with tender wiles—
Where precious ores, rich wines and roses are.
Zones of Hesperus! Balmy lotus vales,
With care swept o'er by velvet ocean gales;
Voluptuous and amaranthine shores
Where never echo of a tempest roars.
Imperial home! Here came they last,
Yet lightly viewed a prize that careless lay.
Those lordly cavaliers went sailing past
With restless hearts, with gloomy minds o'ercast,
In quest of Eldorados far away.

O peaceful times that olden era saw.
The men of holy sign and low command—
Of creed severe—impressed with gentle awe
The simple native children of the land—
Withdrew them from wild haunts in arid hills,
Threw ancient arms of tribal war aside;
With kindly zeal subdued their wayward wills,
Then gave them peaceful arts and civic pride.
The mission shone near by the purple sea,
Rich flowers bloomed and ivy climbed the rocks;
The grain and luscious fruits were fair to see;
The vales were filled with herds, with peaceful flocks.
No ruder peal came o'er the sunny air
Than sacred bells that sweetly called to prayer.
Upon this restless orb of mortal war;
Of mad ambition, selfish toil,
O that one scene had held its happy bar
Against the votaries of golden spoil—
One blessed scene where Peace might still abide,
Though violence marred all the world beside.

DEFEAT OF NARVAEZ

When Fortune flies no deeds avail,
So wage in haste this hopeless fight,
And win a grave this rueful night—
Spain has no use for knights that fail.

LEXINGTON

Remotest empires felt the jar
When myriads thronged Arbela's plain,
And Alexander's rising star
Bade hoary Asian glories wane.
What good befell the human race
From all the slaughters of that field?
Two despots fought for lofty place,
And one was forced to yield.
At Lexington, (what humble fray!)
Eleven men were slain,
But centuries may pass away
Ere full fruition of that day—
Ere final import of that field,
To mortal ken will be revealed.

Since human blood such harvest bears
When spilled in some most noble cause,
How dares a despot scout the laws
Of God and man, for base applause,
And waste it in unholy wars?

A GOOD WORD

Here in a lonely grave a worthy hero lies.
The reckless leader of the boldest enterprise;
Now ruling all, and now to tyranny a dread,
Martial bays and civic chaplets crowned his head.
Alone he perished in the summer of his prime,
To glut a brother's hate, atone a social crime.

SELF CONTROL

The talisman of life success
Is self control!
Whatever makes thy power less,
That bars thy way to envied goal—
Whatever weakness, vice or snare—
O shun, avoid, with anxious care.
Draw thou a line with stubborn will,
To guard thee from disastrous ill,
And hold thy place impassive there.
Preserve thyself at any cost—
Yield but an inch and all is lost.

A CAMPAIGN INCIDENT

Within the bloody trenches lay
The fairest one of Slaughter's prey.
His eyes were fixed with stony stare,
And yet his lips betrayed no pain,
But high resolve was mirrored there,
As though the doubtful field to gain
Were worth the piles of mangled slain
That smoked beneath the torrid air.

To see if life could still remain,
A sergeant, grim with powder stain—
A rude, rough fellow, quick to dare,
Yet kind of heart as women are—
In tenderness knelt by his side,
And lifted back his dabbled hair,
And rent his bloody dress aside,
When lo! a maiden's breast was there.

A startled oath the soldier swore,
Then slowly rose in blank amaze.
Strange, weird things we had seen before,
In ventures wild of stormy days.
Alas! we saw fair cities blaze.
We saw the fierce tornado blend
Its wrath with Man's and Heaven send
Its lightnings down to quiet ours.
Around us were Destruction's powers
In every form and every phase.
In mellow light of summer moons
Louisiana's wide lagoons
Had borne us far to scenes where well
You might have deemed a wizard spell
Had bid the low green shores expand
To vistas of some fairy land.
On Tennessee's rich hills of fruit,
Along the Tallahatchie's tide;
Where amber Yazoo's floods are mute,
Or Etowah—Tuscumbia—glide;
Where Vicksburg towered in her pride,
Disputing for imperial sway,
Much had we seen no future day
Will far excel—much to appall,
To startle, rapture or dismay—
But this strange sight surpassed them all.

The trumpets pealed—there was no time
For lamentations o'er the dead.
The foremost lines began to climb
A wooded height whereon 'twas said
The foe had rallied for a stand.

And so upon that gory crest
 We made a grave where she might rest,
 And laid her down with tender hand.—
 Her woes unknown, unknown her name,
 She sleeps upon her field of fame.
 No storied page her deeds will tell,
 But calm she sleeps and all is well.

KING OF THE AMERICAN IDIOTS

In his own name and by his own proper authority.—W. W.
 The greatest of all our Presidents.—*Jones of New Mexico.*

You can fool some of the people all the time, and part of
 the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people
 all the time.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

There are people in America who think America would
 be better off under the British flag. Sometimes I think
 there is such a man in the White House.—*U. S. Senator*
Norris of Nebraska, 1920.

Faithless to many, but ever to himself most true,
 The world must bid to him contemptuous adieu.

What wonderful lesson will History teach,
 When worn-out shams and reputations bleach?
 What sort of honors will he wear
 When future tomes his blunders tell?
 To lay his hidden motives bare
 In burning words, I scarcely dare.
 "Platitudinarian" suits him well.
 With mulish frown his lip he curled,
 And bade them "break the heart of the world."

* * * * *

Subtle arrogant, of sullen mood,
 His imperial robes reeked red with stain
 Of unavenged American blood.
 Smooth of tongue and yet of shallow brain,
 O'er fawning hordes he held his monstrous reign,
 With bloody Ruin hasting in his train.
 Haiti's crimes and Europe's blunders mar
 The vaunted splendor of this Morning Star.

* * * * *

With honeyed words, mellifluous and sweet,
 He cast our liberties at Europe's feet.
 The pliant tool of foreign powers,
 All lands he served but this great land of ours.
 Columbia wept at hideous waste
 That left both land and flag disgraced.
 Thrifty to excess; of self and power vain,

A Nero's lavishness disturbed his evil reign.
 For startled citizens to fiercely damn,
 Tremendous waste that moved him not
 At times awoke unpleasant thought
 For dainty platitudes to calm.
 Enormous love of regal pomp and praise
 Contrived to ever keep him in the public gaze.
 He posed, he grinned; with brazen face
 He played the Caesar in his transient place.
 Cagliostro skill and artifice complete
 Securely kept him in imperial seat.
 Sly, timid, hesitating, insincere,
 One half his plan was bluff and half was fear.
 With sneers he sought the fame of Washington to dim,
 For British parentage gave British thoughts to him.
 Imperious lord when fronting some poor slave;
 Obsequious, adroit, before a foeman brave.
 His apothegms that fools repeat,
 Drove Wisdom from her ancient seat.
 Foul conjurings with veils like drifted snow,
 "Ideals high" to screen some purpose low!
 Quick in denial, though naught might hidden be,
 How oft he stood in stark deformity.
 Lust of rule in all his acts is traced,
 Time-honored customs he displaced,
 Traditions olden he effaced;
 With sterling worth he ever clashed,
 "All precedents he smashed."
 With photographic fiend in easy reach
 He never missed a chance to make a speech.
 While flunky cringed and traitor smiled,
 He wore imperial robes defiled.
 It made the Bird of Freedom screech
 To hear him preach and preach and preach.
 "The richest President," the scribes declare,
 That ever "by economy and care"
 Rolled out big boodle from the White House lair.
 "How came his wealth?" you ask, "and when?"
 O, question not our mighty men.
 Let brains and books and glowing pen,
 And frugal ways explain it then.
 All former theories be sunk—
 It's written clear in Woodrow's case
 That all that moves the American race
 Is empty bunk—bunk—bunk.
 Hooroosh! O hone! O hone!
 [Written before the great Land Slide.]

PINE HILL

A fleeting vapor is this mortal breath.
 We are soldiers all, marching on to death.

MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA

[From "Sun Worship Shores." See Prose Addenda.]

A vision passes o'er my view.
 'Tis of a sweet, ambitious dame
 In home by Austrian billows blue;
 In palace wide of olden fame.
 O'er pathways fair high fortunes fell.
 Gems, gold, a lord who loved her well,
 A mighty name, a flow'ry land;
 All joys that power may command
 Or gold may buy—this lady had.
 The earth—the very skies were clad
 In joy for her—her life was glad.
 The tempter came—not in the guise
 Full often bids fair women fall.
 Misfortune threw no viewless pall
 O'er secret love's unhappy sighs;
 No sin or shame a blemish cast
 Ere Passion's dizzy dream was past,
 But rash Carlotta—happy, free—
 The empress of this land would be.
 Ambition's curse despoiled her mind.
 With haughty zeal, to dangers blind,
 She clutched at Montezuma's crown.
 Though brief the skies wore scarce a frown,
 Came Quaretaró's gloomy day,
 And reason, empire, passed away.

I see a stately soldier stand
 In face of death, and rifles blaze;
 He falls; his blood pours on the sand.
 Lo! Maximilian's regal days
 Are over in the Aztec land.
 Across the ocean billow dwells
 A maniac—O plaintive sight—
 Who some vague story ceaseless tells,
 Then pauses in mute mental pain,
 And strives to tell it o'er again.
 She cannot tell the tale aright.
 Her mind is but a rayless night.
 No more the queen of old she seems—
 Thus ended poor Carlotta's dreams.

If we who stormed Atlanta's wall
 Had failed in our fierce plan of strife,
 Carlotta's lord had had his life
 Nor ever seen his empire fall.
 Whene'er we smote a victor blow,
 We shook a throne in Mexico.
 If proud Napoleon's legions bold
 Had lingered at their sov'reigns' wills,

A storm of war had southward rolled;
The steel that shone on Georgian hills
Had glittered in the land of gold.
The shadow of so dread a fray
Dissolved the Austrian throne away.
The failure of Napoleon's plan
Brought all the ruin of Sedan.
For dauntless Jaurez twine a bay—
For soldier, patriot and man!
How all a nation's glory—shame—
Concenters in some hero's name.

CORDOVA ON MEXICAN SEAS

Our ship alone is on the deep,
No mortal vestige sweeps in view.
No sound is heard to break the sleep
Of Ocean in most royal hue,
For sunny and soft purple skies
Pour luster on a stranger sea
Where not an isle of Ormuz lies,
Nor balmy gale of Ophir flies,
Nor fair Cipango's hills arise,
But all around is mystery.
The great Atlantis here should be,
Where now unrolls an ocean sweet,
A peaceful wave without a bound.
The clean fresh world that spreads around
Is worthy of Messiah's feet.
Here He might pass o'er purple ways,
And His celestial glory keep;
Ay, pale the Sun's refulgent blaze,
And march His angels o'er the deep.

"FORGET IT"

Too much we mar the mind's repose
By brooding on imaginary woes—
With heavy thought on ills already past.
Away their gloomy memories be cast.
Let fell Oblivion hide each troublous shade—
Its horde of dismal recollections fade.
In life's campaigns disasters will befall,
Each heart has woes, Misfortune chastens all.
Full soon forget a sorrow late endured.
No future peril should the soul appall—
Departed ills are ills already cured.
Forget the old, nor hunt for troubles new,
For worry kills more men than soldiers do.

MESSALINA

"Roaring politicians in petticoats."—*Napoleon*.

Unfortunate dame of an early time,
 I'll weave for you an idle rhyme.
 Though somewhat loose your moral code,
 You made poor choice of your abode.
 In modern era you had been
 A mannish girl of the upper-ten
 Who loved her party and the men—
 A campaign chief of much repute,
 Who'd preach the dope that seemed to suit,
 And gather in the golden fruit;
 A politician and a sport,
 A party boss who'd hold the fort,
 And collar swag by hook or crook
 Whene'er the public tree was shook.
 Your playful pranks we'd overlook,
 For vice in Rome of long ago
 Is sometimes fair in jest, you know—
 And partisan pep in lobbies, O.

STAR OF EMPIRE

A cycle Empire's course has run
 From Orient to set of sun,
 But now the realms of ocean mar
 The power of its guiding star.

O tropic lands, events impend—
 The breaking of a grander day;
 No more the floods of conquest wend
 O'er northern plains their surge-like way;
 The summer zones, with fruits of gold,
 Allure strong races to their fold.
 O'er Darien hills and peaks afar,
 The glow of that resplendent star
 Now falls like Heaven's own decree,
 And mingled millions soon will pour
 Along the calm Pacific shore
 To bid colossal empires be.

COMMANDS TO ME

With patience of a god,
 And resolution of a fiend,
 Persevere! With utmost force,
 Win or lose, do thy part.

POLITE WARFARE

Down by Atlanta on a battle day,
Two private soldiers met upon the way.
One wore a suit of blue and one of gray.

"It's hot," said Mr. Blue. "Quite pleasant, though,
For sleeping out of doors, all in a row,
Prepared to meet the gentlemanly foe."
"But rather warm," replied the one in gray,
"For sprawling in the sun from day to day,
To dodge the shells that fall around your way,
And other admonitions of the tomb.
Our duty is to fight, sir, I presume."

"I suppose it is," said Mr. Blue.
"Are you prepared, just now, to be shot through?"

"O, yes, quite ready, sir," said Mr. Gray.
"With your permission I will blaze away."

Thereon, in haste, they had a fusilade,
And wandered off to bleed some in the shade.
The southern youth this observation made:

"Ah! Mr. Blue, allow me to inquire
Your disturbance from my necessary fire?"

"Your bullet, sir, went through my diaphragm,
And gave my spinal column quite a jam,"
The soldier dressed in blue politely said:
"What has become of my small piece of lead?"

"It spoiled my rebel uniform, and then
Fell down into my lower abdomen."

"If that's the case," the northern soldier said,
"I think by ev'ning, sir, that you'll be dead.
To partly mitigate your passing pain,
I'll say your ball was not discharged in vain,
For I shall soon be numbered with the slain."

Then each expressed a most sincere regret
That he the other man had ever met.
One wished his powder had been wet,
The other that his ball had glanced aside,
And then, with much sincere regret—they died.

A HOPELESS CASE

A reprobate, on a rude couch lying,
Was near his end, and slowly dying.
The priest arrived, and in much haste
Prepared to get all sins erased.
"Your enemies forgive," the good man said.
"I can't! I can't!" came answer from the bed.
"O, but you must—your love to every one.
Quick! get that noble duty done."
The culprit turned toward the wall,
And moaned: "Father, I can't. I killed them all."

THE SIRENS

An easy smile and oily tongue
Will win their hearts when you are young,
But when you wax infirm and old,
In vain your sweet song will be sung
Unless you have the ready gold.
No gentle heart will e'er be won
Unless your bank account, my son,
Is heavy with these coins of gold.
The gold, my son—the ready gold.

UNDER A TREE

Let other men do as they please—
I'll sprawl out here at idle ease.
While busy people toil for bread,
Or gold, I chose to loaf instead.
What will be done when I am dead,
And in my little coffin curled?
As bad as now, or worse instead.
A weary world will still be whirled.
Uneasy fellow men will fume;
Will ponder much in mental gloom;
Toil, tug, their petty lives consume
In getting ready for the tomb,
And then they'll die—to make more room
In this exaggerated world.
So idleness is often wise;
And not to think at all, good sense.
A Caesar like a vassal dies,
We soon forget both sad events.
Enjoy each moment as it flies,
And worry in the future tense.

COLUMBIA RIVER

Once I was a free lance—
I roved where light romance might be,
From Golden Gate to sunny France,
From Lake Itasca to the sea;
From California's balmy shore
To where the floods of lava pour
Down Momotombo's hoary side;
I've sailed o'er seas and oceans wide,
Seen castles old and ruins wild,
The royal homes of sovrans dead;
Green, boundless prairies undefiled
By tyrant Man's destructive tread.
On peerless views mine eyes have dwelt,
But none have seemed so fair to me
As where the cliffs of granite belt
Columbia's pathway to the sea.

A BLEST RELIEF

These hapless mortals, worried to death;
Drudging, stinting, tugging along from day to day;
Clinging to life to the latest breath;
Trying to keep grim Death away,
That brings relief to mortal clay—
These highly afflicted, miserable things,
Really think that life is worth it.
Each to his torture patiently clings,
Seeking in vain to perpetuate it.
Compassionate Death will end it all.
With readiness answer his happy call.

ANOTHER "DRIVE"

[1919.]

"Dig up! Dig up! That's what we said.
The country must be bled.
Are all God's people dead?
The Jugo-Slavias must be fed,
The Ciscowiskoes weep for bread.
Our cash is gone, our money fled.
We haven't got a bloody red.
Armenia's under Famine's tread.
Dig up! Dig up! That's what we said."

Hand this advice to Russ or Turk—
Quit your fighting and go to work.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

A tender parent who discovers that a son
Is writing rhyme, and has poetical attacks,
Should take him to the barn, before the day is done,
And lay him on a beam, and slay him with an ax.
This advice is based on melancholy facts.

"YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH IF YOU DO
HARD WORK"

A young man stood by the ocean shore,
And a rueful cast his visage wore.

"I do not work and I have no coin,"
In a tone of grief at length he said:
"I will not earn my daily bread.
I think the great caravan I'll join.
It seems quite strange that a man like me
Must drown himself in the salty sea;
Something is wrong in the world, I think,
When a man must work to eat or drink;
When every pleasure he must miss
And a fine young man must come to this.
But friends, farewell! I'll die before
I'll ever toil for gold galore.
'If you do hard work you'll never get rich,'
My good old father once said to me.
Now I've come to the very last ditch.
I'm going to plunge in the salty sea."

He off with his coat and hung it on
The outward prong of a withered limb.
"Vain world adieu, for I'll soon be gone,"
A playful zephyr sighed to him.

He flung his hat as far as he could,
His boots displaced, and then his vest.
"I feel in a sort of plaintive mood;
In fact, I'm really quite distressed,"
He said—and sat on the sand to rest.

Quite near at hand was a massive rock
Which long had borne the ocean shock.
While viewing it with a mournful eye,
At its base he saw a cavern dark.
He cried—"I'll crawl in there, by Jove! to die,
For I'm much afraid some whale or shark
My tender loins for a meal might try.

If the cave contains enough of room,
It'll make a first-class gentleman's tomb."

He went forthwith to explore the hole.
He crawled clear in—'twas dark as pitch.
Said he: "This don't look like, upon my soul,
If you never work that you'll get rich."

While clawing around for a spot of soil
On which to shuffle his mortal coil,
He discovered a box of substance cold,
And it proved to be cram full of gold.
A pirate there his booty had stored,
And the nice young man secured the hoard.
'Twas an iron box like a big bee hive,
And a motto bore: "By work we thrive."

When the young man dragged the old chest out,
Its golden treasures made him shout.
He lives, to-day, in a mansion fine;
He dines and wines like a lordly Turk,
His coat-of-arms has the following line—
"You'll never get rich if you do hard work."

MONTENZUMA

So Montezuma met his doom.
Though bold his race, how vain were slaves
Of tawny form with weapons poor,
To famous knights in manhood's bloom,
Fresh from destruction of the Moor?
With armor—swords—of Paynim steel—
The paladins of days of yore—
Proud chivalry of old Castile;
With cannons loud as awful storm
In heavens high, lit round with flame;
With lighter dreadful arms the same;
With war steeds fearless of all harm;
Accoutrements, regalia—grand;
High discipline—of cruel hand.
They were death-angels of the Sun,
To chasten for some folly done;
To write the land a bloody page—
To smite with fierce, relentless rods,
For impious act of former age.
'Twas vain to war them—scornful gods
Heard not laments on every hand.
Mexitli vanished from his land.

THE COMMON LOT

I contemplate a stormy past
As idlers view some hoary urn
Wherein loved ashes once were cast—
With cold or haughty unconcern.
What more, alas! have I to learn?
Much bitter lore is now revealed.
Is selfishness Man's only shield?
A dread reply the years return.
Some ill severe each heart must bear,
Some woe disturbs each mortal breast.
Ah! none have builded hall so fair
But Sorrow came to be a guest.
With courage breast Life's ocean tide,
Nor voice in vain a sad lament.
A sea of tears moves not aside
One touch of pain, one lone event.

"GROUND—ARMS!"

[Atlanta, July 22, 1864.]

Romanceful dreams of glory sleep,
Adieu each martial burst of scorn.
Trail banners proud we swore to keep,
Throw down the arms with valor borne;
Let none in haughty madness weep,
No man o'er deep dishonor mourn.
The die is cast! In silence wait
While foes exult o'er trophies won.
Like soldiers face the captive's fate,
Our deeds of war, alas! are done.
While comrades for the onset close,
And Union arms defiance roar,
We'll bear the hate of bitter foes,
And strive on battle fields no more.

"GO DOWN IN HISTORY"

[1920.]

Our merchant marine is in eclipse
With 1300 rotten ships.
While the Idiots struggle on,
Another four billion bucks are gone.
Let this mystery
"Go down in history."

DEATH OF GENERAL McPHERSON

Happy are they who die in their youth, when their renown
is around them.—*Ossian*.

When cannon round Atlanta roared,
The soldiers viewed, with silent grief,
McPherson slain. A gentler chief
Ne'er bravely wore unsullied sword.
He fell in manhood's utmost bloom,
And even foes deplored his doom.
Also there was a lady pale
Concealed a blow of mortal pain.
Within a far Ohio vale
She saw the weary seasons wane,
Nor had consoling of their gloom,
Since joys of life, all pleasures gay,
Youth's brilliant hopes, forever lay
Within our gentle hero's tomb.
When war prevails, Man's haughty part
Is where proud Glory leads her host.
War's dart is hurled at Woman's heart.
Though famous fields be won or lost,
In dread she waits—to wail in vain
O'er husband, son or lover slain.

MESIANICO AMERIKANISKI

"Walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly.

Who sowed destructive tares
For trustful friend or puzzled foe?
Who peddled strange political wares
From torrid sea to Russian snow?
Who supped with kings, and scowled at folks below?
Who muddled up all human affairs
From Turkish climes to Mexico?
Tangling, twisting, meddling Woodrow Mesianico.

SECESSION ORDINANCE OF MANILA

What Dewey did in Manila Bay
Was a wicked thing that's passed away.
It don't accord with our New Day.
High-minded folks have a better plan.
They'll give these isles, with much elan,
To good King George's friend, Japan.
Columbia now this coast resigns.
Down with the flag in the Philippines!

OLONOIS THE BUCCANEER

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]

Here Olonois' wild fame is heard,
Whose fierce career wanes to a word.
He sleeps in peace beside the wave
Whereon once rode his fleets of war,
And murmuring above his grave
Are winds that bore his ships afar.
His ocean isle and last retreat
Is wandered o'er by stranger feet.
No guns o'ersweep a foamy bay
Where once his fleet of cruisers lay;
No arm'd clans obey his call,
Nor spoils of war bestrew the earth.
On yonder beach no wild notes fall
Of battle or of lawless mirth.
The bivouac, the tents, are gone;
The sheen of steel, the lowly slave,
The fallen form of captive brave,
The chief who led wild outlaws on.
O'er many a fated Spanish town
His gloomy corsair banners waved.
He tore St. Jago's colors down—
He plundered, slaughtered and enslaved.
Fast fell the heavy cannon peal,
The pistol shot and ring of steel.
Walls crumbled from explosive shell,
And flames leapt forth where missiles fell.
The soldier's cry, the virgin's prayer,
Were borne in vain on sultry air.
Down every coast he held his way
Till millions fell his lawless prey.
All scenes of old for aye are gone;
Adventures cease at Empire's dawn.
In soil remote or ocean wave
Have disappeared his pirates brave.
He lives alone in old romance,
Or ballads of provencal France.
As vision fair the eye sweeps in
It is as though he ne'er had been.

Well may the cynic in his mood,
Scoff o'er each hero's hardihood—
Ay, moralize, in lofty gloom,
Above the great Pizarro's tomb,
Who passed his days in martial toil,
To gather gold from human pain;
He drew a cruel sword to spoil—
To mar, to desolate, to stain.
Sun-worship shores he gave to tears,
He reared a throne on human woe;

The full fruition of his years—
 The substance of his gaudy show—
 Is garnered in a silent cell.
 His name is but a breath of air.
 Upon a land wide ruin fell,
 In arms he died, his dust is there.
 On shores we view Fame's echoes tell,
 In empire's chase, (by Albion's guile),
 The filibuster Walker fell—
 Whose arms prevailed for one brief while.
 In palace hall or Isthmian glen,
 O'er passions of ambitious men
 Does Glory weave a subtle spell,
 And yet her voice is but a knell,
 A siren sound, illusive breath,
 That rises from Oblivion's grave
 To fire the souls of thoughtless brave,
 And crown their fearless toils with death.

HIGHLANDS OF THE HUDSON

Primeval groves adorn each lofty height
 Where Wealth enthrones in fair and stately seats,
 And millionaires, intrenched in golden might,
 Rest idly in magnificent retreats.
 Yon flood enshrines bold Hudson's name,
 Who sailed o'er stranger seas through perils wild;
 These heights recall a fallen hero's shame—
 A manly soldier's bright renown defiled.
 'Twas here unhappy Arnold sold
 His martial honor for Britannia's gold.
 The fame he bravely won at bloody cost—
 By dauntless feats of arms—in shame he lost.
 Revere the valor of his better time,
 Lament his fall, and curse his traitor crime.

THE LANDSLIDE

[November 2, 1920.]

A solemn Referendum—
 Then the League of Blood
 Dropped from the zenith
 With a dull, heavy thud.
 The Egotist? The Autocrat?
 O where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With speeches filled the fishy sea.

ANDERSONVILLE

[I was a prisoner in Andersonville during the period of the greatest mortality there. In a debate in the United States Senate, some years after the Civil War, this poem of mine was quoted entire by Hon. James G. Blaine.]

They were men no more!
Brutalized by Hunger's gnawing fangs,
They swarmed on the foul earth like vermin,
Or sunk upon their slimy beds and died;
And rotten where they fell—corruption bred
A pestilence, and to escape it,
Some burrowed in the earth like beasts,
And by the treacherous sands were buried.
Diseases of all strangest forms prevailed,
Nor art nor surgery was there to bar
Their gorgon growth; all subtle taints that lurk
Within the richest and the purest blood,
Were fanned to intense and vengeful being,
And devoured the lean and livid flesh.
The seeds of awful scrofulas were nursed
To virulent life; gangrene, cancer, all plagues
That rankly fester in decaying flesh,
Raged unchecked; whole limbs became discolored,
And swollen to the point of bursting;
Teeth dropped out, and eyes from their sockets ran;
Through cheeks and throats great ulcers eat their way,
And as the stricken ones unheeded moaned,
Panting beneath a most merciless sun,
The vile worms crawled up from the teeming ground,
And fed on them, not waiting for death.

Clear and shrill within the echoing wood
Pealed the hunter's horn, and the bloodhound's bay
Reached the far fugitive's ear ominous,
Terrible, paling his haggard check.
Wreathing with deadly pallor his sad lips
Freezing the coursing blood within his veins.
Fiercely upon his trail the hellish dogs
Unerring sped, shrieking for their human prey.
Lo! when he fainting fell, with dripping jaws
They tore God's image from his parted bones.

All were malevolent and pitiless—
Their hearts were changed to stone and in their breasts
Human feelings were quite extinguished.
They gloated on each other's misery;
And when the delirious spake of home,
They laughed horribly, and jested of the grave,
And with oaths and sarcastic mockery
Tortured and taunted the dying, as though
Death were the mere incident of an hour.

Arch fiends from deepest regions of the damned,
Exultant might have stood amid it all—
Ay, deemed themselves in Hades' drearest shades.

THE GEISHA GIRLS

A gray-haired sailor told me once
That he had seen all foreign lands
From where the sun straight o'er you stands
To where it hides itself for months.

"Me by," he said, "take me advice;
Go make yer home in fair Japan.
Ye'll see no snow or bloody ice,
But, dem me eyes, the gels are nice—
Ay, fine enough for any man.
Ye'll buy 'em there at any price,
They'll fatten on a bowl o' rice,
An' treat the darlin's well, ye know—
Ye'll have their hearts jist in a trice.
Ah! with a dozen maids or so
'Tis heaven by the Inland Sea.
'Tis sound advice ye'll get of me."

ONLY A DREAM

Here now we rest, O love, at last
Within this home our hands have reared;
Adieu to bleak Misfortune's blast,
And ev'ry ill our hearts have feared;
Within this home by toil endeared—
This home we longed for, won at last—
Shall we not joy we persevered?
Though low its roof, its site obscure,
For grander things we do not pine.
While its rude fabric shall endure,
Love's angels keep its altar pure
As they would keep some mighty shrine,
And guard thy steps from ev'ry lure,
As thou, O love, must watch o'er mine.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG

His goal is lost whose heart in combat quails.
Awake! The world abhors a man who fails.

OVERLAND BY RAIL

[1874.]

Through a desert to a throne,
Rode Mazeppa on his steed.
We fly on with wilder speed
O'er weary deserts, bleak and lone;
Through everlasting hills of stone
That lure the nervous hand of greed;
Through wondrous climes of every zone,
With rills that far off fountains feed,
Whose restless, crystal waters leap
Through awful canyons, dread and deep,
Where cloud-bursts gather, dark and dun;
Where weird, appalling shadows creep,
And strange, resounding echoes sleep
Till downward falls the desert sun.
We dash on where, one by one,
Vast ridges rise to meet the skies,
And mock at tasks by mortals done;
Their soaring peaks confront the breeze,
And wave their plumes of mighty trees
In twilight gray, as if to say:
"What are the Pyramids to these?"
Wide valleys spread in sunset red
With hidden promise of their soil;
They welcome hands of patient toil,
And proffer gifts of grander spoil
Than filled the Spanish argosies.
Hemmed in by mountains blue and tall,
Broad lakes expand from land to land,
Where shining shafts of sunbeams fall;
Rich fleets will ride their foamy tide
In golden eras yet to come,
And Grandeur bid her barges float,
And Pleasure sound her joyous note
Where now the limpid floods are dumb.

ARULLA

The fellow's dead—it's just as well.
They've planted him in yonder dell.
A crown on high he failed to earn.
His future lot they fain would learn.
They wonder if he's gone to Hell
To roast and toast and always burn.
One fact the books of Nature tell.
He's found a place of long sojourn—
Gone to the Land Of No Return.



WALKER THE FILIBUSTER

President of the Republic of Sonora, Mexico; General of the American filibusters in Nicaragua; General of the Army of Nicaragua; President of Nicaragua. This picture is a reproduction of a daguerreotype taken at Mobile, Alabama, just before he sailed on his fatal expedition to Honduras. He was executed on the 25th of September, 1860.

Walker invaded Honduras with an insufficient force; a shipwreck deprived him of reinforcements; his native allies feared to act. He then retreated along the ocean shore from Truxillo. A British war vessel pursued, overtook him, and landed marines. He surrendered on condition that he and his men should be taken to New Orleans. Concerning himself the agreement was violated. He was handed over to the authorities of Honduras, and his execution followed almost immediately. He met his fate before a firing party.

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
MUSEUM

THE FILIBUSTER'S MEMORY

We wandered by the golden wheat
That waved beneath a summer wind—
In thoughtful reveries repined.
Her pure lips blushed emotions sweet,
Or breathed in balmy whispers kind.
From auburn hair to dainty feet,
Her sylph-like beauty was complete—
Fair casket of a gentle mind.
In splendor shone her hazel eyes,
That glowed with love not over wise,
Revealing thoughts she did not speak.
Too well I saw what noble prize
Was gen'rous gift of Fortune wise;
The rose's bloom was on her cheek.
How fair she seemed that summer's day.
We saw the white clouds float away
Like snowy islands drifting through
An austral sea of tender blue.
Their outlines o'er us threw a shade;
Unscared the birds above us flew,
The drowsy winds around us played.
She spoke of love, of happy years—
I gazed afar with gloomy frown,
Then swift I gloried in renown.
She smiled amid a mist of tears.
"When you have won your lofty goal,"
She sweetly craved, "come back to me."
I coldly said—"It cannot be,"
And in her eyes I saw her soul.
The years have passed—as yet obscure
I follow Glory's fatal star.
Her loveliness has grown mature,
Yet waits she like a vestal pure
Where wide her golden wheat fields are.

OUR BROTHER MAN

Poor himself, he counts his sorrows o'er;
For sympathy makes low demand,
And, grateful to some friendly hand,
Receives his food at any door.
But let him rise on Fortune's tide,
How soon he vaunts with empty pride,
And, all forgot his sorrows o'er,
He rudely deals with fellows poor.
Old son, you need the whip of Scorn.
You were not to the manor born.

GARFIELD

Honor, usefulness, his country's weal—
 These were his noble aims, and if he fell
 When lofty purposes were but conceived,
 Columbia hailed his manly motive true,
 And cast her chaplets on his martyr grave.
 Ohio's woodlands sent him forth—
 In toil, in penury, he gathered lore;
 Our fields of war were honored by his tread,
 His eloquence in stately forums rang,
 The world took notice when he bleeding fell.
 He sleeps in peace, the turf above him dewed
 By tears a sorrowing nation sheds.
 Life is not much at most, but all it holds
 Is in the striving for substantial good,
 With after sense of duty well performed.
 Who utters Garfield's name must follow him,
 And blest is he whose purpose is well wrought,
 When falls the stern command to quit the field.

THE POOR MAN'S COMFORT GONE

[See Prose Addenda.]

His comfort through uncounted years
 Of troubles, trials, toils and tears—
 That braced him up and lured him on—
 His only comfort now is gone.
 He knew that when he came to die,
 He'd have a mansion in the sky,
 Whereas, since foolish Father Adam fell,
 Most other folks have gone to Hell.
 This pleasant thought of days of yore
 The people now accept no more.
 The gruesome tale of lakes of fire
 That did old Dante's muse inspire,
 Is out of date and gone to pot,
 For modern folks believe it not.
 Newspaper, preacher, infidel,
 Have wiped the poor man's joy away.
 There are no devils, demons, imps estray,
 And now, alas! there is no Hell.

RODEO

Many a horse (equine disaster!)
 Has better sense than his brutal master.

SAN FRANCISCO LINES

Affairs with me have gone quite wrong,
 My only notes are notes of song.
 Upon the whole Pacific Slope
 My only bank account is hope.
 Like Cassio—unhappy wight—
 I ascertain, much to my cost,
 And not at all to my delight,
 My reputation has been lost.
 It floated off as I went down,
 It left me shipwrecked on the town.
 The sympathy I now command
 I easily can understand,
 But 'tis not fitted to allay
 The headache on repentance day.
 "Go hang yourself—jump in the Bay,"
 Is pretty much what people say,
 Or thus they talk: "You've had your chance.
 Your tumble's come; for those who dance
 The music bill anon must pay."
 Job had friends as kind as they.
 Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I think.
 Sometimes I take a quiet drink
 Upon the principle—that's right—
 The canine's hair will cure the bite.
 I'm blanked and dashed if I can tell
 What to go at, what next to do.
 The Poor House looms in easy view.
 I wish gin-mills were all in Hell,
 Distilleries, and all who sell
 The "juice of snake" and "mountain dew."

I'm standing on Destruction's brink;
 The dizzy prospect makes me shrink.
 O what's the use to whine and blink,
 And brood this way, or try to think?
 Let's go and have another drink,
 And be contented, calm and bold.
 Some day we'll have a ton of gold,
 Drink what we please, have royal times,
 And spend our dollars and our dimes
 Just as we please, nor care a clam,
 So people pay to read our rhymes,
 How often we go on a "jam."
 The step is wise, upon my soul—
 Here goes to have another bowl.

 IN MILLEN STOCKADE

If Courage, Fortitude, our steps attend,
 There thrives no woe that will not end.

THE SCIENTIFIC MINER MAN

O, I delight
In rhodonite
And malachite—
In turmaline;
In bonanza blocks
Of metalliferous rocks;
In alabaster pale
And argillaceous shale,
And argentiferous galena.
O have you ever seen a
Sternbergite?
You have, I ween,
And sporadic crystals of augite,
Lencite, andecite and porphyrite,
Zinc-blende, magnesium,
Copper-glance and sodium,
Lava billows miocene,
Nephelené and scheelite
And microcrystalline,
Chrisolite and onyx
And other kinds of chronics—
The curious things we glean
From the subterranean scene
Of the geological entrails of Nevada.

Ever touch, at times between,
Such tender booze as gasoline,
Pisco, pulque, valley-tan or kerosene?
To some extent, I ween,
To aid the masculine machine,
Far down in the subterranean scene
Of the geological entrails of Nevada,
With gold, they tell,
Thicker than fiddlers in Hell.

With everything in soak,
Ever go broke?
Without a cent to drink on,
To eat or smoke or think on?
It's mean—yes, it's mean—
To be without the long green,
The sheckels, pistoles, doubloons,
And all that.
Any fellow bellows "No!"
Is talking through his hat.
The bard of Avon says
Put money in thy purse.
Without it, life's a curse,
Or something worse.
A coin in need's

A coin indeed.
It brings the friends, the feed.
In any crowd you take the lead.
Therefore
Get ore,
The quartz, the dust—
The metal people trust—
In veins of red or green,
Blue, black, gray or submarine;
Anything that's worth a bean,
Of the interminable things we glean
From the risky subterranean scene
Of the geological entrails of Nevada.

O fair to the sight
Is stromerite
And hematite
And recementations.
Ne'er show disdain
Of gentle gain
From a true fissure vein,
Or have remorse
To ascertain
You have to glide
Or take a ride
On a porphyry horse.
O what a shock
To find you've struck bed rock!
To make a bore
That's empty of auriferous ore!
I think
That life is vain
Without the chink,
The rhino, spelter, dust,
The yellow boys, the rocks,
The kind of stuff that talks
Among the upper crust.
He plays a loss
Who says that gold is only dross;
That coin is trash.
He's talking brash,
For when a man is out of cash,
It's root, porcine, or go to smash,
In argentiferous Nevada.

ALEXANDER

He wept for other worlds—so the legend ran.
This world has ne'er been conquered by one man,
And conquer it no mortal ever can.

THE HUMAN HOG

It is no propaganda move
 To say the pig-stye hog has qualities
 Of which we really must approve.
 A few good points he has are these:
 He dines in public or in solitude,
 And if he eats with motions rude
 He knows his case is understood.
 He ne'er complains about his food,
 But scoffs the rough stuff with the good.
 He often takes a bath—in mud—
 To cool his over-heated blood.
 He's sociable, obedient and true,
 And has his virtues not a few.
 In various ways we find that he will do.

The Human Hog—he makes us brawl.
 From San Francisco to St. Paul
 The people hate him—one and all.
 The mangy beast, the low jackal,
 He has no worthy traits at all.

WASTED EFFORTS

Life is all too brief for joy.
 It is too brief for hate.
 He wastes it who consumes his fleeting years
 In petty broils, in feuds and enmities,
 That all must vanish with his dying breath.

UNDECORATED

The Cross of War he failed to win,
 No Legion of Honor is on his breast.
 He only marched in hellish din,
 And did his bit just like the rest.
 At any place he might have died.
 No sudden deed 'mid smoke and flame
 Filled all Europe with his fame.
 He hurried on with headlong stride,
 But lucky chances passed aside.
 'Twas horror grim where'er he went,
 Yet still he fought with stern intent.
 His fellows won—he with the rest.
 Although no badge is on his breast
 We hail him hero, soldier, knight—
 True champion in Freedom's fight.

THE DREAMS OF THE STARVING

[Andersonville. See Prose Addenda.]

Fitful sleep was boon of deep exhaustion,
And, like a trance brought on by subtle drugs,
Teemed with strange, voluptuous fancies.
No more a famished wretch the dreamer seemed,
No more the bitter taunts of heartless foes
Set baffled hatred rankling in his soul
Hopeless of day when vengeance might be won;
But, like an oriental king, he trod
The halls of gorgeous palaces—spacious,
Fantastic and unreal, yet wherein
Were banquets spread of such luxurious state
The gods from high Olympus might have come
To gorge like heedless wantons.
Anon he lolled on beds of dying flowers,
Whose odors through his drunken senses stole
Like soothing and sensuous narcotics,
And music swelled and waned upon the air,
And around him thronged more beauteous nymphs
Than e'er were bred on famed Circassia's hills,
Laden with luscious fruits from many lands.
But when at length in indolence he smiled,
And reached his languid hand to pluck and eat,
The vision vanished. He woke to rave
With growing madness—to beat his breast,
Or from his crown to rend the matted hair,
Or, like a demon, to yell till vales
And silent, solemn woods gave back reply.

RUINS OF COPAN

What empire here was swept from earth?
What seat of Power—Art sublime?
These withered stones are gray with time,
And no man knows, no annals tell,
What awful fate here once befell.
Too much we sound our age's worth—
Not now the arts are having birth.
Civilization oft hath fled from Earth.

HIS NEXT ACHIEVEMENT

This busy fellow, Man, has just begun
To find his greatest task is still undone—
To get his heat and light from yonder Sun
Ere oil and coal and gas are gone.
A mighty theme for thoughts to center on.

AN OLD TIMER

There was an old man—and so forth;
 Long time he had his habitation here,
 But seldom was his mood to go forth
 In quest of joy or social cheer.
 He lived alone with mien austere,
 And pondered long, with empty stare,
 To balance heavy thoughts with care.
 He sighed at times, with look severe,
 Like to a fellow in despair.

“Sit down, old pard—I’m not inclined to quiz.
 I cannot tell you where he is.
 I’m not apprised to that extent.
 Upon a journey long he went—
 Upon an expedition stern,
 Not expecting to return.
 I knew him well. He’s gone away,
 But where he went I cannot say.
 If plainer word must now be said,
 Your friend’s non est—in fact, he’s dead.

THE STRANGER

O, be busy!
 Who is he?
 What is he?
 Which is he?
 When is he?
 Where is he?
 How is he?
 Is he? Is he? Is he?
 They all got busy.

BIAS OF PRIENE

Wise men are few; bad men and fools innumerable, especially fools. Most men are honest, if closely watched.—*Bias the Cynic.*

Men’s many faults the mind distress;
 One virtue, anyhow, they all possess.
 When some to sins and follies go,
 They keep their records white as snow,
 And some have reputations blotched,
 But still it’s comfort, boys, to know
 That most are honest when they’re closely watched.

A DISCONTENTED MINER

"Man getteth himself riches, and knoweth not
who shall gather them."

"That's quite a mine," I said. "O, yes, me son,"
The knight of pick and shovel made reply,
"But what's the use of us in diggin' ore?
We're only workin' fer some furrin Jewk.
It's reel discouragin'—I swear it is.
There's heaps o' ore comes out o' that 'ere mine.
We git our pay all right—Slumgullion pays,
An' thinks he's diggin' ore to use hisself—
But then he ain't. When all the ore is out,
Some sneakin' Jewk without a cursêd cent,
As poor as any tramp ye ever see,
Will carom on Slumgullion's pile,
An' pack it off to Yurrupean lands,
An' spend it all upon his beastly self.
Ye see, Slumgullion's got a bouncin' gal,
An' pooty soon, she'll have to have a man,
An'—in course—she'll have to have a Jewk.
She'll give her body, brains, and daddy's coin
To some boozy, worthless, homeless refugee
Who's got a furrin title to his name.
That's got to be the style out here, me son.
They call the rich folks parvenews, I hear.
Well, all our parvenews, to be in style,
Must hitch to Yurrupean pauper Jewks.
The wimmin yowl around about their rights,
An' want to vote an' put on pantaloons.
Why don't they teach the pullets, then, some sense
An' keep these furrin Jewks from packin' off our coin?
'Taint no use to dig up ore, unless the gals
Is kept away from all these pauper Jewks.
Every Jill must have her Jack,
An' every parvenew her pauper Jewk."

NEAR THE SHOALS

A mellow fruit upon a tempting tree,
Full ripened for a lawless hand;
A stately bark on a placid sea,
Drifting on the rocks and sand;
A chafing steed on the desert free,
Neighing its rider with loud command.
A blown, unrivalled rose to be
Wasting on the breezes bland!
A diamond on a barren waste,
Luring the beams of a tell-tale sun!
A nectar cup for the gods to taste!
A human soul to be undone.

A CONFEDERATE INFERNO

[See Prose Addenda.]

I dreamed that I was free—I fled
Through forests wild, o'er leaves and verdure dead;
Through jungles dense, o'er many a stony mound;
O'er fallen trees and all that might impede
A reckless and impassioned speed.
And far away I heard the sound
Of bugle horns, the bay of hound,
And hoof notes of a cavalcade
That thundered through the midnight shade.
Cries I heard, yells, shots, bullets near.
Still on I rushed with hope and fear,
At last to brave the swollen breast
Of river wide; its tides I pressed,
And strove with floods, with currents strong,
That whirled me swift and far along.
I gained a shadowy further shore.
New perils came in woodlands hoar—
Attack of beasts that barred my way
Where formless, threatn'ing things uncanny lay;
Where loathsome serpents coiled, awaiting prey.
I bore with famine, danger, tempest, rain,
Toil, exhaustion, hopelessness and pain
Till woods and wastes and foes were gone.
With fierce intent I hurried on—
In frenzy fled. From solitary height
There burst upon my dazzled sight
A city gorgeous on a plain below.
It shimmered in the sunshine's glow,
And o'er each pinnacle and crest,
Defiant and in proud unrest,
Our Nation's banner waved, saluting me.
I leaped with joy. Lo! safe I was and free,
Serenest of all sons of men.
And then I woke—in dread captivity again.

Rejoice, O men who wander free
On prairie plain or desert flood,
In wilderness of boundless wood,
On billows of the stormy sea.
How chafes the spirit to despair
To see the birds careen in air,
Delirious with unbounded flight.
Sad Fancy plies her task too well.
The very fire-flies of the night
Float swift and far on airy plane,
While here must we in tameness dwell
In solemn scenes of misery and pain
That well might glad a demon's brain.
Yet hosts advance in fierce array

To break these gloomy walls away.
 Conflagration then! Flames arise
 To smoky dome of southern skies!
 And Vengeance give its wild command
 Across a burning and a wasted land.

AT THE ALTAR

Though scarcely false and yet not true,
 May never woe confound thee;
 Content upon thy footsteps wait,
 And every joy surround thee;
 Sincerest friends be ever near,
 Their tender lips caress thee,
 And every weal that mortals know
 Be ever nigh to bless thee;
 As noble thoughts and gracious aims
 In worthy deeds employ thee,
 May never sad or secret fear
 With somber shade annoy thee.
 May Wealth strew on thy pathway fair
 Its pleasures without number,
 And restless thoughts of other days
 In ceaseless quiet slumber.
 O, Peace weave round thy happy home
 A cordon for thy blessing,
 And kindly words and gentle smiles,
 Of truest love confessing,
 Be ever thine to make of life
 A journey strewn with roses,
 Nor ever Sorrow teach thee where
 A single grief reposes.

THE THINGS WE DIDN'T DO

What noble deeds they were—how generous and true!
 'Tis joy to sit at grim Gehenna's brink
 And ponder long, and sweetly think
 Of blessed deeds we had the heart to do.

* * * * *

Alas! we meditate with visage meek,
 Or sigh in vain, or in confusion seek
 Some vile excuse to cool a burning cheek.
 Old age brings many things to rue.
 The worst are these—the deeds we didn't do.
 Then act in time—'twill much avail
 To keep Nemesis off your trail.

DAN RICE

"Though countless plaudits fall to me,
And bring me coin and great renown,"
Observed Dan Rice, the famous circus clown,
"The funniest things appear to be
Smart-elicks from a country town."

"KING OF TERRORS"

Death's a friend—he's not a foe.
He reaches out his kindly hand
To worn-out wreck of Sorrow's band,
And lifts him from a world of woe.

ALMAGRO'S MARCH ON CHILE

Conquistadors and famous leaders bold,
Far south of us, along an ocean shore,
There is an empire with its wealth untold.
Peru no more affords exhaustless gold.
Invade this new land, its treasures to explore.
The tales are marvelous of scenes that wait.
In cities vast unheard of splendors reign.
A thousand lords reside in royal state
Who fear the swords and chivalry of Spain.
Huge palace walls have domes of native gold;
Red, lustrous gems their heathen altars hold.
Such are the wondrous tales by rumor told.
These fanes alone such massive spoil contain,
They'll dwarf the Inca's wealth an hundred fold.
In vales voluptuous fair women dwell—
A pen inspired would paint their charms in vain—
More beautiful than those the Moslems tell
Do comfort souls on Aidenn's joyous plain.
They deem you scions of celestial Bel—
Their dark eyes glow with love's delicious pain.
All scenes invite with flow'ry, happy slopes;
With foamy streams where fadeless youth is found,
Green olive groves and luscious fruits abound.
Give wildest reign to Fancy's glowing hopes—
We'll war for gold upon enchanted ground.
Pure mountain streams flow on o'er precious ore,
The ocean shores all gleam with dust of gold.
Such are the wondrous tales by rumor told.
On, cavaliers, the march will soon be o'er—
Invade this new land, its treasures to explore.

EL MONTECITO

The languor of the South is in the air—
A joyous indolence of chosen climes.
Earth has resemblance of a garden fair,
As poets image of the golden times.
In lovely vales perennial roses bloom;
The drowsy gales move heavy with perfume.
Through scenes around low strains of sorrow steal.
To soft guitar is plaintive carol sung.
The song is in the gentle Spanish tongue—
Some sweet love melody of old Castile.
Where vision falls romanceful views expand,
The wooded hills or placid wave appear.
Why tarried not sea-worn Cabrillo here,
Or stern Portala with his war-like band?
A flow'ry, stormless and Elysian spot,
It woces no toiler wan with solemn thought,
But idlers gay, whose worldly wars are done—
Whose hopes are withered or whose crowns are won.
El Montecito! by thy summer seas
A rose-leaf Sybarite might lounge at ease.

MERMENTAU

Between low green ambrosial shores
A still stream winds to the Mexic seas.
An Æolian symphony pours
On pinions of an odorous breeze
Adown long aisles of towering trees.
The cypress and pine their boughs entwine,
With their trailing plumes of Spanish moss.
O'er the amber tides that flow like wine,
Where dim the beams of the great Sun shine,
Their hoary branches are stretched across.

The mocking-bird and the nightingale,
They ravish the air with frenzied strain.
Hark to the dove's melodious wail,
The field-lark soars with its pure refrain,
And the waters lave the lilies pale
That swoon with breath of a southern gale,
Then quiver like maidens' hearts in pain.

Flow on, O stream, through the woodlands wide,
Nor care, elsewhere, how the fierce Sun glows.
How glaucous dreams are cast aside
As fall the leaves of yon yellow rose.
The lotus that blooms o'er the limpid tide
Is emblem of my spirit's repose.
O, calm as the deep cold waters glide,
My desolate years move to their close.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH

In scene remote he passed away.
At writing rhyme he was no slouch,
But much he wrote, 'tis sad to say,
Reads like the ravings of a grouch.
This world is rough and life is tough,
But fight the ugly battle through.
Recall the words: "Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be he who cries, Enough!"
Thus war the noisy skirmish through.
Be kindly, generous and true,
And give each brother man his due.
Though oft of Fortune's baubles cheated,
Who fights to death is undefeated.

ISTHMUS OF DARIEN

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]
Here once the fleets of Morgan sailed,
With homeless corsairs from afar;
Fair cities o'er disaster wailed,
They rued relentless hand of war.
Past all the shores of Colon's land
The rover came in quest of gold;
To ravage coast or castle old,
To plunder with remorseless hand.
His fleets of war, his pomps, are past;
He fills a nameless grave at last;
His empire wide has ceased to be;
He lives in story, wild romance,
In annals of strange feats of chance—
Where once he roved the seas are free.
A common corsair men abhor,
But when he wears a Caesar's crown,
And slays mankind in useless war,
And hurls the thrones of rivals down—
Despoils the world at one fell sweep,
And ruin leaves to after times,
The wrath of Heaven seems to sleep,
And adulations gild his crimes.
The scenes have changed—on sunny main
No buccaneers explore for gain;
Those knights of fortune sail no more.
The haughty Spaniard's reign is past,
No clouds of war the seas o'er cast;
Where castle rose the forest waves,
And where Wealth's halls were plashed with gore—
Where Mars moved with his mien of yore,
Now Venus rules her sylvan slaves.

A COUNTRY HOTEL

Telephone fiends!
 Yowling and howling about the crops;
 Squalling and drawing,
 Over and under,
 In voices of thunder,
 About hosses and oats and cawn.
 Calling up "central"
 Long before dawn
 To yowl and howl
 Of cattle and hosses and cawn,
 And the goldurn middle men
 That rob the honest farmer.

TO HON. ROBERT OULD

[It was almost impossible to send a letter from Andersonville. The prison rule was to write in brief, leave letter unsealed, and put on a Confederate and a United States postage stamp. The letters went to headquarters in batches, and about one in a hundred was mailed. I wrote the first nine lines of this rhyme on the envelope, and the letter reached my mother. Mr. Ould filled the idle office of Confederate Commissioner of Exchange. The exchange of prisoners had been abolished.]

Mr. Ould: Please pass this letter through
 And oblige a poor devil dressed in blue,
 Who never did a bit of harm to you.
 Please pass it through to the Yankee lines
 To a mother dear who sadly pines,
 Blind to each surrounding joy,
 To hear from her lost and wayward boy.
 As sure as war in Dixie reigns
 She will bless you for your pains.

The foeman chief, to Nature's promptings true,
 Perused the lines and sent the letter through.

"EVERYBODY HAVE SOMETHING"

"Brandy for heroes."—*Lord Nelson.*

When loud among the lads you shout,
 Be careful, pard, what you're about.
 You'll lose your cash without a doubt,
 Then find yourself all down and out.
 The surest way to shun a fall
 Is not to touch the stuff at all.

BORN TO MISFORTUNE

A fair-haired child was left to bear
 The burden of another's wrong;
 To feel how well the world can spare
 When boldly bearded by the strong—
 And yet how soon it learns to speak
 When Virtue bids it crush the weak.

* * * * *

Her lover fled when vengeance burst,
 And she was driven forth accurst—
 A timid girl, cast off in scorn,
 To wander lone on paths forlorn;
 To be the by-word of the horde
 That gloat on honor unrestored,
 And beauty tarnished in its bloom.
 Though base themselves as wantons vile,
 That swiftly scent the trail of guile,
 To hound the erring to their doom,
 Yet deem they serve their God the while.
 Above her dust no mourner weeps—
 Not even a stone shows where she sleeps.

NATAL REVERIE

Few ponder on a vanished year
 Nor substance find for solemn thought;
 Nor muse upon a shadow drear
 Not all by cruel chances brought.
 Alas! it is the common lot.
 How oft we view a selfish deed
 That bore its needless fruit of woe;
 Ah! many hearts in silence bleed
 When none beside the sorrow know.
 Though mutely is the burden borne—
 Not always by decree of Fate—
 How blest are they who secret mourn,
 Nor mourn, alas! when all too late.
 This life is but a scene of war;
 Each new-born year a stranger field.
 Woo not the glow of Fortune's star,
 Unless to stern endeavor steeled.
 Abandon arms at one defeat?
 And cease to wage a dauntless fray?
 Renew the chase with eager feet,
 Achieve the goal and win the day!

RALEIGH AND QUEEN BESS

A courtier said unto a queen:
"O lofty one, how passing fair
Thou art to me—more fair, I ween,
Than stars amid Chaldea's air.
And thou art distant as a star
From me, upon thy regal seat;
May I not cherish love afar
As mortals worship some bright star
That makes the utmost heaven sweet?
And cast no homage at thy feet?
This boon you cannot me deny,
Yet if I only dared to speak,
I'd shame the splendors of the sky
With fires of love that hidden lie,
Or burn beneath my pallid cheek!"

Said she, "O knight of fearful heart,
If thou hadst dared with courage true,
No throne had kept us then apart.
Thou didst not dare—so then, adieu!"

OLD TIMES IN UTAH

"What uproar is that, my inquisitive clown?"
"It's a saint and his harem coming to town."

AN ILL VOYAGE

Be this compared to some strange sea
That lies before us fair to view.
Though safe its restless billows be
While yet their shining ways are new;
Though beauty tints yon azure skies,
And snowy sails on high are spread,
Shall there anon no storm arise
To fill our startled souls with dread?

All sunlit now the tides appear,
And perfumes mingle with their foam;
No cloud hath lowered far or near—
It seems but rapture now to roam.
"Speed on, O bark," the proud heart cries,
"And at the helm let Hope prevail!"
Ah! who shall say what tempest flies
In reckless wrath where we shall sail?

RETURN OF THE VETERANS^c

[1865.]

We lay them down—the arms we've borne
Through weary years of strife;
We hoist our banners, stained and torn,
Above a Nation filled with life.

We left our homes when darkness hung
Like desolation o'er the land.
Our battle songs with joy we sung,
From plain to peak our clarions rung,
We marched at Freedom's high command.

Our hosts aligned at Freedom's call
When Europe's kings reviled our cause;
When craven lips implored us pause
Ere blood should flow and heavens fall.

We taught the foe a lesson red,
We wrapped his land in blood and flame,
And myriads weep above their dead,
And rue the day our legions came.

From plain to sea we smote our way.
Disasters came, we fought again—
We hastened on in fierce array.
Not fortress, mountain, flood or fen
Our mighty armaments could stay.
We wrought our task and wrought it well,
Nor turned us back from any fray,
Nor cared for dawn of peaceful day
Till Treason's vaunted power fell.

The same young hearts of iron mould
That bid fair Freedom reign,
My beard Napoleon's cohorts bold *
And rend his strongly fettered chain.

Columbia! keep thy shield and sword,
And back to Europe drive his horde.

* Maximilian's empire in Mexico.

PRAIRIE DEGENERATES

The paltry knave who whines for peace,
Nor dares defend his olden rights,
But sneaks away till tumults cease,
Becomes the slave of him who fights.
The haughty lord is born for sway;
The base born serf, to be his prey.
A mongrel horde that will not fight
Deserves to sink in slavish night.

NIETZSCHE'S VIEW OF THEOLOGY

It is a parasite, a curse—
 Finds earth a hell and makes it worse.
 With bloody fangs and base pretense,
 Each creed it needs it swift invents.
 While grievous ills bestrew its way
 It makes the human race its prey.
 The tempting joys it holds in view
 Wait in a world unknown to you.

SUPERSTITION

O Superstition! fettered now,
 Hell hath no fiend so dread as thou.

PYRRHUS

With rock or tile or brick-bat red,
 A woman smote him on the head
 And laid him out as good as dead.
 They dragged him forth and cut his throat;
 A panic seized his legions wild;
 His conquests were not worth a groat—
 Ignobly perished Glory's child.

Through sundry papers quaintly drawn,
 A woman's hand has dealt at me
 A sudden blow I smile upon.
 A smug attorney says she's gone
 In quest of a divorce decree.
 (The gentle sex—so called—ah! me.)
 I will not let the Grecian's fate
 Be mine, in midst of my career,
 Whatever she may choose relate,
 Or to the world shall make appear.
 I answered back, at any rate,
 "Go set the frantic lady free."
 He spake in accents of much weight,
 "In thirty days so shall it be."

What though my name be now disgraced—
 And over this I feel quite sore—
 A set of brains are not replaced
 At any corner physic store.
 No more the past shall be retraced;
 I'll smash my glass and drink no more.
 Adieu to woe and wife and wine—
 The Grecian's fate shall not be mine.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED

Put money in thy purse,
 Nor take it out again,
 Nor lose the purse,
 Nor let any one get his fingers in it.
 This do, wise child.

DESCENDANT OF THE CAVE MAN

The human animal was born to fight.
 War—Love—have ever been his chief delight.
 He feeds on love until he gets his fill,
 Then forth he bellows in a rage to kill.
 Thou bloody knave, to nobler warfare turn;
 With Nature strive, and fadeless honors earn.

Advice is vain—with fiendish will
 He turns to Science, and with skill,
 But only tries, his fellow man to kill.

COMMANDANT OF ANDERSONVILLE

[At the close of the Civil War, at Washington City, Wirz was convicted of murder on several charges. During his trial I sent him this poem. It was given to him in open court. Reading it, he handed it back, saying: "I have got used to these things. After hearing the testimony against me I am prepared for anything." He was hanged.]

Our day of triumph now has come,
 Soon will come thy day of doom;
 Who never felt a human throb
 Should close his life in utter gloom.

Why pity thee? who dared to tread
 Our comrades, dying, 'neath thy heel;
 Who laughed above our ghastly dead,
 As with a heart of stone or steel;

Who jested at wild scenes of woe,
 And filled the captive's cup with gall—
 We triumph in thy overthrow;
 We glory, monster, in thy fall.

Atrocious wretch! go to thy death;
 Confront our brother spirits there,
 And reap the merits of thy deeds
 In ages of despair.

AT THE GATE

St. Peter gave a most regretful look,
"Quite a lot of things upon the book."

"Ah! truly so but since I had a fall
I've doubly paid for follies all."

"Yes, I know you have, so don't despair.
You'll find a harp awaiting there.
Walk in. I think I'll call the matter square."

THE PARENT'S INJUNCTION

[1917.]

Upon our country's altar laid,
Go forth to war, my noble son,
And come not back till strife is done.
The soldier has a weary trade,
So, ere disastrous fields are won,
To others leave the vulgar gun,
And join the Swivel-Chair Brigade.

O, I shall be exceedingly consoled
If you prove a lounge-lizard bold
In the Swivel-Chair Brigade.

THE ROYAL COTTONWOOD

Tree of the Plains! it yields in rank to none.
It proudly waves where tree no other grows.
It shelters from the with'ring Sun,
Gives cool relief and blest repose.
The panting beast, the pioneer, the timid maid,
All gather in its welcome shade.

"It dies too soon—the tree's no good,"
The rancher growls in gruff reply.
In days long gone, the wise construed
'Whom gods do love they early die.'
The sturdy oak adorns our lays,
The lordly palm in verse we praise,
Yet, struggling on to distant flood,
In heat and dust and solitude,
Confused beneath the noontide blaze
That scorches all these weary ways,
With joyous hearts and words of praise
We hail the royal Cottonwood.

THE FILIBUSTER'S PROBLEM

Ho! chevaliers, a word with you.
Which one believes fair maids are true?
Can aught be sworn on Woman's smile?
Though some fair Venus vow the while,
Shall her brave knight believe her true?

I have some fears I fain would calm.
Come rest you 'neath this lordly palm,
And schemes of war for once abjure,
To search me out a subtle balm
Strange love-lorn moods of mine to cure.

In climes remote I wooed a maid
Of winsome presence, angel smile.
A seraph might her lips defile,
So pure they seem; her crest arrayed
In tresses dense of raven shade;
Her brow like alabaster fair.
O lustrous eyes of this fair maid—
Two orbs of light beyond compare.
Her breath is like this perfumed air;
Her voice, like Music's gentle might
Far floating through a tropic night;
Her light step queenly, and her form
Embodied passion ere its storm
Yet dares to break; Love's sweet romance
Is kindled by her slightest glance.
All who behold her—all who view
Her peerless form, her perfect hue,
Her tender mien and gracious ways,
Grow frenzied in this lady's praise.
O, knights inured to martial care,
Yet skilled, perchance, in Love's sweet lore,
By those good swords you wield and wear,
By your green bays of battles o'er,
Of triumphs won upon this shore,
Give answer to this question fair.
If Woman vow shall Man rely
Till even years and years have flown?
Does Love's bright summer ne'er speed by?
Are storms within its skies unknown?
Cleaves this fair girl to me alone?
Obeys she now the vows she said?
In cruel strife few moons have sped
Since our farewells, yet now, alas!
Strange terrors through my fancy pass.
In dreams at night I seem to see
The semblance of some woe to be,
And sombre shadows through the day,
Do fall in menace round my way;

And mystic whispers, on the breeze,
Come floating off the purple seas.
Hail you these omens, night and day,
Dread harbingers of treasons fell?
My grief is sore—I know too well,
O silent knights, what you would say.

END OF THE CIVIL WAR

[Written January 1, 1866.]

First year of peace! Fair child of Time,
It starts an old, eternal round,
Like fugitive from balmy clime
Where never polar tempest frowned,
Cast rudely out in wastes of snow
Where wild the wintry demon reigns;
Where streams in sullen silence flow,
Concealed beneath their shiny chains;
Where noisy gales disturb the air,
And heavens hide the stars of night;
Where Nature grim, severely bare,
Exults alone in savage might.

The stranger still his path will tread
Though keenly swept by every gale;
Though countless snowy tempests shed
Their wrath around his semblance frail.
Ay, with a mien of dauntless hope
He'll face each sombre peril near;
No storm within his horoscope
Will make his valiant spirit fear.

His raptured eye will soon behold
The radiant sun dissolve the skies,
Or turn each floating cloud to gold
Where now the frown of Winter lies.
The streams will burst their fetters white—
As sheets of molten silver glow;
The hills will lose their raiments bright,
The plains their dazzling heaps of snow;
As angel Spring, with airy flight,
Speeds o'er each dull, repulsive scene,
The groves will own her gentle might,
And shine in olden hues of green;
Rich flowers glad the wand'rer's way,
A thousand charms bewitch his eye,
To please in flush of golden day,
And mock at tribulations by.
While youth and hope and bliss abound,

He'll riot in his joyous reign,
But ere he treads his fated round
The tempests rude will come again.

Warm greeting to this Peaceful Year.
War's wounds and ills anon be healed,
And notes of industry and cheer
Be heard where late our cannon pealed;
The plains grow up with verdure green
Where deadly arms to arms replied,
And Heaven smile above each scene
Where stubborn hosts in combat died;
The fields be filled with golden grain
Where human blood was freely poured,
And Peace once more her happy chain
Weave round our native land restored.
O fiends of War! in haste retire
To far off climes where chaos reigns,
And cease to blight with glance of fire,
Our country's homes and vernal plains.
When Glory o'er this favored land,
Pours richly down her golden flood,
Let none disdain a brother's hand,
Or brood on ills erased in blood.
Soft heavens o'er us smile at last,
And surges rest along the shore;
Enough of hate when war is past,
Enough of wrath when strife is o'er.

No more with eye of terror view
Each wave that smites our Nation's bark.
The waters wide are calm and blue
Where lately rolled the surges dark;
If lingering clouds yet fringe the sky,
No tempest frets the boundless deep;
Though dangers yet before us lie
Where now the billow seems to sleep.
The ship that rose from Wisdom's hand,
And rode the storm in gallant state,
Will safely clear each hostile strand,
And still bear on its precious freight.
May those who led the van in strife,
And warred the foe on fields of gore,
Now love the charms of peaceful life,
And long for thrilling scenes no more.

ROLLING STONE

O youthful romance! its change is delight;
Life's duties are dull, its labors are loss.
Then revel in bliss till Age's deep night,
But stones that go rolling gather no moss.

A DIVORCE CASE

H. C. Parkhurst, please arise.
You're defendant in this suit.
Your lady says that you're a brute,
And soaked in whiskey to your eyes.
Her life's in danger, so she claims.
She says you called her fearful names;
She says you drew an awful knife,
And swore you'd take her precious life,
Smashed all her fine things into bits,
And almost scared her into fits.
Her miseries are most complete—
They almost drive her raving wild.
She feels ashamed to walk the street;
She says you tried to kill your child.

Some other things she might relate—
These allegations ought to do.
She asks the court to look them through,
And pity her unhappy fate,
And rid her of a wretch like you.
The court perceives the proper course,
And gives the lady her divorce.

CORSAIR SONG OF THE SHIPPING BOARD

We're in the business, too;
We sail the Lobby blue;
 Buying men's our duty.
To any Trust we're true,
 We're faithful to our booty.
The coin rings loud
To the banditti crowd—
 We hold the bag all day.
In safety we ride
On Corruption's tide;
 Ship ahoy! Hooray!

A MINING PRESIDENT

His minions stood around in meek array,
Each with a grievous tale of woe to say.
When all to him had properly salaamed,
He curtly said, in his imperial way:
"Consider everything and everybody damned—
And start the business of the day."

COLUMBIA'S FIRST MONARCH

"Aye, let them feast," in scorn he said,
"Who deign to kiss a tyrant's hand,
But were they like their fathers bred,
Ere such a throne as mine would stand,
An hundred fields would smoke with dead."

A DIVORCE ATTORNEY

The attorney came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his clients were shorn of their greenbacks and gold,
For the fees that he charged were as frightful to see
As the sharks that swim gaily in blue Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
Those people with ducats at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
Their wealth on the morrow was vanished and gone.

For the minion of Law spread his wings on the blast,
And he raked in his fees of great size as he passed,
And the hearts of his clients grew deadly and chill,
As they gave him one look—and settled his bill.

There sat a husband, distorted and pale,
With a patch on his pants and no stamps on his mail;
His mouth was all silent, his nostrils unblown,
His troubles were lifted, his money was gone.

MADRIGAL

Rise, O my love—my fair one—O come away.
Lo! the winter is past, and the storms disband;
The hills are all green in their spring time array.
Flowers appear; glad birds are singing alway—
The sound of the turtle is heard in our land.
O, be thou like a rose perfuming the air,
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance fair,
Rise, O my love, my fair one, and come away.

DON'T FORGET YOURSELF

Old age and its memories make us wise—
Ay, harden our hearts and open our eyes.
In generous deeds find pleasant employ,
But always be good to yourself, my boy.

TO THE MUSES

Fair ladies of immortal Greece,
The bard must pack his traps and wander hence.
His rambles in Parnassian groves must cease.
Adieu! he goes to find the Golden Fleece—
The wherewithal to meet each day's expense.
We know that rhymes pass current in the sky,
And song is there esteemed as good as gold,
But he who dwells among these mortals cold
Must have the coin, or show good reason why.
The poet leaves you, ladies, for a while;
Each lissome dame on him has ceased to smile,
And sundry people give him cool reply;
He needs to find some frontier bandit's cave,
Where yellow heaps of gold neglected lie.
His landlord is a mild, sarcastic knave
Who views him with a cold and fishy eye.
Like a prodigal he's had his day,
And ascertains, with something of a sigh,
None heed his ready promises to pay.
Adieu, old ladies of the Grecian clime,
His pocket's empty and he's out of rhyme.

OUR FALLEN BRAVE

Above the nation's brave what shall we strew?
For sorrow that we feel, cast boughs of yew,
The yellow marigold, and aloes bright;
For majesty of soul cast lilies white,
And fragrant mignonettes; for death, dead leaves;
Moss for maternal love—Columbia grieves!
The myrtle vine for saddened love of all.
For patriotic zeal that never slept
When Warfare's thousand perils did appall,
The chamomile; the passion flower fall
Upon their graves—how well their faith they kept
On bloody field, before the shattered wall.
For high nobility, fresh leaves of oak;
Violets for worth; for pity, leaves of pine;
And for high constancy that never broke
In prison vile or on embattled line,
The hyacinth of many hues; for youth,
The yellow crocus, early blooming, cast;
For pride, red roses and nightshade for truth.
The fadeless amaranth cast thou at last.

DIVINE TOBACCO

The tender sex full oft enthuse
 When wordy folks King Nicotine abuse.
 Divinest weed! Of Peace a symbol fair,
 I give to thee thy worthy dues.
 Tobacco, hail! thrice blessed weed;
 Eternal solace, friend indeed;
 A boon to toilers everywhere;
 To thinkers, idlers, dreamers, knights who dare;
 Coy tempter of poetic muse,
 And vanquisher of human care;
 Adored alike by Christians, Turks and Jews;
 By honest folk of Pagan breed;
 By red men, heathen clans without a creed.
 A peaceful pipe is emblem true
 Of olden love or friendship new.
 It mends the tie by discord broke,
 And gives a balm for Hymen's yoke;
 It mocks at matrimonial stews.
 The fragrant weed with joy we smoke;
 For choice a pipe, cigars I ne'er refuse;
 Good snuff I also use,
 To chew I often choose.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS

[On November 5th, 1500, Columbus entered Cadiz, Spain,
 under guard, wearing chains and fetters.]

No deeper cloud or baser stain
 Falls o'er a land whose glories wane,
 Than Ingratitude's vile spot of shame.
 'Tis thine to wear, O cruel Spain.

"MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN"

Although "the foreign element"
 Against this query may demur—
 When Woodrow says "my countrymen,"
 To whom does he refer?
 To Yankee chumps with optics blind,
 Obsessed by pyroscopic wiles?
 Or yoemen of the British isles
 That lure his sly and foxy mind?
 To either class he's much inclined,
 But all his thoughts are not divined.

THE SECTION HAND'S WISH

"What shall I give you, Pat,
By a fairy's high command?"
"Please, sir," the weary man replies,
"Have time hang heavy on me hands."

COFFEE AND TOBACCO

Balm and solace in our need,
Friends at all times—friends indeed—
The blessèd berry and the blessèd weed.

When Woman and the Snake deceived
The great forefather of our clan,
(Scarce can his folly be believed,)
A pitying angel soon relieved
The sorrows of distracted Man.
Concealed by some celestial plan,
This angel threw from heavenly blue
The pipe-of-peace and coffee-bean to Man.
Though prudes may rave and crazy people frown,
We'll quaff the precious nectar down;
Though ladies jeer and preachers choke,
We'll smoke! and smoke! and smoke!

WATCHFUL WAITING ON THE RIO GRANDE

[1914.]

John Brown's body
Is wriggling in its grave,
In the land of the sneak
And the home of the knave.

A VAIN RESOLVE

O crazy man with a sounding lyre,
Go toss your songs in a kitchen fire.
If e'er I touch sweet harp again,
Drive me away from the haunts of men.
O bury me on some Polar shore
Where the walrus roam or billows roar.
While Byron, Burns, Will Shakespeare shine,
There's enough of song for the ladies nine.
I'll wear old clothes for the jades no more,
Nor suffer for them on rations poor.
My sorrows and songs I now resign—
Here goes to write my very last line.

THE ARMY MULE

[1865.]

With ready heels and impulse gay
He made civilians keep away;
He hauled our powder to the fray,
He scattered rations on our way;
In times of danger he was cool.
While heroes don the wreath of bay,
O honor, too, the Army Mule.

Ulysses built a wooden horse
To make a woman taste remorse.
King Porus had his elephants,
The Romans dressed in iron pants;
The Seythians rode their shaggy steeds,
As did the Persians and the Medes.
O sages of our martial schools,
What did they know of army mules?

How hoarsely at the break of day
Pealed through the woods and far away,
The Army Mule's resentful bray?
How stubbornly he'd bravely tug
To drag our wagons through the mire,
While bloody spurs tore at his girth,
And sudden speed displayed his worth,
And whip-stocks laid across his mug
Aroused to heat his martial fire.
But when that mule refused to go,
In vain the wrathful teamster's blow.
'Twas fun when raw recruits would fool
Around, behind an army mule.

Now that the country has been saved,
Who ever thanks the Army Mule
For all the dangers that he braved,
Or cares a dash what he endured
Of blows? Of military snubs?
His divers ills nobody cured
Except by breaking rails and clubs
Across his back and stubborn head,
And calling him outrageous names.
In my last will, when I am dead,
I'll recognize his worthy claims.
While marble piles extol the guilt
Of bloody knave or lucky fool,
I'll have a noble statue built
In honor of the Army Mule.
On costly granite he shall stand,
Surrounded by his rebel hay,
In act of waking up the land

With his reverberating bray.
Praise saint and sinner, knave and fool—
I'll boom the noble Army Mule.

TO KING ALCOHOL

The vine bears three sorts of grapes—pleasure, intoxication
and repentance.—*Anacharsis*.

I guess, old fellow, you and I will part.
We've stuck together now for quite a while.
I'm little versed in the accounting art
So dearly prized by people mercantile;
I cannot balance books within a mile
Of any designated point, and yet,
When I look back on precious years now flown,
And think of things that cause me wild regret;
Of follies that should melt a heart of stone;
Of crimes! for which I never can atone,
Whose memories assassinate my peace,
And make me covet death as but release
From such a life—disastrous grown!
And when I think of all I might have won,
Of brilliant hopes and nothing noble done;
Of miseries, of deep disgrace—I feel
Like cursing you with most terrific zeal.

The long account that stands 'tween you and I
Shows little profit and tremendous loss.
When first your Majesty I came across,
(The very recollection makes me sigh,)
You appeared a pleasant rogue indeed.
How well you made an idle ev'ning speed.
Delightful times we had together then;
Sometimes the ladies joined us in our den—
What fun they think it is to drink with men.
Of coin and friends and clothes I had enough;
I wore my jewels and my diamonds, too;
But now, you see, I'm looking pretty rough—
And all because I cast my lot with you.
And you a knave, I find, of deepest dye;
A liar skilled in uttermost deceit.
How oft you've turned me on the street,
A spectacle to passers by.

I've found you out, at last, a deadly foe;
How basely treacherous I know you are!
I came from years of war without a scar,
And yet for you a number I can show.
You've got me in a hundred savage broils,
And sev'ral times have had me nearly killed.

My bosom is with indignation filled
 To think you waste the fruit of all my toils.
 Beelzebub should only have his due—
 I roundly curse myself as well as you.

You think you've played a game that's mighty fine,
 And put an end to hope in my affairs,
 But look you now—my age is thirty-nine—
 (And in my head and beard I find gray hairs
 That put you in, that I keep pulling out;)
 Do you suspect what I am now about?
 From this time on I want no more of you.
 Pass on your way for I have chosen mine.
 Go fill your dirty troughs for other swine,
 And let them swill, as I was wont to do,
 And rot their brains with filthy rum and wine.
 Make beasts and brutes of other hapless men—
 You'll never make a slave of me again.

(Alas! for poets and their silly ways;
 This noble purpose lasted ninety days.
 I got a store of golden coin ahead,
 And then the merry underworld I painted red.)

MACDONALD AT WAGRAM

Death was the victor of them all,
 Each moment saw its thousands fall,
 Nor skill, nor Desperation's blows,
 Brought awful slaughter to a close.
 The fearful scene the chief surveyed
 With indecision and with pain;
 His grenadiers in strife arrayed
 Were thrice outnumbered by their slain.
 He turned in hopeless quest of aid,
 And saw a glittering line of steel
 Approach with firmness of parade;
 Soon cheers he heard above the peal
 Of myriad guns that round him played.
 "Advance!" he cried "and still advance
 While stands in arms a single foe."
 His heroes charged for sunny France—
 With bayonets and shining lance
 They swept the wide and red plateau.
 'Tis thus in life—we oft would yield,
 When hope is dim and woes oppress—
 Disastrous failure we confess.
 A final effort sweeps the field—
 Victorious joys our valor bless.

MEMORIAL DAY

To-day, O clarion, sound
No weird and melancholy strain.
Let artillery shake the ground,
And sound, O trumpets, in disdain.
Defiant be the bugle's note,
And high aloft, O banners float—
Columbia's most heroic slain
(Their spirits have not passed away)
Now swiftly marshal once again
As if in onset's dread array,
With us to hail this sacred day.
Earth's chief republic lives again
With every vile, repulsive stain
Washed by their gen'rous blood away.
Let thund'ring guns the story tell—
In Freedom's cause, on stormy main,
Embattled height and smoky plain,
The Nation's high-souled heroes fell.
This is to them triumphal day.

A TROPIC MORN

Wide inlets and the broad lagoons are still,
The low green islands wake not yet with sound.
Tides and floods, indigo-blue, seaward sweep,
Where utmost calms prevail, and fast expand
The naked beaches clean as polished gold.
Beyond the misty bay volcanoes loom,
Their lines colossal traced in heavens blue.
The clouds of eve are fled, the stars are gone,
And rich the glowing East is clad in hues,
In tints, to skies of colder climes unknown.
Soon bursts the Sun upon a dazzled world,
Swift mounting through etherial skies,
A monarch! fierce, triumphant and ablaze.
The peaks, amazed, resign their purple hue;
Anon the coiling vapors slowly soar
Around each summit bleak, and veil it quite.
Now pulse the shores, the earth and isles, with heat;
Enraptured birds cleave high the perfumed air;
Bright serpents coil, unscared, on bush and plant;
Gay bathers plunge in shady, limpid pools,
Or seek the foamy rush of ocean surf.
The drowsy plantains wave their long green arms,
Indolent winds just move the listless palms,
And Day—warm, blushing and magnificent,
With pomps regathered, is forth again.
Brown señoritas rove in shade of palm,
Or lounge along a dazzling beach
Where the jasper and rich opal shine.

TO MY LAST COIN

"Who loves not wine, woman and song,
Lives a fool his whole life long."

The best of friends must part. 'Tis Fate's decree.
I've parted with more friends than I can count,
Since I got started on this jamboree,
And yet to what does friendship all amount?
'Tis full of smiles, of jestings debonair—
Of kind and chivalrous address.
'Tis best adapted when the weather's fair,
But not when vessels labor in distress.

A miner on bright California's shore,
Who wore a belt of twenties round his loin,
Once said to me: "Your best friend is your coin."
And so I think. The other friends are good,
(I'd sadly hate to be misunderstood.)
But when I weep for friends I have no more,
'Twill be for friends like thee, thou shining ore.

Now sole remaining friend, prepare to go.
Some other time we'll meet again perhaps.
I much regret that I must treat you so,
But I would seat me by those other chaps.
I need just now a foamy glass of beer,
At which, sometimes, cold-water people sneer.
I would somewhat refresh the inner man,
Keep off the snakes and cultivate *elan*.
I saw a devil ten feet high last night,
And ghosts did walk my chamber through and through.
Five drinks have partly failed to fix me right,
So, faithful coin, a long, a sad adieu.

WHEEL-CHAIR MONKEY-SHINES

The whole world gazed in mute despair
As they wheeled him out in open air
In a fancy presidential chair.
St. Peter smiled at such a break,
And then observed: "He takes the cake
For grand-stand plays, I do declare.
His illness, boys, is all a fake."
But his beautiful words and doleful air
Put a blanket over the Shipping affair.

FALLEN CASTLES

There's no use mourning what you might have done;
Strive hard for prizes that may still be won.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

[Written in 1874.]

O Ruler of great Colon's world,
 Lift algis o'er this lovely strand.
 No despot flag be here unfurled.
 Its nations call to prouder birth,
 And peal it forth to ends of earth,
 With sword of might in mailed hand—
 By seas of blood for Freedom shed
 On countless fields at thy command—
 That throne or kingdom shall not stand,
 That royal power shall not spread,
 Or crown descend from sceptred sire,
 From Polar snows to Land of Fire.
 Where dwells the mighty American Race
 For alien banners, royal reign,
 For European crown's domain,
 For throne or vassal is no place.

WOLVES~

If I might realize a present wish,
 'Twould be to be cold-blooded as a fish,
 A sort of human wolf let out for prey.
 No matter what old-fashioned people say—
 Those are the dogs that always have their day.
 To estimate a fellow being's need,
 How much a victim may endure to bleed;
 Just what is prudent, what is safe indeed—
 This is their highest happiness and creed.
 Their consciences to leather shreds have worn,
 Cast-iron smiles their visages adorn,
 Proof are their hides to shafts of human scorn—
 Such men, like us great poets, must be born.

THE CHOICE OF BERMUDEZ

Romanceful thoughts for aye repose
 Upon thy crest, O regal rose.
 Thou queen in beauty, sweet perfume,
 Of all the floral gems that bloom.
 When rich thy royal crimson glows,
 A thousand annals wake of strife,
 Of chivalry, of lofty life,
 Of grand or lowly lovers' woes.
 When mine has been a soldier's doom,
 Strew thou red roses on my tomb.

REVEL IN LEON

[From "Sun Worship Shores."]

Around this hall our band align;
Array in haste the festal board
Where fearless Walker drew the sword
To reign as Nicaragua's lord.
The scene that once through warfare long,
Resounded with disorder's clang—
Where trumpets wild of glory sang,
Where drums were beat and bugles rang,
Shall echo now with festal song.
Sweet music peal! Pour lethean wine
Till eyes with glow of rapture shine.
No free lance bears a burden long,
The minstrel's woe is lost in song,
And eyes replete with mournful thought
Are swift by gay temptations caught.
The rose that lifts its gorgeous head
Hath bloomed from dust of heroes dead.
The flower fair we idly view,
Hath risen from gay Beauty's tear;
The laurel wreath we value dear,
Hath drank of human blood like dew.
O wrest from life, ere all is fled,
Whate'er of joy may charm us here.
Ay, banish grief to deserts far—
In Spanish wine's red wave renew
Defiance of the cares we rue.
This life is but a scene of war;
Nowhere beneath fair heavens blue
Is found the lone and happy spot
Where grim disasters visit not.
Now each who is depressed and sad
Shall well the direful cause reveal.
Rich wine shall make his spirit glad,
And balm of love his wound shall heal.
I bid you in rich golden wine
Your souls infuse with peace divine.
Honduras gales, o'er billows cool,
Sigh pæans to sweet Folly's rule.
The seas of blue, the stars of fire,
But laugh to scorn proud Man's desire.
'Tis well to bid to care adieu,
And revel with Fortuna's crew.
If life be dull we'll make it gay;
If cares oppress they must away;
If winsome Glory holds aloof,
She puts our courage to the proof.
Pour lethean wine—we'll revel while
This haughty queen disdains to smile.

An olden free lance creed be taught—
The roses wear while winds are warm;
Have lawless bliss from any lot,
Nor furl fair sails from any storm.

THE CAVALIER'S REGRET

Free lances wild, when once the word
Is said that binds two souls as one,
Cast by the harp and sacred sword—
The nomad knight's career is done.
Romance is past, and earth no more
A rose field fair afar expands;
For aye are gone the wonderlands
Delighted eyes did once explore,
Nor longings for adventure wild
Dare thrill the breast of Fancy's child.
No flowers bloom, no groves expand;
No vistas of exchanted land
Reward his sad, repentant gaze;
No seas lift up their billows white
To flash beneath a golden light,
Nor awful sheen of Glory's blaze
Illumes these vile, ignoble ways.
An eagle's wings, in fearless might,
Will stretch no more for boundless flight;
Elysian day hath reached its night—
Morose Despair henceforth must reign.

THE WORLD'S WAY

Most men are used as old post horses are—
No matter if they founder, so our friend
With speed and ease attains his journey's end.
Meanwhile, the driver puffs a good cigar.

HYMN OF THE HOME SEEKER

There's a land that is warmer than this,
Where land-grabbers retire
In bedrooms of fire,
And dragons stand up on their long tails and hiss;
Where unscrupulous knaves
And political slaves
Float round on red billows that sizzle and hiss.
O send the whole gang,
With uproar and bang,
To simmer and bake in that dreadful abyss.

IN THE TRENCHES

While Woodrow howls in language stern
'Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,'
The dough-boy hears with unconcern.
He hopes affairs will take a turn.

WYOMING HILLS

[Written in 1870.]

When flood-tides of Fortune have swept me afar,
Have wafted my bark to lands of the Sun,
O leave the fair gates of Mem'ry ajar,
And think, O think of the wandering one.

While strangers and foes encompass me then,
And the sad heart mourns its happier day,
O waste you a thought for times that have been—
And a thought for the perils that darken my way.

When powers in arms loom dark on our path,
And hosts embattled are gathering near,
O little I'll reck their turbulent wrath,
While pondering on one remembered and dear.

When War's deep echo, artillery's crash,
Resound o'er the plains they tarnish with gore;
When columns that scorn the cannon's quick flash,
Their volleys of death incessantly pour;

When carnage o'erspreads the martial scenes red,
And valleys re-echo with battle's wild roar,
How sweet to recall the days that are fled—
Halcyon days we'll number no more.

When cheers of triumph float up to the sky,
Proclaiming the foe's disaster and shame,
Some spirit of love in brightness will fly,
To fling at thy feet my laurels of fame.

A DAY ICONOCLASTIC, 1920

On a chill November day
Tumulty waved the scribes away.
With his hand o'er head,
In whispers he said:
"He has nothing to say—nothing to say!"

BRITISH TROOPS IN NICARAGUA—1895

[See Prose Addenda.]

The corsair flag of England flies
Around our shores in haughty threat.
It flaunts beneath our native skies,
Upon our gales its colors fret;
And England's castles o'er us rise,
Insulting to Columbia's wave.
Though mighty fleets our fury brave,
The blood of Concord courses yet.
In savage greed of Norman pride,
Britannia's navies past us ride,
To rob the shores that helpless lie,
As Morgan robbed in days gone by,
While Prudence in our council hall
With placid smile regards it all,
But fires of hate that smoulder low,
May blaze again for Freedom's foe,
And peal of arms and roar of war
Resound o'er continents afar.
The task that once was barely done
May be by stronger hands begun.
Ere Star of Empire change its course,
The march that failed, to far Québec,
May be renewed with vaster force
That royal power will not check.
For England was our fathers' foe,
Our secret foe is England yet.
Her hateful friendship is a snare.
If now the sun may never set
Upon her plundered empire wide,
Let her curtail her Norman pride,
And have her fleets remotely ride,
Or storms will range our native air.

A YOUTHFUL DEFEAT

O'ershadowed by a black defeat
In utter woe I sit me down,
A ruthless horde beneath their feet
Have crushed, alas! my golden crown.
A sceptre I was born to sway
Is broke, dishonored, cast away,
And all my dreams—once dazzling bright—
Have vanished as the stars of night
Recede before the beams of day.

MY NOBLE SIRE

He made his will with utmost care,
And changed it oft, and got it right.
To all the rest he gave a share.
To me he gave a slight.
For fear his cash would soon be spent
For booze and godless merriment,
To me he left not one red cent.
Ancestral worship does not seem
To me a choice poetic theme.
My thoughts that way are not much bent.
Upon his name I put a blot.
I owe my predecessor naught.
Like Ivanhoe, (the lawyers write),
I'm a disinherited knight.
Romantic fate! unpleasant quite
When coin is scarce and money tight.
While solemn heirs their ducats roll,
I'll double-cross my totem pole.
Patriarchal spite be d—d.
By no man's rules will I be calmed.
Until my body is embalmed
My course thru life will still be slammed—
And rammed—and jammed. Selah!

THE SUN FLOWER STATE

This prairie land a border war made free.
I gaze upon its happy plains with pride.
Across them once I saw the savage ride—
I truced with bands of painted chivalry.
All earth is crowded now—shall some wild horde
Roam o'er domains where millions might abide?
Let airy sentiment be cast aside—
The desert blossom, guarded by the sword.

SERPENT IN THE GARDEN

Where's the guy that Heaven annoints
To gather up the scattered joints
Of the famous reptile, Fourteen Points?

TEMPUS FUGIT

'Tis well to scheme and closely plan,
For 'Time and Tide wait for no man.'

-WAR WHOOP OF THE BOOK MAN

Away with immorality, I say;
 No publisher can make it pay.
 Let not these rhymesters be so brash;
 Plain common sense has had its day.
 Book buyers now, nine times in ten—
 Masculine women and feminine men,
 Weak-minded folks—want only trash.
 We publishers want only cash.
 Too well we know who's who and what's what.
 American Idiots must have rot—
 Hasty, silly, sentimental stuff
 In slovenly diction, language tough.
 Yea, it's gush, slush, visionary rot
 That brings us money on the spot.
 Jingle, twaddle, bunk! Slush!
 Gush, mush, and yet more gush;
 With a momentary hush
 This brings the money with a rush.
 It's what the people want.
 This other stuff—away! avaunt!
 It's not adapted for this age
 Of wooden heads and every sort of cant.
 Give us gush, slush, visionary rant.
 When common sense gets on a page,
 It puts the book men in a rage.

A TROPIC MADRIGAL

"I am dark but comely, O daughters of Jerusalem."

If wintry snows of my far clime
 Might shame thy hue, O tropic maid,
 Beneath the boughs of this green lime,
 With Ocean's waves slow sounding time
 Along the cliffs, with sullen chime,
 Repine thou not. Let Sorrow's shade
 Dim ruder brows, in colder years,
 When calmer thought confers relief—
 Youth is no time for idle tears,
 A scene like this no place for grief.

Gaze out upon the purple deep,
 Resplendent with celestial beams.
 A realm of splendor now it seems;
 Its mighty storms are all asleep,
 And on its breast the sunset streams
 As though the skies no more could keep
 Their garnered wealth of liquid gold.
 What pageantries thine eyes behold!

See all the heavens far unrolled,
As sacred annals have foretold
All earth shall see one potent day.
See how the torn clouds drift away,
Recoiling from the piercing rays—
Intensity of sunset blaze—
And catching tints and gorgeous hues
That to the very waves infuse
The air with red magnificence.
Mark how the spray, white as the tents
Of some vast host, leaps up to kiss
The glories lavished on the air,
But ere it falls to seethe and hiss
In Ocean's dark and deep abyss,
Far from the Sun's incessant glare,
It floats a rainbow in the air,
So panoplied in wondrous dyes
It seems an atom of the skies,
A fragment of some golden land
Flung down to earth by angel hand.
Is this not fair? O grand the sea
That leaves unceasing this bright shore,
And soft the winds that wander free
From wastes of foam where tempests roar
To these green isles, henceforth to be
Soft bearers of all sweet perfume
Caught up from where rich flowers bloom;
From where the groves of orange spread,
Whose blossoms fill the boughs o'erhead,
Or strew the soil like scattered snow.
And grand the peaks so still and blue,
That cast their shades on earth below
Ere yet fair Night hath dared renew
Her brilliant reign, or proudly hang
Her glowing Cross in southern sky.
And sterner than some trumpet's clang,
And sadder than some heart's deep sigh,
The thund'ring surge fierce springs and breaks
Against the land's impassive wall
With smothered moan. The soul awakes
To life renewed at its wild call.
There is a cadence in its fall,
A mournfulness that is not drear,
That sweeps like music on the ear.
Rave, rave, wild waters in delight,
I glory in your sullen power;
Your high contempt of human might,
Defiant force and robings white
Of beauty dread, more winsome far
Than woman in her rarest hour.
O, who can stay you? Who can bar
Your headlong tides, when mortals cower,

In pallid awe, e'en at your voice?
Rejoice, O tameless floods, rejoice!
• Speak till the bending heavens hear,
Send forth afar terrific sounds;
Consume the Land's now trembling walls,
For Man is but the worm that crawls
In the Sun's glare for a brief day,
But you endure, wild waves, alway;
Encircled earth denotes your bounds.

DANIEL BOONE

A quaint old town, named for a Spanish king,
When Spain's dominion stretched unbroken from
The Carib seas to Minnesota snows.

The convent bells fling music to the stars.
How fair the scene around this flow'ry height.
A brilliant moon o'erhangs a placid world.
Above alluvial lands a snowy mist
Is motionless, veiling fields of rustling maize
And dark, imperial groves of oak.
Lights twinkle in a thousand rural homes;
The turbulent Missouri hastens by.
Last eve I praised its glist'ning tides,
Speeding on with such resistless force.
A lady, gentle-voiced—of many years—
In silent thought a while remained, then spoke:
"I cannot gaze upon that cruel flood,"
She said, "except with tears, or suffocating pain,
For those remorseless tides drew down to death
A joyous, happy youth who was my son."
Then ceased the stream to look so fair—
'Twas fierce and wild, imbued with fiendish life.

Some leagues away, in yonder wood,
Daniel Boone, the fam'ed hunter, built his home.
Upon Kentucky's dark and bloody ground
His noble manhood neared a gloomy close.
From youth to hoary age his valiant arm
Had waged unceasing war with savage foes.
Wide realms he gave to other men to till.
Homes, farms, towns, cities, capitals
Arose along the rugged pathway he had trod.
The jungle and morass became the field
Where Ceres poured the treasures of her horn.
Where stood the torture stake the church arose;
The war whoop died away upon the air,
And notes of peace and joy went forth instead.
Where squalid savagery did once infest,

Civilization made her regal home.
 Then robber Law despoiled the gray-haired man—
 Exiled him to the wilderness again.
 He left the regions that his arms had won,
 His heartless countrymen he left behind,
 And here Spain's honored vassal he became,
 With lands—ay, broad ones, too—assigned to him.
 Remote from populous haunts he dwelt,
 With flocks and herds and kinsmen true,
 Like a princely patriarch of Eld.
 The pen of Byron wrote high words of him,
 And History gives his name to other times.

EVOLUTION OF A POEM

On my thirty-fifth birthday I wrote:

A Cæsar's crown at thirty-five,
 Encircled proud Napoleon's brow.
 That god of war did fiercely strive,
 But e'en to him all would not bow.

Alone, afar, my shallop wends
 In quest of Fame's immortal shore;
 The whirlwind still the ocean rends,
 And foam-white breakers leap and roar;
 The lightning o'er the ocean sends
 Its flames afar—dread torrents pour;
 No gentle god my bark defends—
 I'll sail and sail till storms are o'er.

Let wide disaster sweep the seas,
 The stars be hid and suns be gone;
 Let wildest gales their frenzy please,
 And blackest gulfs in menace yawn;
 Deep thunders fright the trembling seas,
 And rolling clouds obscure the dawn;
 I'll turn not back for foes like these—
 My course is on and on and on.

My nameless flag still streams on high,
 And there shall stream in regal pride,
 Defiant of a stormy sky
 That canopies a raging tide.
 Let Fury rend an angry main,
 And Fate or Fortune—Chance, deride;
 A will of steel shall yet decide,
 And solve at last Life's mysteries,
 And heart of oak the test abide;
 I'll sail across these hostile seas
 And yet my goal in triumph gain.

What hand can mar men's destinies
Who banish fear and smile at pain?
Though every hope and chance is gone,
My course is on—and on—and on.

A few years later, while making up a manuscript of poems to be vainly offered to eastern publishers, I decided that these lines were probably too personal to be of interest to the average reader. As I had many Spanish-American poems, I transformed the production into

COLUMBUS IN A STORM

Alone—afar—my shallops wend
In quest of India's balmy shore.
Stupendous gales the ocean rend,
And foam-white breakers leap and roar;
The lightnings o'er the ocean send
Their flames afar; dread torrents pour;
O saints of love our barks defend—
We still sail on for India shore.

Some fell disaster sweeps the seas,
And all the faithful stars are gone;
Ferocious gales their frenzy please,
Abyssmal deeps in menace yawn,
Loud thunders peal o'er foreign seas,
And ebon clouds obscure the dawn—
O knights, defy such foes as these;
For India shore, O still on.

Proud Isabel! whose gentle eye
Gave hope to me—that men denied;
Yea, laughed my lofty dreams aside—
Thy sacred flag still streams on high,
And there shall stream in regal pride,
Defiant of a stormy sky
That wars a seething ocean's tide.
O Nature, pour thy noisy tears,
With mad Æolus in thy train—
I've staked a life's wild hopes and fears
Amid this weird Atlanta main.
Come boreal gale or spicy breeze,
Though calms prevail or tumults reign,
I'll sail across the stormy seas
And yet the shores of Indus gain.
O knights defy such foes as these,
For angels guide us o'er the main.

From these two versions emanated Joaquin Miller's much vaunted "Voyage Of Columbus."

PRIVUT PENSHUN BILL

[See Prose Addenda.]

Come all you good deserters
Who did not like to kill;
I'll sing for you a ditty,
And sing it with a will.
'Tis all about a friend of yours
Called Privut Penschun Bill.

He was a humble sojer once—
They only called him Bill,
But when he rose to have good clothes,
To smoke seegars and drink his fill,
They called him Penschun Bill;
O, yes, they called him
Privut Penschun Bill—
Cunnel Privut Penschun Bill.

He lives in Congress City,
Way up upon the hill.
Don't you forget—he has his booze!
You'd think he owned a still.
In helping out the country's will,
He caught a chronic thirst.
It makes him drink.
Sometimes you'd think
That Bill would surely burst.
No more they call him Bill,
Just only Bill—not now, you know.
They call him Privut Penschun Bill—
Cunnel Privut Penschun Bill.

He has no use for dirty chumps
That went to war to stay—
But loves the good deserters
Who ran away on battle day—
O yes, who ran away
To Podunk or to Kanaday,
Until the war was past;
Who ran away to shun affray,
But all got home at last;
Came smiling home, no more to roam,
When that old war was past.

Hooray for the old flag!
And likewise shout for Bill.
If in trouble write
To Privut Penschun Bill.
He'll put you on the golden track,
And ope for you the public till;
He'll rip for you the money sack,

He'll cover up your ugly breaks,
And straighten out each crooked line.
A grateful country will reward;
Just write to Privut Penshun Bill.
He'll fix your needed papers fine.
There's none remembers all events
When millions wandered to and fro.
Your health is bad, me bully boy—
You wrecked it fifty years ago.
Just write to Privut Penshun Bill.
If only once you wore a coat,
He'll put you at the public till.
Hooray for the old flag!
And likewise shout for Bill.

We love our country—yes we do!
We love its legal tender, too—
Its tender notes, its silver, gold.
Ah! Ugh! Ah! Ugh! I guess we do,
But most of all, me boys,
We love our Privut Penshun Bill.
They call us penshun-leeches now,
But never mind. We have a friend—
A loyal, patriotic friend—
In Privut Penshun Bill.

A DESERT MARTYR

"I built this lonely cabin here," he said,
"To hide away from all the human race.
I had a wife whose wavy tresses red
Shone like an aureola round her head.
She had a dainty form, a bonnie face,
And hazel eyes, and, stranger, she was young;
She was ambition, energy and grace,
But, ah! she had a temper and a tongue.
I bore with her two melancholy years—
Then left her to her conscience and her tears.
It is not good for man to be alone,
And so, in time, I wooed another wife.
Alas! my honeymoon was barely gone
Before the new one girded armor on
To wreck the fabric of our wedded life.
She proved to be a feminine cyclone,
A roaring tempest of domestic strife,
A thunder storm of Hymen's torrid zone.
I often sighed to bring my No. 1
Into that home of battles and of spats,
And see the pair, like two Kilkenny cats,
Obtain their fill of pugilistic fun.

But why dwell on unhappy past events?
With ruined hopes I soon departed thence.
Bad luck pursued—as soon as I was free,
The darts of Cupid flew my heart around.
With solemn fear, with deep regret, I found
A woman had resolved to marry me.
She very soon became my No. 3.
Our honeymoon flew by delightfully,
But earthly happiness will never last.
Ere yet we realize our weighty loss,
Our sunny days, our joys, are in the past.
The prizes that we draw are only dross.
My dame aspired, with many haughty airs,
To wield the sceptre of our home affairs.
What woes I had I think you may surmise.
One day her death occasioned some surprise.
As I appeared not over much to grieve,
My neighbors told me that I'd better leave.
I came out here where females don't abound,
And reared a cabin on this desert ground.
The land is poor—it won't produce at all,
But here I'm safe from lovely Woman's wiles.
There's not a dame around in forty miles.
A woman led to father Adam's fall—
I've had my final matrimonial brawl."

"Why don't you pollywog?" I dryly said.
"Go join the Mormon crew, and have a pair
Of turtle doves. While they are pulling hair,
You'll reign supreme as matrimonial head."
"No! No! I've had enough of Hymen's cheer,"
He said. "Don't mention that I'm living here."

MY OWN MYSTERY

Amid the wreck of ruined dreams I sit—
I sadly ponder on disastrous grief.
I do not weep, for that were vain, nor rail
With passionate cry at pitiless Fate.
I only think. I coldly ask myself,
How came all this about? I brood alone,
To gaze far back o'er dark and gloomy years,
And through them trace the thin thread of my doom.
I see no work or semblance of mere chance,
But note the cunning skill of heartless Fate.
This was to be, and more, alas! it is.
Some subtle problems of my brief career,
That oft have vexed my will, I've sternly solved.
I have unloosed my force,
And most formidable barriers crossed.
This is a thing I find that baffles me.

SPANISH RAPACITY

[The rebuke of Las Casas.]

O millions die that few may live.
Is glory but a robber's deed?
What millions weep that Spain may thrive,
Her fleets bear bullion o'er the waves.
In quarry, mine, a myriad slaves
Give up their lives to Spanish greed.
Fell demons fan this craze for gold.
The land is but a slaughter fold,
A bloody pen, where gore is poured
In purple streams by War's red sword,
Before the shrines of gods of gold.
This ore inspires an awful thirst
The floods of Indus would not quell.
Who strives with manly aim at first
Grows wild as myrmidons of Hell.
In vain some Spanish hearts rebel
At cruel, foul, atrocious wrong.
No sacred scene is holy long.
Rapacious clans go riding past,
With hopes and lives upon a cast—
All spoil of earth is for the strong.
As quaffs a poor, unhappy soul
From out the seas's repulsive tide,
Where briny deeps derisive roll—
Where stars and wave the scene divide—
And only quaffs to breed a thirst
That burns him like imprisoned fire,
So yellow gold—that ore accurst
Inflames the votary's desire;
His greed inspires, till men who gain
A ruined race's golden store,
Brood sullenly, with greed insane,
Then hasten forth to slay for more.
Could some vile wizard art unfold
A dark Hell's-method mode of gain—
Some plan born in a demon's brain
To smelt this ore from human pain—
They'd pour the blood of man to gold;
Ay, kill till ships upon the main
No more accurs'd ore would hold.
Alas! that Colon e'er was born—
On sons of Spain I heap my scorn.

MEMORY

To deeply think would be to weep—
So let that savage tiger sleep.

ODE

To a shark that cruised around the Pacific Mail steamer
 "Costa Rica," in the harbor of Champerico, Guatemala, 1874.

Tremendous shark!

That keepeth dark

Abaft the "Costa Rica's" stern,
 Dost thou thy daily rations earn
 By hanging round with well-peeled eye,
 With fins erect and tail awry,
 To snake in all the poor galoots—
 (Their breeches, buckles, hats and boots;
 Their bodies, limbs, and heads and necks)
 That tumble off our vessel's decks
 Into the blue and boundless main,
 And can't alas! get back again?
 Is this thy mission, dreadful fish?

Say!

Is Man, devoured rare, the dish
 Thou dost prefer on which to dine,
 Above all others in thy line?
 What barbecue and strange festivity,
 O gormand of the salty sea!
 Whence come thy lightning moves, alertness, mighty
 strength?

Thy many feet of awful length,
 And glossy hide as tough as army beef?
 Thy molars ranged in bold relief
 On either side a massive jaw?
 Hath come of eating people raw?

Say!

Knowest thou not the moral law
 Forbids such provender for prey?
 Dost thou delight to gnash and slay
 From wantonness, or dost regret
 That evil circumstances bid thee sin?
 Dost say, on snatching victim from the wet,
 "He was a stranger and I took him in?"
 Hast thou a conscience, monster dread?
 I rather think no pains disturb
 Thy peace of mind, or ever curb
 Thy lustful taste for human blood,
 Rapacious rover of the flood.
 Hast thou a stomach? Ah, too well
 We know thou hast! What tales they tell—
 These sailor men—of thy red deeds!
 On what strange meat our Cæsar feeds

We know too well.

How often have we heard it said
 Thou canst digest, as well as bread,
 All kinds of mundane stuff, from horses' tails



MRS. JOAQUIN MILLER

This lady, the poet's first wife, claimed to have written many descriptive passages in the "Songs Of the Sierras," and to have assisted in the revision of the whole book. Her former neighbors at Eugene City, Oregon, circulated a similar statement. The photo from which this picture is made bears date in her own handwriting of December 10, 1872. Appended are these lines: "Behold, there is more joy in my shadow than in my heart."

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To ancient mariners and kegs of nails.
 Why should such hideous monsters be,
 Their boarding-house the whole deep sea?
 Gormandizer rash,
 Hast ever tackled ocean hash?
 A motley dish of mystery
 Round which we mortals congregate
 So oft, nor ever penetrate
 Its secrets dire?
 Wouldst thou expire
 If many tons of this were crammed
 Into thy throat, and then were rammed
 Some 10 or 20 feet still further down?
 Though thou shouldst do thy level best,
 Thinkst thou, O shark, thou couldst digest
 This standard article of any town?

 Terrific shark!
 Why skirmish round our gallant bark,
 Appalling passengers and crew?
 Art seeking for an interview
 With some of us, or taking notes
 On everything around that floats,
 And wondering how it will do
 For those immense, capacious throats
 Thy tribe have used these many years?
 Art ever moved by mortal tears?
 Could any plea thy heart instill
 With tender touch of Pity's thrill?
 Methinks all flesh to thee appears
 A proper grist for thy great mill.
 How long in ocean's depths hast wallowed?
 Art thou the fish that Jonah swallowed?

[The vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the bard fell overboard. Horrible to relate, the shark snapped him up in a moment.]

THE CHOICE WE MADE

Which pleases most the restless human heart,
 Proud Nature's guise or noble works of art?
 Look far away at Shasta's tow'ring peak—
 What fairer view would moody rover seek?

"The mount's all right, my friend—its upper part.
 That well dressed lady there I call a work of art.
 You take the mountain summit over there—
 I'll homage pay unto the lady fair."

ELEGY IN A CITY GRAVEYARD

"Bacchus drowns more men than Neptune."

Shrine of greatness! (ne'er attained),
 Of brilliant hopes! (that slowly waned),
 Of dazzling summits! (never gained).
 Booze-fighters brave await the blast
 Of Gabriel's trumpet horn;
 They did their best, but fell at last
 Before John Barleycorn.
 Weep, brothers, weep—with anguish when
 We sing the dirge: "It Might Have Been."
 Statesmen, heroes, moulder here;
 Thinkers, singers, lovers of good cheer—
 To sorrows and ill fortune born;
 Sons of Belial—of melody and rhyme;
 Each wandered off before his time.
 View not his tomb with idle scorn;
 He'll wake on Resurrection morn.

TO AN OLD SWEETHEART

O, you have vanished from the world,
 And we shall meet, O never more!
 Where is that sweet and lissome girl
 Whose voice to me, in years of yore,
 Was Heaven's music in the air?
 Whose beauteous form Love's impress bore?
 Who mocked the sunshine with her hair?
 Whose kisses of most pure desire
 Set all my youthful veins on fire?
 Gone from the world! And he who then
 Had all his own so blest a prize—
 He, too, is gone! No more shall men,
 In mortal scenes, 'neath azure skies,
 Behold again that self-same pair.
 They both are gone—almost in name.
 Alas! we are no more the same.
 Adieu! let that bright vision of the past
 Endure while life and memory last.
 If but we meet the vision flies.

NERO'S FEAST

"Our noble Nero's pace is slow."
 "He had to kill his mother, yesterday, you know."

ENTERING THE WORLD WAR

[A Kansas Ditty.]

What was the late election for?
It brought the ladies out to vote
To boom a presidential goat
Who kept the country out of war.
Ugly female wrecks,
Zantippes old and maids unsexed,
With politics are greatly vexed.

THE BARD SPEAKS WELL OF HIMSELF

Voices, omens, urge; and unseen powers
Imperiously command me.

I have had agonies and fearful regrets.
My heart strings have been exquisite chords
For fools to tear at,
And fools are crueler than fiends.

I am no carpet knight,
Reared among maids and roses.
No man has trod ruder ways than I have,
Or longer persevered without hope.
I have had pride, skill, determination unsurpassed.
What have I won by these endeavors?

I am no carpet knight—
I have stood on the embattled line.
I have helped resist stormers,
And have stormed the foe.
I have been so close to the foe
I could touch him with my bayonet.
Shielded by the unseen powers
I bore a charm'd life.
Once deadly arms poised at my breast.
They were so close I dared not breathe.
"Back to your line!" a foeman chief exclaimed.
I went back, but bore my arms with me.

I am marching through the Red Sea.
Walls of death dismay on either side,
And death awaits.
I march forward, nevertheless,
For it has been commanded.

(The bard is still marching. The remainder of his jeremiad vanished in the earthquake at San Francisco. Good! Banzai! Hoop la!)

"THE GREAT AND ONLY JOHN L."

[Died February 2, 1918.]

Spartacus, long passed away,
 Was merely Sullivan of later day—
 (Napoleon of the fistic fray!)
 Those heroes of immortal Troy,
 Mere battlers like the Boston Boy.
 Hard fighting was their utmost joy.

Hail and farewell,
 John L!

FEMININE SUFFRAGE, 1916

Feminine pajamas
 Wave high on the breeze
 Of the hen-ridden heaven
 Of the Kansas Pharisees.
 In the uttermost depths
 Of the Neutral Zone
 The daughters of Eve
 Have come to their own.

WASHINGTON

When passions wane and age creeps on,
 And all the bloom of life is gone,
 Though we disdain to stoop to tears,
 We know that he hath lost his years
 Whose life has been for self alone.
 One man in mould of Washington—
 Of Wisdom's pure, sagacious mind—
 Is worth to earth, to human kind,
 More than a million gay careers,
 To sloth or selfishness resigned.
 Ambition bows in haughty shame.
 At merest mention of his name.

"THE LAST MAN"

Save himself, the human race was gone;
 Its arts and fame, achievements—all!
 The globe was trembling to some awful doom.
 He gazed around on silent stars—
 Earth's ancient riddle was unread.

MY LOST POEMS

They vanished in a planet's throes—
In San Francisco's burning passed away,
But all the lore that mankind knows—
All the rhyme and famous prose—
Will some day vanish swift as they.
Why weep about a lot of rhyme
That only burnt before its time?

ROVING LOVE

Though mine thy thoughts more stainless far
Than moonlit tides or rose's hue;
Though mine thy smile—so like a star
That pierces all the midnight through
To light one lone, deserted spot;
And mine the splendor of the rays
Of thy dark eyes that baffle praise,
That glow with fire from Heaven caught—
Though mine thy wild, sweet spirit now—
There'll be a day with sadness fraught,
When each will muse with mournful brow,
Or all, alas! will be forgot.

HOLY BOOZERS ON THE BOSPHORUS

Send us money, precious money—
'Tis Heaven's own request.
Money! Money! merely money--
Our noble band will do the rest.

THE MARINER'S HOPE

Eccentric orbs that widely shed
Alarm in starry ocean skies;
That menace constellations red,
And startle space with mute surprise;
That burn with baleful fires afar,
Then plunge to darkened gulfs below,
Surpass you not, O Polar Star,
That faithful shines with peaceful glow,
Thou beacon light where perils are,
Thou Star of Hope where oceans flow.

BLACK HAWK'S ISLE

[A youthful rime of revolt. Written in 1867.]

The fortress was a rugged pile
Of rough-hewn logs and stone
That stood upon a lovely isle
In savage strength alone,
And frowned from off a rocky shore
Across a mighty river's tide
Where virgin states no harvests bore,
But prairies rolled in splendor wide,
And red men roved, with regal sway—
Uncultured, reckless, rude and free—
Nor deemed then dawned an evil day
To bid their birthright cease to be;
To bid their broad, imperial lands
Become an alien spoiler's prey
Like treasures heaped for friendly hands
But snatched by ruthless foes away.
Ah! glorious life to dwell afar
From Civilization's noisy mart,
Where mad contentions ceaseless are
That singe and sear the human heart,
And warp it to a senseless thing
That feels for kindred woe no pain,
But nurses hate to scathe and sting,
When only peace should reign.
O scenes of greed! of cruel strife
For soulless wealth or selfish power,
Where Mammon robs uncertain life
Of every bright and happy hour,
And bids each noble purpose die
As gen'rous impulse bids it live;
And steels the heart to Sorrow's cry,
And lifts the avenging blade on high
When Pity wildly pleads forgive.
O Avarice, with subtle hands
You ply your fiendish master's trade,
Where cities mar unhappy lands
That primal force in beauty made,
But not within the deserts free
You bid the pomps of Nature fade,
Nor can your reign untrammelled be
Where hoary woodlands cast their shade.
Where mountain streams in sunlight dance
No minions vile of Care intrude,
To wither with their baleful glance
The happy realms of Solitude.
No! the deserts yet are free from Care;
Their breezes bear no low refrain
To bid the weary heart despair,
Or wake anew the pangs of pain.

O for a weird, Olympian power
To mould this crowded world anew.
The vasty plains should be the dower
Of Penury and Sorrow's crew.
Red Riot with his ragged horde
Should range no more for spoil and prey,
Nor Might unsheath his glitt'ring sword
To bid the panting rabble stay.
Pride should see her pampered knaves
O'er their heaped-up plumage wail;
Oppression with its cringing slaves
Should perish in Destruction's gale;
The captive have his heart's desire,
The nomad roam without annoy;
Lust should see her votaries expire
Mid tinsel pomps that deck their joy;
Hypocrisy should vainly hide
With cloak and mask its hideous form;
Civilization, with brilliant crime allied,
Should vanish in the wrathful storm.
Every vestige of unnatural life
Should be sternly swept away,
And when the elements had ceased their strife,
And the winged lightnings their vengeful play,
Pitying heavens should kindly weep,
And with green verdure robe the soil
Where joyless serfs now sow and reap,
Or sink beneath their ceaseless toil.
Where gilded cities groan with crime,
And Fashion holds her gaudy reign,
Should dawn again a halcyon time,
The forest lands be green again.
The grand old streams, unmeant for slaves,
Should murmur wild and lawless strains;
As sunshine lit their silver waves,
Go winding through unbounded plains.
The vernal hills, once more reclaimed,
Should bear profuse their grasses tall,
Where countless herds should roam untamed,
And be the common wealth of all.
The stately crags, where threat'ning shines
Dread enginry of pain and death,
Should scarcely bear their weight of vines
To woo the south wind's balmy breath.
All Earth for all! not for a few
Who rear them Babels like the fools of old,
And thrust aside the good and true
Who spurn their gods of senseless gold.
No despot rules should fret the will,
Or bid the careless wand'rer stay;
No turbid stream or tiny rill
Mark out the lines of haughty sway,

Nor cold restraints essay to chain
 Each impulse wild of mortal breast,
 But Freedom, like a glorious queen, should reign—
 Her laws the first, the wildest and the best.
 Ah! Earth for once should truly be
 What gray old sages oft have planned,
 And Man for once so truly free
 That not a fruit on vine or tree
 But should thrive for any hand.

Alas! this Paradise we all have missed.
 The youthful bard, we must insist,
 Wrote like a crazy Bolshevik.

APOSTROPHE

[To a great court attendant.]

Hail, Kay Reel! Thou with front name
 All the same as British king's.
 Hail! Vizier—not Grand, but inferior somewhat.
 Distorter of facts imperfectly known;
 Suppressor of truth, news, information—
 By imperial command.
 Boswell on a slight scale;
 Very slight. Prevaricator, camouflager;
 Expert in things not true,
 Nor probable, but utterly preposterous.
 Extracter of apothegms
 From useless and egotistical speeches
 Published at public expense, enormously piled on.
 Hail, Kay Reel! Hail and farewell!
 Apollyon is waiting for thee.

PHILOSOPHY OF JESSE JAMES

The special talents that secure a rope
 Are also requisite to win a star;
 To rob a scoundrel of his future hope,
 And send him howling to his Maker's bar,
 Is but to show the pious crowd
 That gathers round your gallows base,
 That had you fled the hangman's shroud
 You might have led in Glory's godlike chase.
 To cut a throat or fire a town,
 Or lead battalions on to death,
 Are varied routes to high renown,
 That empty bubble of mortal breath.

HEROES OF SHILOH

[Written before the Government gave attention
to Shiloh field.]

Within their far, forgotten graves
Those silent heroes peaceful sleep.
The rank wild grass above them waves,
The wild wood vines above them creep;
The sun by day, the moon by night,
Shed o'er the scene a hallowed light.
The very wind moves o'er each spot
As conscious of the deeds they wrought
With valiant hearts one awful day.
All nature honors their poor clay
That crumbles to the baser dust,
And deems it but a sacred trust
That naught shall break their long repose.
Ah! where their friends? Ah! where their foes?
Where are the banners that they bore?
The dreadful arms whose sullen roar
Shook all the earth for leagues away?
Where are the lines they met in fray?
The pomps that gilded that wild scene?
The chieftains that with dauntless mien,
And iron souls and faith serene,
Led them upon the wrathful foe?
The millions that in sad dismay
And terror paused, yet feared to know
The issue of that fearful day?
The mighty pageant all is gone,
And there they sleep from eve to dawn,
From dawn to eve, forgotten quite.
No gilded bronze or burial stone
Is by the forest moss o'ergrown.
No marble shaft of spotless white
Recounts their fame with lofty line;
No mourner steals to it by night
To weep or sigh or e'en repine;
No trump proclaims with lordly might
That there they fell in bloody fight
That still our Nation's stars should shine.

MARC ANTONY

Though Antony was quite a fool, no doubt,
Such kind of men have not by any means run out.
While women breathe, in vain your boasted rules,
They'll own the world—they'll make mankind their fools.

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS

Search in the days of palmy Rome
For such a man—few have been since.
Napoleon would have called him Prince,
Then given him a ducal home.
While monuments of glory stand,
Let eloquence of song command
Our children keep his memory green.
Virginia was his native scene.
When civil war swept o'er the land,
Faint-hearted men with fear grew pale.
How sweet to some was Treason's tale—
They found a music in her voice.
In vain she strove to sway his choice.
He wavered not, like brilliant Lee,
To vainly mourn his country's past,
Nor weighed a chance, to err at last.
For him one course alone could be.
He drew his sword at Freedom's call,
Nor weightier sword was ever cast,
With giant force, in doubtful scale.
Serene he took his humble post,
Ere long to lead a mighty host.
In Trial's hour his lips were still;
His deeds proclaimed his patriot will—
"Act well thy part though heavens fall."
What were the fortunes of a state,
To Freedom and his nation's fate?
On every field where Thomas came,
Confusion smote our country's foes,
And winged Victory arose
Through lurid cloud or battle flame,
To crown him with immortal fame.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Our vessel in regalia brave
Is floating on the billows white;
With sable plume it rides the wave
Impatient for its northern flight.
O'er purple floods whose breakers lave
The golden shores; o'er waters bright
Whose isles are visions of delight—
Whose beauty poets vainly tell—
Green capes around, with vernal height,
And vales that ravish mortal sight,
Where idle races happy dwell;
O'er seas afar—our course we thread.
Our Nation's banner flies o'erhead—
Seas, isles and summer lands, farewell!

THE MARCH OF CORONADO

[The passage that follows is from a poem I lost.

See Prose Addenda.]

No waters flow—no streams or limpid rills.
All treeless, bare, volcanic, are the hills
That line our way; the mountains are but rock
Thrown up in air by some rude seismic shock
That in old eras tore the land in twain,
Then heaped and piled it all in one again.
Huge lava blocks bestrew the hillsides o'er.
Behind, a waste—Inferno lies before.
Each war steed moans, then hastens on half blind
With all the glare that falls before, behind,
Around—all o'er this arid, stony land
That seems new flung from Nature's hateful hand,
It is too vile, too drear, for home of man.
The plains are heated white—they smoke all day
With fervor of the beams that o'er them play.
Alas! that e'er this fearful march began.
Our heavy armor is all heated through.
At eve, the air burns up the very dew.
Across mysterious vales that shine so hot,
Is trace of race that we encounter not.
Deep channels hewn with lavish care,
In which no blessed streams of water are.
We find these olden rivers everywhere.
Some castle walls we saw in one weird place,
But not a welcome sight of human face.
In savage mountains tall are human signs—
Habitations, tunnels, buried mines,
And yet no slave the precious dust refines,
A strange, uncanny, sterile, weary zone
Is this—each rueful scene bestrewn with stone—
And yet it hath, somewhere, a royal throne.
Brave Coronado leads us on; the way
Is where old heathen border annals tell
Enchanted cities are with towers gray,
Where worshipers of pagan planets dwell.
When cities, treasures, gems, are Spanish prey,
We'll cool in crystal bowls of precious wine
The lips that now for some coarse draught repine.
Though rude the game, for treasures vast we play.
Have courage, knights, upon this lonesome way.

OUR PROTEAN MASTER

Don't view him with abhorrence,
With hatred so intense.
Next month he'll change opinions,
And hop across the fence.

THE DREAM OF COUNT PORTALA

[Discovery of San Francisco Bay.]

On this unrivalled wave, in martial pride,
The natives of the Christian world might ride.
Imperial armadas here might float
From every shore where Glory sounds her note.
No dang'rous reef conceals a cruel crest,
In purple tides that flow to Ocean's breast.
Glorious pathway to the western seas,
Outshining all the famous views that please
Where glow the Pillars of great Hercules.
On this bright way Olympian gods might glide
In stately barges to vast oceans wide,
Nor deem the scene beneath celestial pride.
How grand it is! In vain the feeble praise
Of painter's brush or gifted poet's lays.
Here has Creator's hand, at one great sweep,
Devised for nations of sublimer days
The noblest haven of the vasty deep.
How strange it should so long unknown remain!
A vision—prophecy—sweeps o'er my brain.
Around me now no savage landscape lies—
Palatial domes to bluest heavens rise.
A Tyrus, Venice, meets enraptured eyes—
A Carthage fair—where ships of earth convene
With costly wares from every mortal scene.
Yea, fleets of Indus bright and far Cathay
Will some time crowd this well-enfolded bay.
Rich argosies from lands to us unknown
Will fill their sails to reach this austral zone.
From South and North and far from foamy West
Uncounted ships will pass o'er ocean's breast
In anxious hope their alien wealth to pour,
With lavish zeal upon this favored shore.
Here shall great population, grandeur, dwell;
A capital of ocean commerce be,
A queen of power on the western sea—
Nor oriental shore its busy pomps excel.
All rival zones will fill its crowded mart,
Its halls will glow with miracles of art.
The fabrics, products, ores, of every clime
Will reach this Tyrus of the future time.
Above the scene the flush of glory soars;
Lo! populations throng the argent shores.
The vista vast with life and splendor fills,
For glittering fanes are on the stately hills;
Wide streets resound with traffic's busy hum,
And Progress roars in eons yet to come.
From withered Thebes and once imperial Rome
Shall Art and Honor fly to find a home.

Commercial Empire here shall rear its throne,
To reign o'er shores and seas and isles unknown;
From shifting snows to equatorial sign
The sails will fill, the mighty fleets align.
All shines revealed—the scene, the future time,
The queenly city in her pomp sublime.
Not all the gold the Aztec hills contain
Is worth to thee this noble prize, O Spain!
O cavaliers! O knights of high disdain,
For nobler spot ye sail and search in vain.
I cast away each petty wreath I claim
To link this Bay with Count Portala's name.

THE DREAM OF LORD PARKHURST

I wish I possessed a billion of gold.
Like an Arab my tattered tent I'd fold,
No more at laggard Fortune I would scold,
Seas I would sail like Captain Kidd the bold,
And revel and roam regardless of cost.
Where'er an empurpled ocean rolled,
By my fleet ship that ocean would be crossed.
Of cedar from hills of Lebanon old
My ship I would build for tempest or frost;
With gold its cabins should be all embossed;
Its sails should be silk—O down in its hold,
In barrels and casks champagne should be rolled.
The daintiest fare by gourmands extolled
Should daily regale my sailor boys bold;
With oceans of grog and juice of the lime
I'd keep the rogues drunk two thirds of the time,
And issue commands in musical rhyme
Whene'er they endeavored the masts to climb.
Most beautiful girls I'd gather on board,
Each Amazon armed with her tongue and a sword.
The queens of the land I'd coax to embark
For a daring cruise on a Poet's Ark.
While their songs dissolved the ocean in smiles,
We'd sail in quest of the Fortunate Isles.
If ever our ship was unpleasantly tossed,
We'd baffle Aeolus with feminine wiles,
And revel and roam for a thousand miles,
And all get sober when the ship got lost.

MY SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

In old age our vices leave us, and we think we have grown virtuous.—*Byron*.

What blessing crowns my natal day?
What ample joy? What quiet bliss?
My greatest boon, I think, is this—
The belles and dames and ladies gay
Ignore me quite—they keep away.
Without a friend in Cupid's court;
No bother now, no sinful sport,
I'm homeward bound and near to port.
Wine and women, jest and song,
No longer tempt to pathways wrong.
What grievous ills a man escapes
In sailing round Life's final capes.
There's not much fun, but scenes are blest
With solitude, content, and mental rest.

TRAJAN AT THE PERSIAN GULF

[Written on December 9th, 1920, when I reached
the age of 76.]

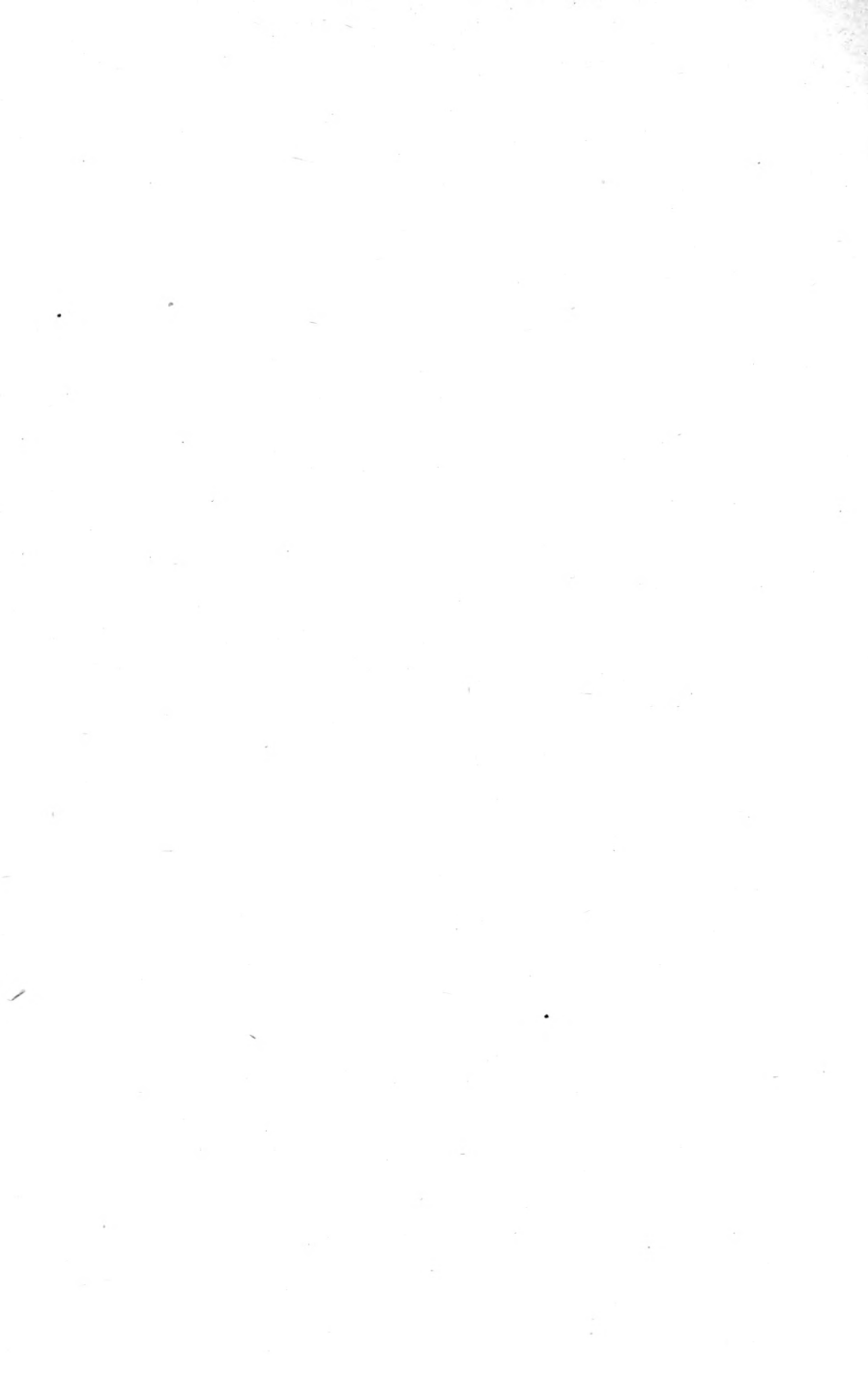
Upon the shore of that far sea he paused,
And watched the sunset rays glint o'er the wave.
In massive armor plates of brass and steel,
And rich-enamelled gold, erect he stood.
His tow'ring form betrayed no sign of age,
And yet his spacious brow bore marks of care;
His fearless eyes had melancholy gaze.
Why, O Trajan bold, is now thy spirit sad?
Why gaze so wistfully on Persian sea?
Rome was Mistress of the World, and Trajan ruled,
With undisputed sway, o'er all the lands of Rome.
Three seasons now had Trajan warred to reach
This far, remote, and long defended sea.
Assyria, Mesopotamia, Parthia fell,
And richer lands beside. Here stood he unopposed at last,
And gazed in silence o'er the tranquil wave.
"Where goes yon vessel there with snowy sails?"
He said to Arab chief who waited at his side.
"To India, lord," 'was low and brief reply.
"'Twas thus I thought," and long again he mused.
Then waved in gesture to a band of knights
Who stood aloof to bide his pleasure there.
"Tomorrow, Sirs," he said, "we counter-march.
We take the way that leads to distant Rome.
Yon bark you see is off for India shores.
This conquered land is vast—is limitless.

I have a soldier's pride in greatness of
Imperial Rome, whose boundaries my sword
Hath greatly widened out. It was a dream
Of early days with me, to lead victorious arms
Till India fell. The Macedonian king
Reached the verge of that far eastern land,
And then was stayed. With one accord
His valiant soldiers did refuse to march
On any course that did not lead to Grecian soil.
Great Alexander raved, implored, in rage he wept,
But not a man would change; so counter-march
Was made. My years, my lords, are sixty-three,
And Alexander died at thirty-two.
When safe return is made to Babylon,
At Alexander's shrine we'll sacrifice,
And offer honors for his splendid youth.
I am too old, my lords, to march to India now."

In triumphal guise he made his slow return.
Another war he fought to swift success,
And then, at sixty-five, he died.
His India dream, which long had given bitter thought,
And poisoned happy hours, was left unrealized.
The trace of mighty things he did is gone.
Time and dust of ages screen them o'er.
Where cities vast arose are silent mounds of sand;
Where proudest legions marched not one lone man is
found.
Of all those paladins not e'en a bone remains.
Trajan—triumphs, pomps and pageants of his time—are
gone.
He left a name—which well nigh tells it all.
The desert horseman flying by is greater king than he.
All that mightiest men achieve must vanish thus.

At seventy years Tamerlane had all Assyria,
India, Persia, Asia, at his feet,
But off he rode to seize the Chinese throne;
En route, on barren, chilly plains he died.

The laurels of old age are worthless bays,
A mockery of brilliant early hopes.
If won, their shrivelled flowers, withered leaves,
Are barely worth a thought or final blow.
Win glory in the flush and bloom of youth,
Or not at all, nor view it as a prize.
Vain is Glory's chase, at best, save for amusement
Of an idle man.



PROSE ADDENDA

THE SORROWS OF OTHERS

"Go tell your troubles to a policeman."

Consider them told, and now for the sorrows of others.

In December, 1917, Samuel Eberly Gross, a Chicago real estate dealer, charged Edmund Rostand, the famous French writer, with having plagiarized "Cyrano de Bergerac" from a play Gross produced in 1910 entitled "The Merchant Of Cornville." In the United States District Court at Chicago, Mr. Gross fully established his claim.

On December 30th, 1919, an associated press dispatch from London, Eng., announced the death of Waller M. Fisher, formerly of San Francisco, and added that "he claimed to have written a great part of a noted History of the Pacific States, the authorship of which is credited to Herbert Bancroft." In bringing out his invaluable "History Of The Pacific States," a series of books, Hubert Howe Bancroft employed many persons. They worked in various capacities. Who did the most of the writing it would be hard to say. He squandered a fortune in his enterprise. In 1881 his brother told me that the financial returns had been disappointing, discouraging. For his great efforts and great loss, Bancroft deserves undisputed honors of authorship.

In 1887 Dr. Nicol Gigliotti published in a newspaper at Naples, Italy, a poem entitled "Fate." Eighteen years afterwards he came to this country, and was surprised to learn that his poem, translated into English, had become the property of Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas. Under the title of "Opportunity" it was widely celebrated. President Roosevelt kept an "autograph copy" of it, framed, and signed by Ingalls, hanging on the wall in the White House. Dr. Gigliotti protested in a Philadelphia paper, but in every poetical collection, and in every school book, the poem continues to be credited to Ingalls. The distinguished Senator never published any other poem. "To him that hath it shall be given, and from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken."

On June 10, 1915, the Omaha "Bee" revived a matter of the past, as follows: In July, 1863, "Arthur's Home Magazine" published a poem entitled "There Is No Death." It was written by J. L. McCreery, a native of Iowa. Its popularity was unbounded. It was copied into newspapers in every part of the United States, and was reproduced abroad in every land where the English tongue is spoken. In some manner it came to be credited to Lord Lytton, the British novelist, and with that mistake attached it went into school books, and into scores of miscellaneous collections of poetry. Mr. McCreery protested; the Lippincotts investigated, and awarded the authorship to McCreery. Yet, in millions of volumes of all kinds, the poem has been passed on to posterity with Lord Lytton's name attached.

A long time ago Josiah Gregg, a roving newspaper man,

published many sketches portraying the romance and dangers of the old Santa Fe Trail. He ended by publishing a book entitled "The Western Prairies." Poorly managed, the venture failed, but writers of all kinds pounced upon his mine of freshness, beauty and vivid description, and pillaged the book from beginning to end. The noted novelist Captain Marryat joined in the onslaught. In Marryat's tale of "Monsieur Violet," Gregg's glowing portrayals of the wild West were "swiped bodily" and he was compelled to go on record with a protest, "lest he might some time later be charged with plagiarism by Captain Marryat." Nobody paid any attention to him.

Who wrote "The Call Of Kansas"? In May, 1907, it was published anonymously in the Lawrence (Kan.) "Journal." It then appeared in the Kansas City "Star", and was widely copied and admired. The Lawrence "Journal" then editorially announced that Miss Esther M. Clark of Chanute, Kan., was authoress of the poem, and she afterwards included it in a volume of verse she published. She claimed to have written the poem in California, while homesick for the green and beautiful prairies of Kansas. Thereupon Mrs. Clark-Karr of Hutchinson, Kan., filed a counter claim. She said she published the poem in the Hutchinson (Kan.) "Gazette" in 1900, "not, possibly, in exactly the same language, but with every thought as given in Miss Clark's effort." The Kansas Historical Society made stern demands for proofs of authorship. I never learned how the dispute ended—was too busy to find out. The poem is very beautiful, and is worth quarreling about.

During the world war, "Hoch Der Kaiser," a burlesque poem, had great popularity, and was recited at military gatherings on three continents. The first lines read:

"Der Kaiser of dis Faterland,
Und Gott on high, all dings command.
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?
Meinself—und Gott."

The late Rear Admiral Coghlan, of the American Navy, recited this rhyme at a banquet, and was always afterwards referred to as its author. That a Canadian named Rose wrote and published it at Montreal, but died before it became noted, is now generally conceded.

Minnie Myrtle Miller, first wife of Joaquin Miller, was somewhat deficient in culture, from lack of early advantages, but was a woman of great natural ability. Her acquaintance with Miller began from poetical contributions she sent to a country paper he was publishing at Eugene City, Oregon. She claimed to have written part of the "Songs Of The Sierras," and to have assisted in the preparation of the whole volume. This was Miller's best book and most successful one. When it was completed he deserted her and her children, and with \$2,000 in gold in his wallet, went to London and won fame.

This is what she told me, and I believed her. Her whole life was unfortunate. She died in a New York hospital.

Many years ago a noted Chicago preacher delivered—as was his wont—a brilliant sermon. A canny old Scotchman in the audience scratched his pate a while, much puzzled, and finally decided that he had either heard or read that sermon before. Hunting through a lot of old books at home, at last he found the sermon, and in the daily papers of the city he made the piracy public. "The church hates a scandal," and the preacher had to go. On Memorial Day, 1914, at Arlington Cemetery, D. C., a distinguished member of the United States Senate delivered a fine oration. It soon transpired that an oration almost like it had been delivered at Lincoln's tomb (Springfield, Ills.) two years previously, by Jasper T. Darling of Chicago. In parallel quotations the Chicago "Herald" showed that both orators had not only spoken in similar style, but had often used precisely the same language, word for word. Mr. Darling saved himself by having used the language first. The Senator tried to explain that the great number of quotation marks he had used in his manuscript, had escaped the hearing of his auditors.

The "Literary Digest" of May 15, 1920, says that "Sermon Factories" are in regular operation at various cities in the East "where clergymen who lack in imagination and strenuousness obtain ready-made hand-me-down sermons at moderate prices." Special prayers, lectures, rhetorical and evangelistic exhortations, etc., are also abundantly supplied. The "Christian Century" concedes and laments the truth of the statement. An expounder of the gospel no longer needs brains. Only a roll of money is required.

An inter-state collegiate oratorical contest took place at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, on March 26, 1915, at which J. A. Johnson of the University of South Dakota won an oratorical trophy and a cash prize of \$40. He was soon charged with plagiarizing the greater part of his oration. Judge Gaynor of the Iowa Supreme Court and Professor Lardner of the Northwestern University investigated, and ordered the "victor" to return the trophy and the money, which he did.

Several years ago the "Daily Post" of Washington City, on the authority of U. S. Senator Bacon of Georgia, published a story of Lee's magnanimity at Gettysburg. (All civil war stories are located at Gettysburg.) The incident really occurred at Corinth, Mississippi; the wounded soldier was a comrade of my own regiment; the Confederate commander was General Sterling Price of Missouri; and I published the incident in full, forty years ago, in the San Francisco "Chronicle."

On the 18th of January, 1915, at Washington City, occurred the death of Col. John A. Joyce, aged 72. An associated press dispatch may be summarized thus: He had lived at the national capital half a century; had been generally known as 'the poet of Washington'; was familiar to all by his long,

white, flowing locks; he had published many books, biographical and poetical; he was especially famed as the author of the verses "Love And Laughter," known to the English-speaking world by the opening lines:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

The dispatch added: "His claim has been disputed, and the controversy at one time attracted wide attention."

As the poetic lines referred to appear in a volume issued by a "reputable publishing house" with the name of Ella Wheeler Wilcox attached, the poor Colonel doubtless often wept alone. He had no "name" to speak of, and Mrs. Wilcox had, so it was more profitable to the publisher to have the lines written by Mrs. Wilcox. Like Providence, the book pirate "moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." "Custer" is not the only military poem Mrs. Wilcox wrote. In the "Cosmopolitan" Magazine of September, 1915, thus she wailed:

"And there were shameful things;
Soldiers and forts, industries of death,
And devil-ships, and loud-winged devil birds,
All bent on slaughter and destruction."

To regard soldiers and forts and airplanes as "shameful things," scarcely denotes a martial spirit.

In Virginia City, Nevada, in other days, there was a bright newspaper man who came to be widely known as Dan DeQuille. His humorous productions made mirth everywhere. At last he wrote a bulky volume about mining and other picturesque scenes and industries, and bethought him of a publisher. In the east he had a friend who was fast growing rich and renowned in the book-writing and publishing line. He wrote to his friend. "Send on the book," was the prompt reply. Dan sent it. All the brilliant, bright, amusing features disappeared from its pages, and the book was so loaded down with dry bullicious statistics and other such rubbish that Dan didn't know his own book when he finally saw it in print. If millionaire Mackay had not, as a kindly favor, bought five hundred copies, Dan would have been badly in debt. The book was killed, of course, and a possible rival removed. Also, Dan was cured of the deplorable habit of writing books.

Do the gods of literature stoop to such practices? Yes, if there's any money in it. I might as well mention the literary friend. He was none other than Mark Twain.

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, a popular western fiction writer, says: "I have no illusions about the class of my work, or the work of my contemporaries. It is not literature. It is the result of business conditions. I supply the demand. I sell my product the same as soap or furniture. With most modern authors, writing is not an art but a business. They peddle their wares as other people peddle merchandise. They seek the best markets. It does not require genius nor even

a high order of talent. Any one of average intelligence can write saleable stuff, if time is given to the task."

No longer a matter of fame, honor, romance, lofty sentiment, and other relics of antediluvian times. O American Literature, hast thou sunk to this? The dismayed and bewildered author finds himself up against a mere case of commerce and manufacturing. In eras past, poets wrote for fame; from patriotic or religious motives, political enthusiasm; for some proud or noble purpose. Now writing is a low, obsequious trade; a species of traffic, truck-peddling. Ideas, opinions, pathos, diction, are not of high account. "Stuff" is wanted, stuff suited for the "market"; literary hay, fodder for the reading animals. Alas! our degenerate age and degenerate land.

The May number of the "Bookman" (this year), contains the advertisement of a Milwaukee firm that is ready to "prepare articles, speeches, lectures, and special addresses for all occasions." Why not manufacture presidential messages, gubernatorial messages, prayers, political excoriations, special outbursts of profanity for enraged voters, etc., etc.? The field is limitless. O, American Literature! again we weep for thee. A low, vile trade hast thou become. Only fallen kings, ex-Kaisers, and rich men like myself, can put forth real opinions, instead of thinking as the book publisher desires.

Let us repeat with Job: "O that mine enemy would write a book!" Wish him all the trouble you can. What is the use of more books? Well, there isn't any great need of them. Walk through a famous library. See splendid productions stacked up that nobody looks at—covered with dust—perhaps with mold. If a man of wealth and leisure should give ten or twelve hours a day to steady, persistent, industrious reading, and should read undisturbed till the undertaker came in to bury him, he could never begin to read one-tenth of the grand books that have been printed—modern, classic, original, translated. What's the use of more books? Read the old ones. A new author's only excuse should be that he has a school book that contains no propaganda, or that he announces a great scientific discovery, opposes a great evil, seeks to advance a great reform, or otherwise aims to really benefit mankind. Outside of that, read the daily papers, and all that you can get time to read of the old books that are being totally forgotten.

Gail Hamilton, a near relative of Hon. James G. Blaine, had brilliant success as a writer. Wronged by certain publishers, she issued a volume entitled "The Battle Of The Books," and made unpleasant disclosures, after which she was little heard of. The "book trade" quietly "put her out."

With a great staff of secretaries, scribes, researchers, copyists, collaborators, etc., about him, Alexandre Dumas run a literary sweat-shop and veritable book factory. Well known writers like Auguste Maquet, Pier Angelo Fiorentino, Paul Bocage, Paul Meurice, and other men of talent assisted. Con-

veniences abounded. In this way a multitude of books reached the public, bearing the name of Dumas as author. In a squabble that got into court, it was proven that the name of Dumas "appeared on the title page of more novels than could be produced by one man if he worked incessantly at his desk, day and night, for the whole 365 days in a year." The income of Dumas rose to \$200,000 per annum, but his literary slaves got little of the money. He squandered it on himself, and on unworthy parasites and associates, and died poor. Of the books bearing his name, it would be impossible now to tell which ones he really wrote.

At New York City in 1905, David Belasco, the noted playwright, was forced to publicly admit that he had been in the habit of signing his name to magazine articles he never wrote, and not even a page of which he had ever read. The matter obtained publicity because one article had been previously printed. The real author rebelled, and—what was more to the purpose—was able to prove his case. The real author of a book is often unknown to the public. "Leslie's Monthly" says: "The conservative old trade of book publishing is honey-combed by men who, using the advertising page as a gaming table, speculate in authors as other gamblers do in ivory chips."

The authorship of the noted Southern war song "The Bonnie Blue Flag" was claimed by two persons—by Annie C. Ketcham of Kentucky, and by Henry McCarthy, a song writer. The dispute was never settled. The authorship of "Beautiful Snow" is still in doubt.

In a collection of "American Poems" edited by Augustus White Long of Princeton University, the famous Civil War poem, "The Blue And The Gray," is credited to Francis Miles Finch, a graduate of Yale College. The poem has long been believed to be the production of a gifted Roman Catholic clergyman.

In commenting on the writings of Philip Freneau, an early American poet, Professor Long quotes this line:

"The hunter and the deer—a shade."

The professor then asserts that Thomas Campbell, the famous British poet, stole this line entire from Freneau, without changing a word. Professor Long continues: "Sir Walter Scott also borrowed a line from Freneau, and Professor Tyler says that an English lady took bodily one of Freneau's poems and published it as her own. Such marks of attention are flattering to the early American poet."

Even blind Homer is on defence. It is not positively certain who wrote the story of Troy. Antiquarians say that many bards contributed to the tales and legends that Homer only put together in proper shape and improved somewhat. The Book of Job, we are told, is what remains of an old Chaldean drama—a pagan production. As a preface to his "Temple Of Fame" Alexander Pope says: "The hint of the

following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame." Literary evolution.

In my days of youthful ardor, soon after I had donned a village editor's crown of thorns, a liberal advertiser called in a glow of enthusiasm, with a poem he wished me to publish. It had been written by his son, he told me, then a student at a well known college of a nearby State, and had been read at the graduating exercises of the institution, exciting much applause. The father was proud of the matter. I glanced over the poem with interest.

"Sir," I said, "I'll print it with pleasure. Your son is a poet—a real one. Tell him to write more. Bring it to me. I'll print anything he writes."

The production was "The Bells of Shandon"—to this day one of my greatest favorites. A few days after the poem was in print, with editorial laudations, a son of the Green Isle, in homely blouse and overalls, modestly entered. He quickly convinced me that Father Prout wrote "The Bells of Shandon." Much vexed, I declared my purpose to thoroughly set the matter right in the next issue of the paper.

"No, I wouldn't," my visitor advised. "It'll make the old man feel bad. Everybody knows who wrote 'The Bells Of Shandon.'"

So the affair passed off in gloomy silence, but no more poems reached me for publication.

Kant avers that a really original idea comes only once in course of centuries. Almost everything has been thought of, and "there is nothing new under the sun." "The jokes the Greeks laughed at in the siege of Troy are still floating around in modernized form." Under like circumstances men often have the same ideas. Still, it is improbable that two men in widely different localities would think out a whole book in precisely the same way, at nearly the same time, and happen to offer it to the same publisher—without some human agency in the matter. In the pursuit of coin, "coincidence" should not be made a cloak for all kinds of rascalities. Napoleon distrusted a brilliant courtier, and said: "He lies too much. One may very well lie sometimes, but always is too much." Gobbling a whole book is too much of a "coincidence."

That complaints about ill treatment by publishers receive little or no attention from the public press is not strange. A narrative of ill usage is usually tedious and uninteresting. An editor has no time to investigate such matters, nor is he situated always to do so, nor is he at liberty to write offhand about every man's painful misfortunes. The world is full of unredressed wrongs. It is not the editor's business to set them right—not all of them, anyhow. So he is silent, if, indeed, he reads such fulminations at all.

Great are the tragedies of genius! Robert T. Paine, an American sculptor, took a mallet and knocked to dust a huge clay model of Neptune on which he had toiled for ten

years. The god with his trident, mermaids, chariot, fiery steeds—all majesty and beauty—fell to insensate dust. "Look!" said Paine. "This is my life work. Of what use is it to me now? On the floor above my wife lies dead—a suicide—victim of hope too long deferred. Merit has no appreciation here. I have made medals, designs and sculptures for men whose reputations are secure. What matter if my thought, ability, soul, went into their work—had vivid expression there. I had to have bread for wife and little ones. Now I am done. Life is nothing to me now."

Often inventors toil for years in penury and starvation to work out ideas rich with benefits to mankind. At last the goal is near. In quest of aid, they divulge secrets long concealed. Trusted ones betray, snatch golden ideas, wear the bays, and reap the great rewards. The real inventor dies in poverty, obscurity and scorn of men. A few years ago a St. Louis paper published an account of more than a dozen such cases. One of these inventors, a Frenchman, died in actual starvation. They who stole his ideas rolled in wealth. In 1793 Eli Whitney revolutionized cotton culture and cotton industries by inventing the cotton gin. He enriched millions of men but made not a dollar for himself.

Davis W. Entriiken died at Kenneth Square, Pennsylvania, on the 31st of July, 1919, in the 94th year of his age. For years he struggled to invent a successful mowing and harvesting machine. At last he produced invaluable primary devices and wrought as great a revolution in the grain fields of the North as the cotton gin had wrought in the plantations of the South, for his vital ideas are used in all the mowing and reaping machines that are sold to-day. Toiling in poverty, he secured no letters of patent, but was gulled by the verbal promise of a royalty of \$20 for each machine manufactured. Had he been properly secured, his share of the spoils would have been more than \$30,000,000. He was not secured at all, but died in poverty and obscurity.

In July, 1915, a communication appeared in an Omaha paper, over a signature, complaining that the secrets of inventors are constantly sold from the Patent Office at Washington City to wealthy corporations that vastly profit thereby. Particulars were given in corroboration.

A man to me unknown wrote these lines: "Read the tragedies of invention. Men of superior mental power study out great inventions to lighten labor. They have faith in themselves and in the machines they work on. They toil for weary years, taxing splendid powers to the limit. They endanger health or ruin it. They endure the direst poverty; their families suffer. When toil and effort have been expended, and hardships have been borne that exceed belief, they perfect their process or invention. Then a richer man steps in, tears from their nerveless fingers the coveted prize, reaps the reward, and with brutal laughter casts out the ruined inventor. Again and again has this tragedy been

enacted." It is the same in literary fields. I have seen the world shower plaudits and honors on persons who needlessly plundered me. It is idle to complain. You will only be laughed at.

In the District Court at Lincoln, Neb., in June, 1921, James L. Hand made claim that the officers of a certain company named had damaged him to the extent of \$50,000 by "fraudulently discovering a secret process for making batteries" which he had invented and patented. Result of the trial unknown to me.

Edison has been kept at law continually to even partially protect his inventions. He has spent several fortunes in trying to do so.

In February, 1915, a board of examiners of the U. S. Patent Office, decided that General H. Curtiss of the regular army did not invent the hydro-aeroplane, but that a poor cabinet maker of Staten Island, N. Y., named Albert S. Janin, was the real inventor.

I could fill pages with data like this—fill a whole volume. It is with books as it is with inventions.

Articles appear occasionally in the daily press lauding the great demand that exists for book manuscripts, and praising the tempting field open to new writers. The "adviser" of a prominent publishing house estimates that "of the great mass of manuscripts annually submitted to American publishers, only one-and-one-half per cent are published. This does not mean that the others are worthless, but— It takes a sale of about five thousand copies to pay expenses, and unless such a sale is certain, publication is not worth while. A successful author dictates almost any sort of terms, and is often the object of keen rivalry on the part of publishers, and often receives large sums in advance royalties."

Why is there such a ravenous demand for manuscripts? In some cases, it is to secure fresh and "marketable" ideas that may be handed over to writers of established fame, who will promptly get them into print, and thereby own them. "Cash paid for bright ideas," is an advertisement that often appears in New York papers. A good book, skillfully re-vamped by one of these "successful authors," would be greedily seized by an unscrupulous publisher. Stenographers and typewriters can take the cream of an unpublished work in twenty-four hours. The copyright law affords no protection to unpublished matter. Unprinted stuff can be plundered with impunity. Subordinates of a publisher (without his knowledge or consent) often resort to such practices.

An editor employed for the purpose perceives that a book has force, originality, interest, brilliancy, new ideas—marketable stuff of all sorts—but nobody has heard of the writer. He has toiled for years, perhaps, to produce this book. Yet it is not entirely up to the status demanded because the author has no "name." The book needs a "name" attached to it, and it will then make a hit and make money. How simple a

matter to take the life, the cream of the book—have the vital essence reproduced in a little different form by a writer of fame and popularity. "There is money in it"—for the publisher, and money is what he is after. The person defrauded has no legal remedy, and the public will laugh at his "ridiculous complaints"—if he is fool enough to make any. To counterfeit a book is easier than to counterfeit a coin; is not dangerous in the least, and is often a thousand times more profitable. I have seen the American people shower adulations on persons whom I knew had done such work.

It will be a consolation to disappointed authors to know that reefs and shoals and losses often come to publishers. They also have their trials. When the famous Beecher-Tilton scandal suddenly jarred New York City to its foundation stones, Henry Ward Beecher was under contract to write a "Life of Christ" for a leading subscription book concern. A "life of Christ"—a very good one—was already in existence in the New Testament, and was accepted by millions of people as "the Word of God." Still, it was thought Mr. Beecher might make some improvements on the literary task of the Author of the Universe. One volume was issued and had a large sale. Mr. Beecher was engaged on the second volume when the great Tilton scandal exploded. The frantic publisher rushed to the studio of the great divine, and with tears exclaimed: "O, Beecher! Beecher! This will knock the Life of Christ higher than a kite."

The second volume was never issued.

Faith in booksellers caused the financial ruin of Sir Walter Scott, and made his last days miserable. Publishers are doubtless no greedier than the hacks they often employ. The law of "the survival of the fittest," keen competition, necessities of the trade, originate many of the evils complained of. A few years before the outbreak of the French Revolution a party of peasants parleyed with a cruel, exacting nobleman.

"You know, my lord, that we must live," they told him.

"Well, really, I don't see the necessity of it," was the chilly answer.

The publisher must live, no matter how many authors his Juggernaut rolls over. Byron once gave his publisher a splendidly bound copy of the Bible. It was paraded on every occasion by the happy recipient. The latter, one day, was horrified to discover that the bard had changed the fortieth verse of the eighteenth chapter of St. John so as to have it read:

"Now Barabbas was a publisher."

In Arkansaw "befo' de wah" a traveler, on reaching a small town, found a general fight in progress. Dismounting, he inquired of a badly damaged citizen:

"Podner, is this a free fight?"

"O, yes," was the answer. "Go right in, if you feel like it."

The traveler hitched his pony, whipped off his coat, chose

an antagonist, and joined in the "dreadful revelry." Some-time afterwards, when general exhaustion had ended the fray, the traveler, covered with blood and much pounded up, expressed to the people around his sincere thanks for the enjoyment he had had in the riot, and praised the spirit of hospitality that allowed a perfect stranger to take part in a free fight on the same status as the oldest inhabitant. I have sometimes thought the Copyright Law should be abolished, and a Free Grab declared at subjects, ideas, and occasionally at language, whereby the nameless writer would have a much better show than he has at present.

I once replied to a New York advertisement, and forwarded the testimonials demanded. In a few days I was invited to an interview at a private residence. The advertiser brought out a very large manuscript I was only permitted to glance at a few moments. As I could hastily gather, it was a narrative of maritime adventure in all parts of the world.

"I represent other parties," the advertiser said. "This book doesn't suit us exactly. The material is good, but we want the work reproduced in better style. You will work in this room during ordinary business hours, with a stenographer and typewriter to assist, if you wish. Have you dictated matter often? And what could you do the job for? In what manner would you like to be paid?"

I was very poor—needed money badly, but, without giving any reasons, I declined to do the job at all. I knew it was to rob another man's manuscript, and was unwilling to impose on him the bitter pangs I had several times suffered myself.

On March 23, 1917, the Kansas City "Times" republished this paragraph from the New York "Globe":

"In the Municipal Court of New York City, Dale Carnegie has recovered \$197.15 for services in writing speeches for Mrs. Elmer E. Black, a prominent Pacifist and club woman. His original bill was \$243. He coached her for the platform. Mr. Carnegie is a lecturer in halls of the Young Men's Christian Association, an instructor in public speaking in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc."

William Henry Thompson wrote these splendid lines about the battle of Gettysburg:

"They smote and fell, who set the Bars
Against the progress of the Stars.
They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.
God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still."

Admiration for the poetic author is dampened somewhat by the fact that he was born in Georgia, and served throughout the Civil War in the Confederate army. Renegades, mercenaries, hacks, are ready to write anything, do anything—for money. In this way a distinctive American literature is being obliterated. The only excuse that may be offered is the struggle for bread. On that score some leniency may be given.

Concerning mercenary bards Byron wrote:

“Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre not for fame;
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt;
Such be their meed, such be the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard.”

A Nebraska lady complained to her country editor as follows: In passing through Kansas City she saw a lot of nice books offered at low prices, and bought half a dozen. On reaching home she was vexed to find that the novels were shamefully mutilated. Whole blocks of pages were dropped out, here and there, and in every case the story was spoiled. The explanation was that the copyright on the books had expired, and that these piratical editions, rudely chopped down to a uniform size, not only swindled the buyer but marred the fame of the writer.

“When one of these nameless Bohemians sells a novel or story, what does he usually get for it?” I once asked a New Yorker situated to know.

“O, very little,” was the answer. “Two hundred dollars or so. The manuscript is then a piece of property, to be dealt with as the new owner likes. Any name may be placed on the title page as author, according to circumstances. The book goes to the printers, and the author goes to the Bowery beer halls in search of happiness. I know very good story writers who receive regular salaries of several thousand dollars a year. They wear out in time, however; their books cease to sell, and they finally join the great army of hack writers that scribble for bread.”

As a business, a profession, a source of revenue, a way to make a living—the writing of books does not pay. It is unprofitable. The same amount of talent, ambition, energy, patience and murderous hard work, applied to the ordinary avocations of life, will pay vastly better, in most cases. A few succeed, often by accident. The rest have their labor for their pains. It is like becoming a Field Marshal in a great war. One man is a Marshal, and hundreds of thousands fill nameless graves. No one should write a book (especially a book of rhyme) unless he is rich, and has nothing else to do, and merely writes for amusement, or—unless he was born to write and simply can't keep from writing, and is content to do nothing else. “Poets are born, not made.” “Literature is a cane, not a crutch.”

Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" made this admission: "Not a tenth part of the wisdom ascribed to me was my own, but was rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations."

In the "Century" of March, 1915, Thomas L. Masson complained of an article in the previous January number of that magazine and said: "The man who wrote it imposed on you. His talent is better than his morals. The story is very old. I refer you to my book, etc."

Nineteen hundred years ago Pliny wrote: "In comparing various authors I find that some of the most noted ones, and latest ones, have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making any acknowledgement whatever." Any book pirate may claim to belong to a "very ancient family."

Captain James Grant, one of Scotland's brilliant writers—author of "The Romance Of War" and fifty other splendid military stories—died penniless on May 5, 1887. The fate of "Ouida" (Louise de la Ramee) was similar.

The Philadelphia "Ledger" says: "A Philadelphia connoisseur has returned from England with a manuscript of Shelley's for which he paid \$8,500. The total amount Shelley received in his lifetime from the publishers of his poetry was about \$250. As one reads of the fantastic sums that change hands for books, manuscripts, pictures and other works of art, one is moved to moralize upon the difference a small part of the price would have made to the artist in his lifetime. Chatterton poisoned himself ere he was eighteen to escape slow starvation, since he was too proud to disclose his utter penury; and now a few words from his hand would bring enough to support him for years. In the last year of Schubert's life six of his songs were sold to a publisher for 20 cents apiece. When he died, not 32 years old, his unpublished music was valued at \$2 and his whole estate was appraised at about \$12. Septimius Winner, of Philadelphia, sold "Listen to the Mocking Bird" to the publishers for \$35. They made \$3,000,000 out of it!"

"Lives of great men remind us that posterity has succeeded in capitalizing patriarchs who in their time found it hard to live.

Seven cities claimed great Homer dead

Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Hoffman's "Variations of the Mocking Bird," an instrumental piece, was as popular as the song. I saw and heard Hoffman render it on a piano, and it was beautiful. He was a victim of booze, and a publisher got the money.

Steven Foster, author of "My Old Kentucky Home," and scores of other popular songs—some of world-wide note—died a penniless outcast.

I have always striven to avoid anything in the form of imitation. So far as possible, I have sought to be original, relying on my own modest literary inventions. If I had to

live life over again, however, I would plunder everything good that fell in my way, for I have seen scoundrels prosper, and have seen the world eager to heap wealth and honors on them. It's the kind of a world we live in. You can't change it much.

William Henry Ireland of London, Eng., deserves to rank as the king bee of book pirates. At the age of seventeen he began a series of Shakespearean forgeries. He forged a deed of gift to one of his ancestors of "original manuscripts" of Shakespeare; also a letter of Shakespeare to "Anne Hatherway," a letter of Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare and the reply to the same, as well as a great number of "manuscript plays." These counterfeit productions sold for good sums, and book-and-curio dealers have not yet got quite through buying the bogus productions of Ireland's nimble pen. He retired on a fortune, to murmur with Puck: "What fools these mortals be."

For a life time Joaquin Miller posed as one of Walker's filibusters in Nicaragua. I had it from his own lips that he served with Walker and was wounded in battle. In 1875, in Nicaragua, I daily met filibusters who fought under Walker. They had read Miller's works, and had no unfriendliness for him but, to my surprise, united in saying that he had never served in Walker's army. The truth is that he was never in Nicaragua in his life, nor in any part of Central America, nor in South America. When Walker was fighting in the tropics, Miller was living with squaws in the foothills of Oregon.

Mother Shipton's prophecies have long been famous—as famous as the prophecies of Daniel. She foretold the steamship, the railroad, telegraph lines, automobiles, air-ships, submarines—almost everything up to date. She only missed it concerning the year 1881, when the world was to have come to an "end." Perhaps she miscalculated, or has been incorrectly quoted. She may have said 1921. Now comes an iconoclast who proves that a scribbler in London, to get some filthy lucre, wrote Mother Shipton's prophecies five hundred years after the old lady was dead.

Here's a picture for you—a picture from life.

Think of a nameless, homeless, friendless writer, often hungry and penniless, calling to account a veritable monster of steel, electricity, steam, iron, plate-metal, countless piles and towers of mighty machinery, hordes of intellectual slaves, bushels of money—feeding pirated literature to thousands of newspapers and millions and millions of readers. I once suffered from the depredations of a plant that has branch offices in twenty-two cities; employs editors, artists, costly engravers, by the score; has whole floors crowded with type-setting machines, daily consumes tons of iron, lead, copper, zinc and other metals, turning them into plate-matter, vignettes, silhouettes, color plates, line and half-tone cuts, Benday shadings, etc., etc. How could an almost destitute person maintain

argument with such an octopus? Talk about Juggernauts and Wallenstein monsters.

"Might is right"—in actual practice. I have found it so.

Some little time after publishing his book about Judith and Holofernes—"really a new poem, written on broader lines"—Thomas Bailey Aldrich became obsessed with the idea that he was something of a Shakespeare. He dramatized his poem, and with a flourish of trumpets personally superintended the staging of it in Chicago. He there boastfully declared: "My idea of Judith is not exactly that of the apocryphal woman—a cold-blooded abstraction; a polished instrument—but a woman with nerves, with heart; a true woman. The old Judith was vindictive, brutal, fierce; no better than the rest." In spite of the "puffs" of literary friends, lavish outlays of money and prodigal advertising, his "drama" was a failure. Bitterly disappointed he returned to Boston, and died a few years afterwards. Worry is said to have shortened his days. In the latter part of life Mark Twain was intensely disappointed because he had "never soared to the higher fields of literature," but had been content to be "merely a funny man." Bret Harte exiled himself to England, and died there, because he thought the American people did not sufficiently appreciate his productions. It is trite to refer to King Solomon and his pronouncement that everything ends in "vanity and vexation of spirit." Byron declared "life a cheat." Writers who have made of life a complete fizzle, are often more contented in old age than the big winners. Indifference to praise or blame contributes to this.

As a prayer of Judith, this quotation is from the first version of Aldrich's epic:

"O save me from him, Lord! but save me most
 From mine own sinful self; for lo! this man,
 Though viler than the vilest thing that walks,
 A worshiper of fire and senseless stone,
 Slayer of children, enemy of God—
 He, even he; O Lord, forgive my sin,
 Hath by his heathen beauty moved me more
 Than should a daughter of Judea be moved,
 Save by the noblest. Clothe me with thy love,
 And rescue me, and let me trample down
 All evil thought, and from my baser self
 Climb up to thee, that after times may say:
 'She tore the guilty passion from her soul—
 Judith the pure, the faithful unto death!'"

Machine verse—only trash!

Not the kind of reverie Charlotte Corday had, nor Joan of Arc; nor Judith, either. Not the reverie of heroic Womanhood facing death to save a nation.

In 1897 Philip J. Bailey, famous writer of "Festus," said that only thirteen editions of his poetical work had been sold in England, but all these had paid him royalties. In America thirty editions had been published and sold, but out of the whole lot he had never received a penny of royalty. When Kipling first came into notice, piratical editions of his works were promptly published at Boston and New York City, but he received no financial recompense, and there was no law that would reach the perpetrators. In his latter days Charles Dickens said: "If I had life to live over again I would be my own publisher," and yet he made close bargains with publishers, and so did Tennyson.

On leaving New York City just after the nauseating Harry Thaw trial, Hon. D. M. Demas published a rime about the big city that read thus:

"Vulgar of manner, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred,
Heartless, Godless, Hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night.
Pander to the dissolute,
Ruled by boss and prostitute,
Purple-robed and purple-clad,
Rotten, raving, money mad;
A squirming herd in money's rush,
A wilderness of human flesh,
Crazed by avarice, lust and rum,
New York, thy name's delirium."

With the name of Mr. Demas attached, the canticle went the rounds of the press. A long time afterwards Wm. H. Anderson, State Superintendent of an anti-liquor league, printed a declaration that Mr. Demas was not the author of the distich, so worded as to leave the impression that Mr. Anderson was. This confusion not being enough, it was subsequently claimed that "the Ode to New York" was written by Hon. Byron R. Newton. It was also explained that when Wayne B. Wheeler read the Ode at a public banquet, he did not claim to be the author of it, but only read it as an appropriate recitation. I leave to the reader the task of finding the real, simon-pure uncrowned poet.

In the autumn of 1919, the "Un-Partizan Review" of New York City published a story entitled "Unto Others." The editor soon received letters saying that the story had been revamped from a recently produced French play. With careless bonhomie he cited the example of Shakespeare, and added:

"We suspect that all writers of fiction do much the same thing. If anybody wants to work up for us a good story on the basis of any existing plot in literature, we'll give it attention."

A poor defense. Is this literary justice? Will it promote a distinctly American literature, or insure the safety of un-

published manuscripts in the hands of booksellers? We think not. It will benefit book hacks, pirates, and revampers, but no one else. The reader will be swindled, and confidence will be lost in a publication that issues such stuff. Such methods were followed by Lawrence Sterne, of the "Sentimental Journey." Robbing, plundering and revamping with skill, he became the idol of the British public. His works are classics, but much of his best literature was stolen from writers of little fame who often needed bread. It was not a case of the "survival of the fittest," but a matter of opportunity and meanness. Book pirates and literary vandals!

Long years ago a Chicago lady sent me a farewell madrigal that read:

"O, Clinton, did you say
 You were gwine to go away
 For to have a little time in Colorado?
 Way out in Colorado
 Where the faro table grows;
 Where adown the desperado
 The rippling Bourbon flows.
 O, Clinton, don't you stay
 Where the cattle are so gay,
 And the bronco-busters play
 Way out in Colorado."

I was much pleased until a cynical friend told me he had heard a song "something like it" in a neighboring vaudeville hall of no great pretensions. The "substitution evil" illustrated.

In 1903 the Philadelphia "Record" gave space to a few bitter remarks some one (unnamed) made concerning a publishing enterprise (unnamed). The writer badly dealt with was the noted Charlotte M. Braeme. The speaker said: "They not only stole her books but they stole her fame. Transposing her initials, they printed her books as having been written by Bertha M. Clay. There is no such person." The books were sold by hundreds of thousands, and broken down literary wrecks were kept busy at poor pay scrawling off additional stories that went into print as having been written by the mythical Bertha M. Clay. There seemed to be no remedy for the outrage.

In August, 1898, Charles Garvice, an English story writer, issued an "Open Letter To The American Public," complaining that his books were being published in this country not only without authority, but in a mutilated form. "In several cases," he declared, "the latter half of the novel was not written by me at all." Of another work bearing his name he said: "I did not write a word of this book. I repeat it. I did not write the work. They have no authority to print anything of mine."

Well might Byron have it read:
 "Now Barabbas was a publisher."

During the late war with Germany a sincere and well-meaning man published a book entitled "The Finished Mystery." I have forgotten his name, but he and his book are well known. His work attracted wide attention. It was well written. His ideas were chiefly based on the pretended prophecies of Daniel, and some other parts of the Scriptures. The world-war was the fabled Armageddon; the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and the end of the world also. One day I read of the seizure and suppression of this book by the government. Copies were thrown out of the mails everywhere, and seized wherever found. The book was declared to be a treasonable, disloyal, seditious publication, and the author did well to escape a penitentiary. One day I happened to see a great stack of these books in a rather unusual place, and picked up one of them. On inquiry I was told that the books I saw were in the custody of the Law, in accordance with orders from Washington. I asked for one of them, and it was given to me. That evening I read it through, and to my surprise I found not a single disloyal, seditious or treasonable sentiment in it. It contained theories and superstitious ideas I did not believe a word of, but its suppression by the government was a most despotic act, a gross injustice, and a ruthless violation of the freedom of the press. A lot of pious fanatics had found something in the book that came in conflict with a few of their chosen dogmas, and had flocked to Woodrow Wilson and clamored for the suppression of the book. Without examining the work, or caring anything about the merits of the case, but merely to popularize himself, he exercised his "war powers" and suppressed the book. This he did "in his own name and by his own proper authority." It was a crime against the freedom of the press.

Before James Whitcomb Riley became famous, he went to "market" with a "newly discovered poem by Edgar Allan Poe." It was accepted and published, and went the rounds of the press, but when the truth came out, Riley was severely scored by no less a personage than Henry W. Longfellow. Lew Wallace was accused of writing "Ben Hur" from a half-forgotten novel, "The Captain Of The Janizaries." A very noted American who published a noteworthy book, was charged with having drawn much inspiration for it from a Polish author who died in a mad house. I saw one such criticism in the Chicago "Journal."

When President Grant left the White House, after years of public service, he made a trip around the world, receiving high honors everywhere from kings, princes, governments and peoples. The official historian of the trip was John Russell Young, a journalist of high repute. It was announced that Mr. Young's letters to a New York newspaper would be reproduced in book form on the return of the distinguished party. The book pirates got busy, revamped Young's letters as fast as he printed them, and when he got back, no less than four versions of "General Grant's Trip Around The

World" deluged the book market. Mr. Young got out a book also, but was behind time with it, and lost money. The well known writer Badeau claimed to have written General Grant's Memoirs. The General had lost a fortune in the wholly strange mazes of Wall Street; he was stricken with a malady that was certain to soon end his life; and, in this weakened condition, he was making an effort heroic to complete his book, and leave something to his impoverished family. That Badeau rendered him some assistance is conceded, but General Grant wrote the book, and refused to comply with financial demands that were considered excessive.

I will now modestly refer to a few of my own mishaps, occurring in a period of forty years.

I had two large prose works about the Civil War, completely plundered, revamped, and published piratically.

Eighty military poems of mine about the Civil War changed hands feloniously, and an imitative volume of no literary merit was published.

In 1899 a military novel of mine was published at New York City, in cheap form, and had a quick and wide sale. The publisher then went into bankruptcy, and a long time afterwards I received a "first dividend" of \$8.11.

Afterwards I wrote a military romance concerning the American filibusters in Cuba previous to the Spanish-American war. While drinking in Baltimore I lost the first half of the book. I then re-wrote the whole book, revised it with care, and while en route to New York City with it, I lost it in Washington City. Booze! and four years of work gone.

I next wrote "Martial Scenes In Central America," a long narrative covering the trials, heroism and conquests of American filibusters under Walker and other noted leaders. I published ten or twelve articles from this book in the Sunday edition of the San Francisco "Chronicle," but the whole book was afterwards lost at Des Moines, Iowa. Drink!

On three different occasions I lost important poetical manuscripts, but had the good fortune to have partial duplicates.

When the San Francisco earthquake occurred, I was in New York City. In the burning of San Francisco I lost a large manuscript, mainly unduplicated, containing the poetical writings of my whole life. The present volume is the result of years of effort to partially restore the lost one. My principal losses were these: "Tamerlane Victorious," 1200 lines; most of "Sun Worship Shores," 1000 lines; "Trial Of Robert Emmet," 450 or 500 lines; "Annals Of The Spanish Main," 1000 lines; "Siesta," 500 lines; "The Griefs Of Bohemia," in dramatic form, 1000 lines; and several hundred shorter poems of travel, history and adventure.

I visited Mexico and Central America in 1874-1875, and "Sun Worship Shores" was a descriptive and historical poem concerning the tropic lands. Many detached portions of it are in this volume, having been recalled by memory, or found

in old trunks, scrap books, and newspaper files. Also, detached portions of "The Griefs Of Bohemia" and "Annals Of The Spanish Main." I have made no attempt to recall "Tamerlane." My memory, once, powerful, has been failing for a number of years—the result of old age.

"Werner" is the most inferior production ascribed to Byron. It was severely criticised when published—pronounced unworthy of his fame. It was claimed "he had appropriated a German or Hungarian novel, using entire pages of the author's language, merely changing it here and there to have it pass for blank verse." His friends and enemies laughed at "Werner." Blackwood said "It is indeed most unmusical, most melancholy." Its publication was a mystery. One explanation was that Byron was in desperate need of money. At war to free Greece from Turkish rule, all was staked on quick receipt of cash. His own resources had been lavished. Infusing his proud spirit into ignorant hordes, he sought to find sinews of war. Seizing on a novel that lay at hand, careless of everything else, he threw it into a drama styled "Werner," and sent it to his London publisher. Such is the story. Is it improbable that the publisher had some starving hack do the job?—knowing that Byron was far away, engrossed with the turmoils of desperate war. Placing Byron's name to the work, in convenient American fashion, the publisher may have sent it out himself, simply to make money. The wife of the poet Shelley declared that Byron gave her the drama to copy for him, and that it went to London in her handwriting. In 1899, F. Leveson Gower, an English "gentleman of good repute," put forth a claim that his grandmother, the Duchess of Devonshire, was authoress of "Werner." He asserted that the Duchess wrote the play, and afterwards gave it to her niece, Lady Caroline Ponsonby, who was known to be much attached to Byron. She gave the drama to Byron, and "he committed so extraordinary an act as to deliberately publish the work of another author over his own signature." The Duchess, he claimed, wrote the drama from Miss Lee's Hungarian tale of "Kreutzner." I leave the muddle to others. It was very unlike Byron to claim authorship to anything he never wrote. He may have scribbled off "Werner" in great haste, merely to get money for the Greeks.

A crazy effort has been made to cast doubt on the authorship of Shakespeare's dramas, but with no success. It is trite to say that he seems to have cared nothing for fame. An actor, a playwright and theatrical manager, he undoubtedly recast many old plays and books, intent only on pleasing and interesting the public, but his prodigious genius made of this careless work magnificent additions to the literature of the world.

I will close with the plaintive lines of Adah Isaacs Menken:

"Alas for me—for theme so poor.
I stand a wreck on Error's shore;
My past is gone—forever more!

Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow,
Ere errors, agonies and fears,
And all we feel that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
Where is that promise now?

I look along the columned years,
And see Life's riven fane
Just where it fell, amid the sneers
Of scornful foes whose hateful jeers
Still hiss and ring within my ears,
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace.
I missed the goal I meant to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain
And gives the soul release."

SUBMERGING OF ATLANTIS

Goethe declared that the Lisbon earthquake did more to shake men's belief in a Heavenly Father than all the skepticism of the previous century. In the cataclysm of Atlantis probably a hundred million people perished—highly civilized, cultivated, enlightened. Fanatics tell us that "God destroyed them for their wickedness," but this an old chestnut. Planetary eccentricities; the abnormal action and influence of other heavenly bodies—or, the cooling of the interior of the earth, disarranged a portion of its crust. A catastrophe of the kind may occur at any time. The shock of the Lisbon earthquake was felt over three quarters of our globe. Nature cares nothing for ephemeral human creatures. Nature is merciless. There is reason to believe that the world once tipped over, the Polar regions coming on the equatorial belt, and the tropical regions changing to arctic and semi-arctic zones. (Pickering.) This displaced the oceans—"broke up the fountains of the great deep," and drowned most of the human race. From such a frightful occurrence may have come the world-wide legend of the Deluge. Even now the world is top-heavy, and in due time another tip-over may occur. Nietzsche explains the Glacial eras thus: "They were caused by the tilting of the earth, whereby vast accumu-

lations of ice at the North Pole were loosened. These precipitated icebergs, glaciers, and rivers of polar water over northern Europe, Asia and America, grinding up the mastodon, mammoth, auroc and other enormous animals, and also great multitudes of semi-human creatures. The earliest trace of civilization is in the tropics." Many astronomers believe a wandering planetoid once struck the earth, and tore off three-quarters of its crust, making the moon, and leaving a huge cavity for the present Pacific Ocean. Only a quarter of the surface of the earth is dry land. Should the bed of the ocean raise to a common circumference, the planet would be covered with water and the human race be exterminated. The crust of the earth is not rigidly fixed, but changes may occur at any time. Continents that once connected Europe, Asia, and Africa, and bore great civilizations, sunk in the sea. In 1906 Brandenburg wrote: "Through Yucatan, Central America, Venezuela, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Ecuador and Chile are scores of ancient cities unexplored * * * Uxmal, Mitla, Quirigua, Copan, Chichen-Itza, Palenque, and kindred great cities were one day dipped below the level of the sea, and whole nations and races were drowned. The land then raised to its present low level." Volcanic disturbances and earthquakes are undoubtedly caused, at times, by the peculiar positions and conjunctions of other planets. Our globe may be affected, at any time, with great violence, regardless of civilizations and human races. In May, 1902, Mt. Pelee slew all the people in the city of St. Pierre, save one lone and horrified survivor—twenty-eight thousand persons perished. On December 28, 1908, a Sicilian earthquake destroyed 200,000 people in Messina and the near by city of Reggio. The wreck and burning of San Francisco, and calamities in Japan, Mexico and elsewhere, might be cited, as well as the olden tragedy of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Instances are innumerable. Man takes "pot-luck" with the flimsy ship he is sailing on, for in the tremendous convulsions of Nature he is of no more consequence than a fly, a bed-bug or mosquito. Let this reflection tame his proud heart. No benevolent Power has him in tender charge. He must rustle for himself, and in the final wind-up will be wiped out completely. He will pass away utterly, nor ever solve the wonderful puzzle.

"Earth is one of a mighty brotherhood of stars whose true nature, meaning and purpose are beyond the mind of Man to fathom."

The heavens are aflame with glittering suns by millions. What is the purpose of Nature's transformations? There seems to be none. Devotees, rhapsodists, people who have trances, know the meaning of all things, but sad to say, the most wise of star-gazers have yet to find any meaning or purpose in the panorama of the heavens. This is the gloomiest truth Nature discloses—only a tedious rigmorole of changing forms of indestructible matter that always existed. In terror and despair Man seeks refuge in vain imaginings, and

we are back, in philosophy, where men groped 2500 years ago. Whatever one's lot happens to be, accept it with indifference, if there is no way to improve it. You will be here a very short time. Indulge in no worries.

Man is a mortal, hatched out by the Sun, and lives but once. So I guess at the Great Riddle.

WAR A LAW OF NATURE

After eons of evolution a species of large-brained gorilla developed into a scarcely human creature Science terms the Ape-Man. After still other ages and vicissitudes, this creature became the Cave-Man, in lowest form of savagery. From that time to this, he has been a fighter, warring at first with powerful and ferocious beasts—for safety and for sustenance. Unless he fought he would perish, and with him his offspring. Like Nimrod, he became a "mighty hunter." He "subdued the earth." Then rival clans of men warred for choice hunting grounds, to resist encroachments, to avenge wrongs and atrocities. From primal time it has been Nature's plan that Man must battle, war, achieve. From the Ape-Man and the Cave-Man, Evolution has brought forth the highest type of Aryan manhood such as culminates in a Bayard, Columbus, Washington, Webster—an Ericsson, Edison, Darwin, or Marconi. Through hundreds of thousands of years Man survived startling changes of climate, glacial eras, land upheavals, earthquake shocks and volcanic eruptions; the sinking of whole continents into the sea—every form of terrific cataclysm, and rising from brute savagery, he built Thebes, Babylon, Baalbec, Nineveh, Rome, Tyre, Venice, the temples of Atlantis, the pre-historic cities of Central America, and the great cities of today. He is not a fallen immortal. He never had a fall. He has arisen. But Nature made him a fighter. His environs, conditions, over-population, hereditary instincts, his necessities, will long continue to keep him fighting. Earth may never see the day when wars will be no more.

In 1798, Malthus, a rural clergyman, published in England an "Essay On Population," in which he maintained that "the inhabitants of a country where population doubles every twenty-five years, multiply in geometric progression (1-2-4-8), whereas food supplies increase in arithmetical proportion (1-2-3-4). The final result is War, Pestilence and Famine." War, he claimed, was Nature's check to over-population.

During my own life there have been repeated famines in China, and great ones—so great that the government of that country viewed relief measures as utterly useless. Death for millions was accepted as something inevitable. Last autumn a long telegraphic dispatch from Peking gave harrowing details of the terrible famine existing in five or six provinces

of that ancient country, placing in distress or deadly danger from thirty to fifty million people. Multitudes had been perishing from pestilence and starvation. Despair, suicide, crime and insanity prevailed. In particular regions thousands of unfortunates tried to live on a diet of weeds, thistles, chaff and leaves. The sale of little girls by their parents, for any sum that was offered, was mentioned without comment. With dreadful significance the telegram added: "This is only a forecast of what will come before winter is over," and cannibalism was hinted at. When we consider Overpopulation as an absolute law of Nature; an unfailing, pre-arranged, unchangeable plan, the doctrine of a kind, loving, benevolent and all-powerful Heavenly Father must be thrown to the winds. We can do nothing else with it. On the same day the famine horrors filled the daily papers, came news of the arrival at Constantinople of a fleet of ninety-one vessels that were packed and crowded with Russian refugees dying of hunger. Most of the continent of Asia is under the shadow of famine, at this writing, to say nothing of suffering in Europe.

Professor W. H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, says: "Never in the history of the world have men been able to achieve anything more than an armed truce. War is a recurring phenomenon. War is inevitable."

War results from natural conditions, and from the qualities and characteristics of mankind. We did not make these conditions, nor instill these qualities, nor can we change them. Therefore be always ready for war. The outlook is not for peace. Future wars will come from over-population, commercial rivalry, greed and ambition, industrial unrest, social unrest; conflicting theories of various kinds—from racial, religious and political animosities, and, finally, from the cooling of the earth. At a period not remote wood, coal, oil and gas will be gone. Unless Man masters the problem of Solar Heat, and utilizes the Sun's tremendous powers, warring nations will crowd toward the tropics. Airy propaganda, cant, hypocrisy, sham, pretense, and sentimentality, will not avert war, but will, in the end, invite war, without any preparation for it. War is inevitable, and if you do not fight, and fight victoriously, you will be conquered, plundered and enslaved. War is a Law of Nature, which Man cannot change—no more than wild creatures of the wood can dwell in harmless peace together. The whole scheme of Nature involves war, one species preying on the other, and all especially equipped for mutual destruction (claws, beaks, talons, tusks and poison), with Man preying on every other species, and preying on his fellows also. Any League of Peace will be a dismal failure. As well talk of a League for Promoting Peace and Harmony Among Wild Animals. The lion and the lamb will lie down together—after the lion has been to supper, with the lamb as the main "piece de resistance." Read the Book of Nature. There is nothing in it but war. Kind-hearted old ladies and

sentimental collegians cannot change the laws of Nature. Statesmanship, true philosophy, Common Sense, and great achievements of Science, will do much to postpone war, and mitigate its horrors, but War will come nevertheless. Be ready for it.

People who oppose readiness for war, and brand soldiers as murderers, have grown rich on lands won by war and sprinkled with the blood of soldiers. They are hypocrites, cowards, slackers, skulkers. Some of them are paid by foreign governments. Julius Kahn, the California congressman, points out that since the foundation of our government we have had some kind of a war every four or five years, on an average. The doors of our Temple of Janus are seldom closed. In less than 150 years we have had from 25 to 30 wars, small and great, and yet there are people in the country who preach that we don't need any soldiers. Their women sing, "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier." Our soldiers and marines have fought in Europe, Asia, Africa, all over North America, and on the isles of the sea. Wars will cease when all the men in the world are polite gentlemen, and when all the women in the world are saints and angels. More men are murdered in the United States every year than the Continentals lost at Bunker Hill. More men are murdered in the United States every year by women, than fell at Concord. Daylight brigandage is worse in the United States, and more profitable, than it is in Mexico. Soldiers have had to be placed on guard at the railroad depots of all our large cities, and around the postoffices of those cities, to prevent armed banditti from seizing and running away with the mails, in broad daylight. At Omaha, 60 miles from where I write, civilian guards armed with revolvers and repeating shot-guns, are now pacing the platforms to protect the mails. There is no sign of the Millenium—not yet. Pedagogues and college professors—demagogues, fanatics and visionaries—feminine and masculine women, do not keep us out of wars, but greatly help to get us into them. War is a law of Nature. It is sure to come, whether we keep ready for it or not, and whether we want it or not. While doing everything we can to honorably avoid war, let us imitate the goddess of Wisdom, and be always armed and ready.

"The gods and deities gathered on Olympus, crowned with flowers; glad with music and songs, nectar and dancing. One deity stood apart in silence, with helmet and breast-plate on; with shield in place and javelin ready; with sword at her side. This was the goddess Wisdom."

University professors, pedagogues, preachers and women are noncombatants in time of war, and claim exemption from military dangers. Therefore they should not demand that men who must fight when the war comes shall be untrained, unarmed, and totally unready. This is a wrong to him who must "bear the battle." Cromwell repeatedly complained of interference with his military plans by "religious politicians."

We call such busybodies "political preachers." A French writer in "The Nineteenth Century" says "America! a country whose whole history from the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 to the most recent adventures in Central America and the West Indies, is one of expansion at the expense of neighboring people."

John Burroughs thought Darwinism was indirectly one of the causes of the World War. "The doctrine of natural selection, the struggle for existence, and survival of the fittest, fairly intoxicated the German people." It must be suggested, however, that the Hohenzollerns had shown a fondness for war long before Darwin's time. Over-population, "the geographical situation of Germany," the "necessity of expansion," the "certainty that war will come anyhow, and strike as soon as ready"—these were logical arguments. War is a law of Nature, and men will always have something to fight about. War is the doom of every living species. Cruelty is Nature's corner stone. It is a sad, a solemn, a most unpleasant thought, that Nature's plan is War, but we cannot change it. Nature is merciless. Man's career is one of toil, distress, and often misery. His best friends are Science, Invention and himself.

Every thoughtful person laments the horrors of War, but to be unprepared for victorious defence is to invite insult, aggression, War and all manner of calamities.

In every country are people ready to bring on war. Dreamers, meddlers, agitators, fanatics, that pursue their hobbies in defiance of public danger, in defiance of everything,—but seldom do any fighting themselves. As an instance, the Abolitionists who helped bring on the Civil War. During three years of military service, I never saw an avowed Abolitionist in the Army. Such men stayed at home to make money. Another class in favor of war, a powerful one, is made up of manufacturers on a large scale of arms, munitions, equipments, plate armor, war vessels, etc. This class represents an immense aggregate of capital, and wields wide influence. A third faction consists of very rich men who view matters with some indifference, but would just as soon see a big war as not, in order that they may buy great quantities of government bonds—and hold the same as a permanent investment. These three factions do much to promote war, acting when affairs are critical.

Most men are born to toil, anxiety, suffering, sorrow—and the grave awaits. Who can see any good in such a plan? Shall we spin a fairy story to keep up our courage? No! let us bear trials and hardships with indifference; then die, and quit the stage of action. Or, be as knight's going forth for adventures, expecting blows, wounds, defeats and victories; tournaments, truces and pleasures, and then eternal rest. Question not—there comes no answer.

No man should hold high rank in the American Army who travels about the country making speeches, arguing that soldiers, guns, battle-ships, munitions and equipments are

wholly unnecessary relics of barbarism. He is a man out of place, in the army, and should be invited to resign. His hobbies might some day cost the lives of half a million soldiers, and bring grievous disgrace on the Nation. We should have no Pacifists in our regular army, especially in high rank. They would be more beneficial to the enemy than to us.

The martial spirit that founded this Republic, and afterwards preserved it, is being supplanted by the pipe-dreams of sneaking pedagogues (many of them under the pay of hostile foreign governments), and by the hysterical ravings of senseless, silly women unfit to take part in public affairs. If treasonable, effeminate and degenerate theories and doctrines are taught in our schools and universities, and are accepted by our people, catastrophe impends.

In time of peace prepare for war.—*Washington*.

I am proud that my country is unprepared for war.—*American Secretary of War, 1917*.

War is the natural condition of mankind.—*Machiavelli*.

War is the normal state of Man.—*Geo. W. Crile*.

War is unavoidable. It is a law of Nature. Nature is merciless.—*Von Moltke*.

Men will fight whenever they want to fight, and no artificial scheme or process will restrain them.—*Col. Henry Watterson*.

All quality, pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious War.—*Othello*.

The "glorious" part of war is in the patriotism, heroism, and self-sacrifice of the combatants.—*Geo. E. Harvey*.

War is Hell.—*Gen. W. T. Sherman*.

There are things worse than War.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

There was war in Heaven.—*Milton*.

What Man wants is not peace, but a battle. He is a fighting animal. He loves adventure, self-sacrifice, excitement, heroism, relaxation.—*Prof. G. T. W. Patrick*.

National "need of expansion" means Overpopulation, and overpopulation means War. Overpopulation is certain to come, and on its trail follow War, Pestilence and Famine. This is Nature's law, and Man cannot greatly change it. Nature knows nothing of pity or mercy, but in cruelty is prodigal.—*Wainright*.

War develops noble qualities—courage, honor, high sense of duty, patriotism, fortitude, generosity, heroism, self-sacrifice. Perpetual peace would stagnate the world, and degenerate mankind.—*Gen. Von Ludendorff*.

The path of human progress is strewn with the bones of fools, heroes and martyrs.—*Balzac*.

We must fight. I repeat it, Sir. We must fight.—*Patrick Henry*.

Let us fight as though we stood on the place of our birth and the place of our burial.—*Robert of Sicily*.

We are too proud to fight.—*Woodrow Wilson*.

You can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs.—*Marshal Ney at Borodino.*

I cannot understand why we have war no more than I understand why we have cancer and tuberculosis. When there is nothing in common between two nations, and no community of interest, there will exist reasons for war, just as the case has been heretofore. There are times when it is our duty to make war, and if we refuse, we will cease to exist as a nation.—*Gen. Leonard Wood, U. S. Army.*

The longing for permanent peace is impossible of realization, and has effeminate tendencies.—*Gen. Von Wrochem.*

War is inevitable—as much so as the forces of Nature. It does not depend on the will or wishes of human beings. It is an irresistible demoniacal power that makes all written agreements, all humanitarian efforts, all peace conferences, miserable failures.—*Gen. Keim.*

Napoleon was the greatest military genius that ever existed—unquestionably.—*Duke of Wellington.*

War is yet in its infancy.—*Napoleon.*

Future wars will be more deadly than those of the past. The induction of Woman into public life may generate ferocious religious wars. Gen. Wood estimates that in the World War the Americans lost from one-third to one-half more men than was necessary, because of insufficiency of training—a heavy price to pay in blood and lives for the “humanitarian” hobbies of preachers and pedagogues—the kind of fanatics who get up most wars, but who never place themselves in danger.

BRUTALITIES OF WAR

In the great battle before Atlanta on July 22nd, 1864, the regiment to which I belonged was surrounded and captured, after having captured the greater part of two regiments and three companies of the enemy. Our brilliant general, McPherson, was killed. We were sent to Andersonville, the horrors of which are well known. As each army had captured about two thousand men, Hood and Sherman agreed to a special exchange. In making out rolls at Andersonville, a sergeant of my company omitted my name from the list, and substituted the name of a man of another regiment, who, by the terms, was not entitled to exchange. That man went out in my place. A similar act of treachery was perpetrated on two other members of my regiment—William Pitts, a youth of nineteen, and Neil Torkelson, a man about 40 years of age. Both afterwards perished in Andersonville.

The continued successes of Sherman's army caused a constant removal of prisoners in the South. I was, in succession, a captive at Millen, Georgia; at Savannah; at Blackshear, on the Florida line; at the stockade of Florence, South Carolina; at Charleston, and at Wilmington and Goldsboro, North

Carolina. While 4,000 of us—survivors of many prisons—lay in bivouac under guard at Wilmington, Gen. Terry captured the city. Rebel guards drove us to trains and hurried us off to Goldsboro. There the enemy decided to parole us. Believing that Union troops must be near, we refused to sign the papers, but they drove us up to the tables at the point of the bayonet and we signed. The next afternoon, on the ever memorable day of February 26th, 1865—six weeks before Lee surrendered at Appomattox—we entered the Union lines at Cape Fear river, receiving a glorious ovation from General Terry and the Union army. We had truly come "out of the jaws of Death, and out of the gates of Hell."

From slow starvation nearly 14,000 men perished at Andersonville. The only escape from death was to swear allegiance to the Confederacy, and take a musket in its defence. This a man could do at any time, but out of all the Union prisoners in the South only a few thousand availed themselves of so base an expedient, mainly with the intention of deserting to the Union lines. An overwhelming majority spurned the offer, and they died by thousands, under the most horrifying circumstances. Gen. Robert E. Lee was not a party to this inhuman business. When told of the condition of the prisoners he answered: "While I have no authority in the matter, my desire is that the prisoners shall have equal rations with my own men." His wishes received no attention.

Civilization, or pretended civilization, not always does away with War's brutalities. The Confederate government had classic examples of the starvation of military prisoners. In ancient Rome it was not uncommon to place captured kings and heroes in dungeons, and leave them to die of starvation. Jugurtha was lowered into a dry well and left to starve. In the war between Athens and Syracuse, 10,000 captives from the Athenian army marched into an immense stone quarry from which escape was impossible, and there perished from thirst and starvation. History fails, no doubt, to mention a multitude of similar crimes against humanity. During the revolt of the American colonies, England anchored prison ships in New York harbor, and four-fifths of the military prisoners immured in them, perished of hunger and hard usage. Butchery on the battle field would be better. No excuse, apology or defense can be offered for the abuse of military prisoners. People who hate them, should go to the battle field and expend animosities there.

During the Napoleonic wars Gen. Junot surrendered a considerable body of French troops to the allies, in Portugal. The unfortunate French received such ferocious treatment at the hands of the Portuguese that only a few hundred of them ever got back to France. The main portion perished in prisons, in the galleys, in stone quarries, and in other places of torture and starvation.

During the World War, an American Andersonville came into evil existence at Lemans, France—a concentration camp

that a million American soldiers passed through. This inferno was mildly termed "a military police station." Great numbers of American soldiers, arrested for trivial offenses, are said to have lost their lives there, or came out with ruined health, by reason of cruel and abominable treatment. The ocean cables could send no information to America till the same had been approved by a censor. A correspondent who wrote anything about Lemans could be sent to prison. On this side, an insolent autocracy intimidated the public press. When the war ended and the soldiers came back, a demand was made for the punishment of some one for the atrocities at Lemans. Public clamor forced attention to the matter. On December 10, 1919, a court-martial convened at Governor's Island, New York, and Captain Karl W. Detzer was placed on trial, with more than twenty-eight specifications filed against him. In the following February, to the unconcealed pleasure of the official grandees at Washington, Detzer was acquitted and "completely exonerated." An inspired telegram announced that "the verdict was reached in ten minutes after proceedings ended."

The chief alleged criminal was not arraigned at all, for the openly expressed reasons that he "had been the military guardian of the President," and that "no one would be so bold as to even hint at his connection with the matter." (This does not refer to General Pershing.)

After all the pomp and flurry at Governor's Island, one conviction resulted. Lieutenant Frank B. Smith (otherwise known as "Hard Boiled Smith"), received a sentence at the Leavenworth penitentiary for "great cruelty to the soldiers." He had barely got well ensconced at the prison, however, before he was liberated by Woodrow Wilson.

To a Congressional committee, Gen. Peyton C. March, former Chief of Staff, declared: "Cruelties worse than were ever known in the Siberian prison camps of the Czar were perpetrated on our soldiers in France. Only one officer has been found guilty. All the others were honorably discharged."

When a war is over—especially a civil war—it is not wise to perpetuate its passions and hatreds. Neither is it wise to hastily ignore inhuman barbarities that have taken place. Let these remain on record that the persons or factions at fault may justly receive the bitter condemnation of posterity. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," said Napoleon. Scratch a "civilized man" and you will too often find a savage. Let us never fail to excoriate him.

Concerning the treatment of the Athenians at Syracuse, Thucydides narrates as follows: "The sun by day was still scorching and suffocating. There was no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, from exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped upon one another.

The smells were intolerable; and the captives were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. They were allowed only half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. Of the many that came there few returned home."

Thus did the most refined and civilized people of ancient times treat captive soldiers of their own race and country. The Hole at Syracuse was a prototype of Andersonville, though on a smaller scale. Its highest number of captives was 10,000. The highest number at Andersonville was about 35,000, of whom nearly 14,000 are buried there. In all Confederate stockades and prisons, the invariable rule was starvation and brutal treatment. Only one exception came to my notice. The commandant of the Millen stockade seemed a kind-hearted man, but he sadly confessed that he was powerless to relieve our miseries.

Henry Wirz, the foreign mercenary who commanded at Andersonville, was hanged at Washington City, at the close of the Civil War.

NUMBER OF SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR

[On September 14, 1916, I published this letter in the Chicago "Evening News."]

To the Editor—

A paragraph has been floating about in the newspapers of Oklahoma, of late, which I quote as follows:

"The Omaha World-Herald, in a recent issue, gave some statistics showing that the vast majority of those who served in the Union army were boys. Those who enlisted when 18 years of age, or under that, numbered over a million. Those who were 21 years old, or under that, numbered more than two million. Those who enlisted when they were 22 years old or over, numbered but 618,511. Those 25 years old and upward numbered but 46,626."

Here we have "more than" 3,665,137 men in the Union army—nearly as great a host as Xerxes had when he tried to conquer Greece. How flattering to Southern pride! No such number of men ever served in the Union army. These "statistics" are based on the number of enlistments, re-enlistments, and additional re-enlistments throughout the Civil War. For instance, I enlisted twice and count as two soldiers. I knew great numbers of men who enlisted three times. They volunteered under Lincoln's first call, to serve three months; they then enlisted for three years, and afterwards re-enlisted during the "veteran call" to serve for "three years or during the war." Under the "veteran call" whole regiments, brigades, divisions and corps de armee re-enlisted—sounding the death knell of the Confederate States of America. All these re-enlistments count, in the bogus "statistics"

given, as new and distinct persons. It was not uncommon to find men who, by reason of wounds or sickness or other mishaps, had enlisted four times, and each one of them counts as four soldiers. Hordes of professional "bounty-jumpers" enlisted twenty or thirty times, and each of them counts in these pretended "statistics" as twenty or thirty soldiers. They continued to re-enlist till they were shot and buried. Thirty of them were shot at one time, at Washington City, by order of Lincoln.

Every year the "historical" fake I speak of starts on its travels, usually about the time of some military encampment. In 1912, or thereabouts, the Chicago "News" published an editorial on the subject, which read much as this letter does. A few other newspapers may have done the same, or may have copied the "News" editorial—but without effect. The old lie still travels. I have no hope of killing it off, but write from a sense of duty, trusting that some one else will attend to the matter next year. To write a history of any war, especially of a civil war, that shall be correct in every particular, is doubtless an impossibility. When we know a statement of importance is outrageously false, however, it is our duty to correct it in time—if we can. The actual number of men who served in the Union Army could only be ascertained by an exhaustive overhauling of the records of the War Department, and the game is not worth the candle. At the close of that war the strength of the Union Army was supposed to be about a million men. According to the bogus "statistics" given, this would show a loss on the battlefield of 2,665,137 men—which is ridiculous. It may be pointed out that we have—fifty years after the war—a pension roll of nearly a million persons. This is true, but not half the names on that roll are the names of Civil War soldiers, although all of them are popularly supposed to be. Whose names are they? That is another matter. Not half of them are names of Civil War veterans.

How many men served in the Confederate Army? The records were poorly kept and mostly lost, and the number will never be known. The highest estimate I have ever seen, placed the number at about 600,000, but the proper figure should be about a million. The South had a white population of eight millions, and the Southern Conscription Act was relentless. Every man able to lift a gun had to fight—boys, young men, middle-aged men, very old men. In the words of General Grant, "the Southern Conscription robbed the cradle and the grave." Every man able to shoot had to serve. Military struggles in other lands show that a population of seven millions, in a great emergency, can turn out a million fighters. With eight million people to draw from (and four million slaves to feed them), it is only fair to presume that, during the course of the Civil War, a million Southerners served in the army.

Connected with the fake I complain of there is usually

attached the assertion that "the rebellion was put down by an army of boys." I have seen statements of the alleged enlistment of children as young as twelve or thirteen years. All such stuff is rot. The Confederacy was a great military power, and was never subdued by an army of children. The regulations required a recruit to be 18 years of age. Often he claimed to be 18 when he was not quite so old. I did that way. If the soldiers were mostly very young men, they were far too husky to be classed as children. We had drummer boys as young as 15, but seldom a soldier of that age. I never happened to see one of that kind. Youths of seventeen are thoroughly fitted for military life, and if not killed, will soon become older. In spite of latter day degeneracy, I hope to see military drill introduced into every High School in the land. We left school rooms by thousands, to enter the Union army, and to-day we see our country great, rich and powerful. A race that will not fight will be conquered, plundered and enslaved—and deserves such a fate. "In time of peace prepare for war." Thus wrote immortal Washington.

CLINT PARKHURST

PETTING AND PENSIONING DESERTERS

In 1916, when the country had no sufficient Army; no adequate Navy; no munitions, equipments, arms or military supplies, and when a great foreign war impended, we had on the Pension Roll of the Nation the names of 125,000 deserters.

The number of new deserters, because of the World War, is officially placed at 150,000—as yet unpensioned.

On September 22, 1920, the Kansas City "Star," Lincoln "Journal," Omaha "Bee," and other leading dailies, gave account of the release of a great number of draft deserters who had been in prison at Leavenworth throughout the World War. "Each of them was paid a salary for all the time he was in prison, and also received a new suit of clothes, and was paid the same bonus discharged soldiers got." How noble, how generous of Mr. Wilson! They should now be put on the Pension Roll at liberal rates—and, after some delay, they will be.

At the time of their kindly release, with lavish pay, tens of thousands of maimed and helpless veterans of the World War were tramping the country, or dying in jails and poor houses, unable to obtain the slightest attention from the Grand Autocracy—a national shame!

A soldier receives "pay", (when the government attends to him). A deserter, on release, has a "salary" for all the time he has been in prison, a "new suit of clothes," and the "same bonus a discharged soldier gets." He is a pet and a

favorite of the government. A "government" of this sort merits only public contempt.

What should be done with deserters?

The custom in all armies in the world, from time immemorial, has been to give them a speedy trial and a prompt execution. In the armies of ancient Rome, a soldier who left his post of duty for even a short time, for any reason whatsoever, was beaten to death with clubs by his companions-in-arms. In the Civil War, in both the northern and southern armies, a deserter was shot, if caught. Lincoln had thirty of them shot at one time, at Washington City. Had he caught and shot all the rest of them, he would have saved the country a mint of money. The new style is for congressmen to "rectify the records" of skulkers, slackers and deserters, and load them with pensions and honors. It is a quiet way of buying votes with public money. Every time Congress meets "private pension bills" are passed by the wagon load, scarcely being glanced at. It would be easy to pension a man who had never had on a uniform or seen a military camp. No deserter should have a dollar of public money.

Among the many deserters of the Civil War was a no less distinguished person than Mark Twain. He enrolled in a Confederate battalion, however, but deserted before he reached the firing line.

At the close of the World War a great scandal arose concerning the distribution of medals of honor. Even Autocrat Wilson, ex-Pacifist, Ph. D., L. L. D., came proudly out of the smoky fray with a glittering medal on his manly chest. It was a 'chaplain's medal,' bestowed by "the Church of Christ" for his great leadership in winning the war." The remarks of Jesus Christ about pharisees and hypocrites should have been deeply engraved on it, and would have largely added to its value. Chaplain Woodrow should now be placed on the "Honor Roll" of the pension bureau at the regular rate of \$10 per month. He is frugal and thrifty and would use the money wisely.

In June, 1921, Rarrell Ufford deserted from Camp Meade, Maryland. He was "tired of army life, and of the unusual and often mental tasks which he was called upon to perform." He was arrested at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the government paid \$60 reward for his apprehension. The women's clubs, the lady politicians, and the masculine degenerates, took up his case. Aided by the daily papers they made a hero of him, and he soon returned in triumph to Sioux City bearing "an honorable discharge from the United States army." Iowa—my native State—should be proud of him, and her ablest public men should hasten to place him on the heavily-loaded Pension Roll of the Nation.

THE CALL OF KANSAS

[Rival claims to authorship by Miss Esther Clark, of Chanute, Kansas, and Mrs. Emma Clark-Karr of Hutchinson, Kansas.]

Surfeited here with beauty, and the sensuous sweet perfume
Borne in from a thousand gardens, and the orchards of orange-
bloom;

Awed by the silent mountains, and stunned by the breakers'
roar—

The restless ocean pounding and tugging away at the shore—
I lie on the warm sand beach and hear above the cry of the
sea,

The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of the
summer rains;

Nearer my heart than the mighty hills are the wind-swept
Kansas plains,

Dearer the sight of a shy wild rose by the roadside's dusty
way

Than all the splendor of poppy fields ablaze in the sun of
May.

Gay as the bold poinsetta is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer to me
than these.

And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

Kansas, Beloved Mother, today in an alien land,

Yours is the name I have idly traced with a bit of wood in
the sand.

The name that, sprung from a scornful lip, will make the
hot blood start,

The name that is graven, hard and deep, on the core of
my loyal heart.

O, hither, clearer and stronger yet than the boom of the
savage sea,

The voice of the prairie, calling,
Calling me.

AN ORATORICAL GEM

When the unarmed steamer "Lusitania" was sunk by a German submarine on the afternoon of May 7th, 1915, 1,195 persons perished, great numbers of them being women and children. Included in this holocaust were more than a hundred Americans.

Three days afterwards, in a public address at Philadelphia, Woodrow Wilson said:

"The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because America will not fight, but of peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight."

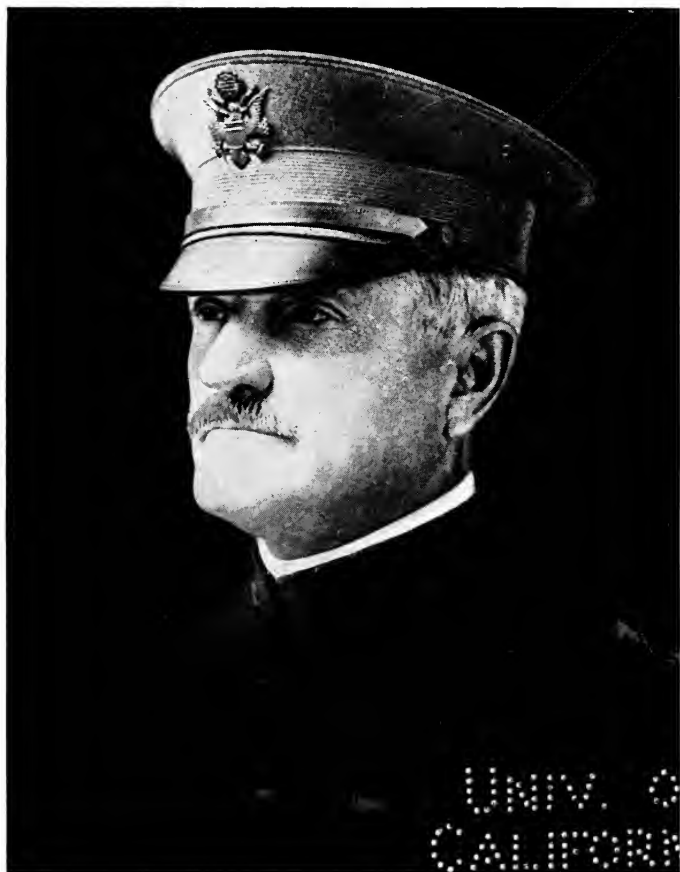
Cowardly platitudes, unworthy of the chief magistrate of this Republic!

Such language, on such an occasion, would have blistered the lips of a real American. On the maternal side, at least, Wilson is of British parentage, which may partially explain his late eagerness to undo the work of Washington and restore this great land to the British empire as a vassal dependency, with an obsequious Viceroy at Washington City. Also, he is or was a Pacifist. With a few exceptions, the Pacifist is the lowest, meanest, most contemptible creature evolved by civilization. He greedily enjoys all the blessings and benefits of well ordered government, but in time of public peril shrinks from manly duty, and refuses to fight for the government that shields him—refuses to defend home, wife, children and country. Wars are brutal, cruel, abominable, but are certain to come. Men must fight or accept the ancient alternative of slavish submission and ruthless oppression. When a people sink that low, farewell to Freedom, Glory, Honor and Progress. Many of the so-called Pacifists we have been bothered with in the past few years, have been the paid hirelings of foreign empires.

"Sea Power," the naval magazine, in a recent issue says: "Pacifism is not the love of peace. Every just man loves peace. Pacifism is the unwillingness, through cowardice or blindness, to bear the burden of preserving the safety and honor of the Nation. Pacifism is the folly that denied preparations to America against the growing menace of Prussian militarism in the days immediately before the war. Pacifism is the shame that stifled the mouths of those who were able to remain mute when innocent babes and adult American citizens were mercilessly done to death by the torpedoing of the "Lusitania." Pacifism is the treachery that condoned seditious acts that tended to hinder the vigorous prosecution of the war, and endangered the lives and well being of the American soldiers on the battle fronts of France."

Let us hope the day will never come when Americans will be "too proud" to fight for their country.

Wilson's pretended compassion for peoples and races thou-



GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING
Victorious in France

Trial	Control (n=10)	MCI (n=10)	AD (n=10)
1	95	85	75
2	95	85	75
3	95	80	70
4	95	75	65
5	95	75	65

sands of miles away, ill compared with his measures of State nearer home. When appealed to, to save Americans in Mexico from butchery, with cold-blooded leer he replied: "If they don't like Mexico let them move out."

He has shown concern as to how his name will "go down in history." It will be written that never in the annals of civilized government has there been a blacker page of inefficiency; a more shameless waste of public money, a greater loss of public property; bolder usurpations of power by insolent upstarts; a greater and more useless sacrifice of heroic blood; or, a wilder saturnalia of treason, corruption, and public robberies on a gigantic scale. Posterity is loaded down with burdens.

"The evil men do lives after them."

FOLLIES AND CRIMES OF THE GRAND AUTOCRACY

The State? I am the State.—*Louis, the Grand Monarch.*

I am the whole business—and then some.—*W. W.*

After us the Deluge.—*Countess Dubarry.*

At the zenith of imperial greatness, Trajan remembered the broken veterans of his wars. He gave them conquered lands in Dacia; aided them to build homes; repeatedly assisted them with money, and, long ere he passed away, he saw them prosperous and happy. After the close of the World War thousands of maimed and helpless American soldiers roamed the country in destitution and despair; many sought refuge in jails and alms houses, and lingered and died there. Their claims on the government received no attention. They had no medical treatment, no vocational training, no rehabilitation, no assistance whatever. Autocrat Wilson was busy with affairs and distresses in far foreign lands, where American money was being scattered by hundreds of millions. In November, 1920, in the pigeon holes at Washington City, 83,000 relief cases awaited attention. Three costly "bureaus" made a pretense of operating in the matter, but proved only great hives of salaried parasites and swivel-chair retainers. Nothing was done for World War soldiers. This was not the wish or purpose of the American people—far from it. Billions of money had been squandered; new millionaires were as thick as roses in June, and immediate money should have been had for the crippled and ruined human wrecks of the war. Not until the recent month of March was action taken in the matter.

In testifying before a congressional committee, Rear Admiral Sims declared that the dilatory, hesitating, unexplainable tactics of Wilson at the opening of the war with Ger-

many, "cost the lives of 500,000 soldiers, (unnecessarily slain), and billions of American treasure."

A military officer testified thus: "At the close of hostilities in France, there was not a tank, an airplane, or a piece of artillery on the fighting line that was of American manufacture. From the allies our troops obtained all deficiencies. Great numbers of our soldiers perished in consequence."—Precious blood shed, billions of dollars wasted, only to benefit a horde of robbers.

A committee to investigate the conduct of the war reported, among other things: "Appalling waste, gross dishonesty, have not been denied or disputed, except by the gloss of rhetoric and a profusion of words. While American soldiers fought in Europe with heroism and success, ignorance, corruption and inefficiency wasted national resources at home, and enriched profiteers, scoundrels and plunderers." No one should excuse or defend such criminal maladministration. Every man should denounce it.

Statistical narrative makes dry reading, but is often eloquent of wild misrule and public ruin. I have thrown out of this book official statements, records, summaries, condensed reports, and other matters of the kind, that would have made 20 or 30 pages of fine type. I had no room for it. Acts of waste, fraud, deceit, corruption, treason, open robbery—would fill a volume. Nepotism—gross, presumptuous, insolent, arrogant—flourished unrebuked.

The purpose of the Espionage Act was—not to apprehend spies, incendiaries, anarchists, alien evil doers, and dangerous persons generally, as was pretended. It was to suppress free speech and free press—to silence public speakers, and the newspapers of the country especially, concerning the orgy of corruption, robbery and treason that was being carried on almost openly.

More than two thousand years ago Polybius wrote of a Grecian demagogue "He next squandered the public revenue, using the money as though it were his own, without authority of Law, public decree or magistrate." History repeats itself.

To squander public money in a profligate manner has long been the practice of demagogues. Thus they popularize themselves, corrupt the people, and keep in power. And in this manner free institutions are often overthrown.

It was a feature of the Grand Autocracy to maintain swarms of mere personal claquers and partisan retainers, without duties to perform, drawing the salaries of princes, and receiving prodigal emoluments such as pertain to high court officials and imperial favorites. It was long after the fall of the Autocrat that these costly parasites were finally dispensed with. Mr. Harding was lamentably slow in getting rid of them.

"Woodrow Wilson has a genius for war." Fulsome adulation of Sir Josephus Daniels.

Underneath the political chicanery in progress was a plot

to surrender the independence of this country to Europe, and unload the bonded indebtedness of Europe on the people of this country. The game is still going on. Public robbers would be an evil sufficient, but we have had traitors and parricides in the land. Catiline's conspiracy was a village affair in comparison with what has been transpiring in America the past few years. A volume would not contain mere mention of the prodigal mismanagement, waste, treason, reckless extravagance, wild squandering, enormous looting, perpetrated during the Autocratic Regime.

During an illegal and despotic reign of five years in Haiti, the Grand Autocracy massacred not less than five thousand unarmed people, and the number of Haitians who perished in autocratic prisons has been estimated at over eleven thousand. A fine record to leave to after times. Another Andersonville!

Those of our citizens who believe in a government "of the people, by the people, for the people"—who believe the voters of the country need no master, but have ability to govern themselves—such men felt deep humiliation when troops of congressmen wended their way to the White House, and craved permission of Tumulty to see the Autocrat, that he might kindly indicate to them which laws they would be allowed to pass, and which he desired consigned to oblivion. Had he been a Cromwell, a Caesar, a Napoleon or Hannibal—one "born to command"—there might have been excuse for a scene so degrading—but a Wilson, bah! Hamilton, John Adams and others, may be pardoned for believing no people can govern themselves. When our seat of government was moved to Paris, to Rome, to Windsor Castle—to the bed rooms and banquet halls of foreign kings—when the descendant of King Powhatan was welcomed by the Queen of England, not an American citizen protested, save in whispers. Tacitus tells us that when Nero had in view a long journey to his Asiatic provinces, "he assured the citizens that his absence would not be of long continuance, and that the commonwealth in all its parts would continue in the same perfect quiet and prosperity." Then he abandoned his intended absence from Rome, "earnestly declaring that every other consideration with him was absorbed by his love for his country; that he had seen the sad countenances of the citizens, and heard their ill suppressed complaints, accustomed as they were to be revived under misfortunes by the sight of their prince. Their pledges of affection had been so numerous, and had with him such a weight, that he must yield to their wishes and renounce his journey." Bunk is not an article entirely new. It appears to have been used long before the time of Woodrow Augustus. American flunkies did not even show sorrow at Woodrow's departure. They slobbered all over him. For groveling, fawning servility, the American flunky surpasses all flunkies of the world. "An Englishman loves a lord." The American flunky is not a whit behind him. With what

ease did a blathering pedagogue make himself imperial master of America, clinging to "war powers" to the last minute he was in the White House—nearly two and a half years after the war ended. The day is not distant when the traveler from Patagonia will exclaim

"Approach, thou creeping, crawling slave,
And tell me—Is this Bunker Hill?"

In imitation of Emperors of Rome, Wilson delivered harangues to Congress, instead of following the time-honored custom of communicating by message. This imperial fashion has also been adopted by Harding. No president should enter the halls of the Capitol excepting for inaugural purposes, or by special invitation of both houses of Congress. It savors too much of intimidation. The vast patronage of the President should be greatly reduced, in order that members of Congress need never be subservient to the executive will for any reason whatsoever. A large part of the patronage of the presidential office should be entrusted to the Senate, or be otherwise disposed of. It is another case of King John and his barons. The constitution of the Confederate States provided that a president should serve but one term of six years, and be ineligible for re-election. We should adopt a similar provision. It would give us much better service. Wilson, the ex-Pacifist, made his private physician a Rear Admiral in the Navy—an insult to the heroes who sail the seas. Harding follows in Woodrow's footsteps. He has made an Ohio doctor a Brigadier General of the Army. Why should not the President's barber be a Colonel, or his bootblack a Captain in the Army, or the Chambermaid of the White House a Rear Admireless of the Navy? Congress should rise in its wrath and smash such business. Let our presidents pay their own doctor bills, and cease to belittle honored titles of the Army and the Navy. Why should not every senator put his doctor on the pay roll of the Nation, and give him a title? Down with such contemptible work—work so highly injurious.

When son-in-law McAdoo retired from public cares and worries, he bought a modest home-place in the most beautiful part of California, that cost him \$1,200,000. Not satisfied entirely, he bought another place on Long Island, near New York City. Woodrow, before leaving the presidency, bought a fine senatorial mansion in Washington City. Brother-in-law Bolling should have a villa at the national capital also. This illustrious family deserves to be well housed.

Mr. Wilson was head official of the Red Cross throughout the war. It is vain to think he kept a closer scrutiny on its immense expenditures than he did on the still vaster expenditures of the general government. He made one contribution to the Red Cross. An ambitious eastern town gave him a handsome summer bungalow worth ten or twelve thousand dollars. With much hesitancy he accepted the

gift, coupled with a donation of \$2,500 to the Red Cross. At least, the donation was announced.

In a small western town a lady said:

"Our little Red Cross raised \$1900, and put it in the local bank. When we needed some of it for a worthy home purpose, we found that we couldn't get a dollar. The bank refused to pay us. The money we had deposited was out of our control entirely."

A stranger from the planet Mars might have inquired:

"Well, who got the Red Cross money? You say you raised 600 million dollars. Where's it gone?"

"See the higher-up."

"Who is the higher-up?"

"That 'broken man'—'poor old Woodrow Wilson'—'the richest president that ever left the White House.' His head clerk is part of the government now, notwithstanding the great and solemn referendum."

At 1107 Broadway, in New York City, is published one of the finest and most costly magazines in the United States. All its expenses are paid out of the ordinary receipts of a newly established publication, and out of funds raised "to feed the starving women and children of Europe." It is called "The Red Cross Magazine," and in a prominent place a line reads: "Owned and published by the American Red Cross." At the head of a page appears the names of all the chief officials of the Red Cross, and at the very top stands the name of Woodrow Wilson. His health is not so bad as to require him to quit this position. The "Red Cross Magazine" has never been known to speak of Mr. Wilson excepting in terms of unbounded admiration. His various schemes and propaganda have received hearty approval, and his "lovely character," "high ideals" and "charming personality" have been extolled to the limit. On cash obtained from somewhere, still another propaganda periodical is published at No. 70, Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is called "The League Of Nations Magazine."

In New York City many gentlemen of literary skill have been known, at the proper time, to portray moving tales of Turkish atrocities in Armenia with such force and power that they opened the money tills of the public with greater speed than most accomplished burglars could have done. It is moderately computed that these gentlemen have massacred more Armenians, in the past fifteen years, than would people the whole western hemisphere. Still, when necessary, another million Armenians march up with a smile to meet the Turkish butcher knife. Red Cross "workers" have swarmed all over Europe and Asia, stopping at fine hotels, and enjoying full rank, title, salary and emoluments of regular army officers; having fine times; praising the Grand Autocracy (of course), and devouring the money so freely contributed to feed "starving women and children." Just before the Armenian mandate was kindly tendered to the American people, there were five

hundred of these harpies on the pay roll of the "Near East Relief Association."

In spite of autocratic censorship a little news crossed the ocean occasionally. Here follows a telegraphic story that came from Constantinople under date of September 30, 1920. At an official hearing held on that date, Lieutenant-Colonel Coombs, "Director of the Armenian Relief Association," admitted that many expensive dinners to "high foreign officials," had been paid for out of the relief funds; also, that champagne and wines figured in the menus; that one bill for a dinner in the preceding July amounted to \$350; that Russian singers and Turkish dancers entertained at these affairs. The trading of flour at Batum for two car loads of whisky "was a matter outside of the Colonel's jurisdiction." He conceded that "the affairs of the Near East organization had been so conducted that it was impossible to prove the alleged shortages." The money to pay for all this, (and a thousand scandals beside) was freely furnished by the over-generous American public. During the World War hypocrites and grafters had a veritable saturnalia. It was high treason to write or breathe a word on the subject. It is a long call from the Near East to the far West, but great was the boodle thereof. Jesus Christ had a fierce dislike of hypocrites. He could never speak of them in polite language, or without a show of intense anger.

Mahomet described Hell as a place with seven floors or levels, and the last floor down—the hottest and worst—he reserved for hypocrites. By this time it must be much crowded. Additional accommodations will need to be provided. A considerable part of the money the American people spilled out by hundreds of millions, "for the sick and wounded soldiers in France," and for "starving women and children," went to maintain hypocrites and grafters in comfort and luxury. More of it went in political and personal propaganda. It went in many ways not anticipated. Engineering "great drives" became a profession—a lucrative one. Lawyers, students, professors, threw aside their books, to "work for Jesus," as it was blasphemously termed. Respectable looking girls stopped strange gentlemen on the sidewalks of large cities, and solicited money for "the starving Armenians," the Bohunks, the Finns, the Slovaks, etc.—a dangerous and demoralizing method. The money went to "headquarters"—the last that was usually heard of it, unless it turned up in some oriental banquet hall. Charity now begins—not at home—but away off somewhere thousands of miles. The farther off the better and more profitable.

The Bergdoll opera bouffe is still fresh in the public mind. Some ambitious youth eager to "fire the Ephesian dome," should soar into public fame with a World War opera to rival "Pinafore" entitled "Bergdoll's Pot Of Gold." There might be more money in the opera than there was in the pot. An international burlesque was the award of the Nobel prize

to Woodrow Wilson "for his great work in keeping the world out of war." Attached to it was a sack of European gold—\$40,000. This went into his strong box. He has ever been thrifty—too penurious, in fact, to comply with the most meagre social requirements of the White House. In December last he had the impudence, the stupidity, the unconscious irony, or the unintended humor, to say this to Congress:

"I cannot over-emphasize the necessity of economy in government appropriations and expenditures, and the avoidance by Congress of practices which take money from the treasury."

And this with wasted treasure scattered around by billions! The wisest imperial command he ever gave (wise for himself) was this: "There must be no inquiry into the conduct of the war."

Of son-in-law McAdoo, "Leslie's Weekly" says: "If, for every minute of time since the beginning of the Christian era, three dollars had been cast into the sea, the sum would not equal what he threw away in his profligate mismanagement of the railroads. It exceeds the whole cost of the Civil War, and is the most stupendous waste in human history."

They who believe that Mr. Wilson is a mild, benevolent old gentleman led astray by visionary hopes; high-minded, altruistic designs, and wholly impracticable ideas; that he has been so engrossed with plans and struggles for the welfare of mankind that he was unable to give to public affairs the close attention he desired—all such persons should be sent to the Home of the Feeble Minded.

Money for profiteers, hypocrites, grafters, Asiatics, mushroom governments—money by the millions, and by the hundreds of millions—but not a dime for the crippled, homeless, used-up American soldier. Presiding Elder Wilson, of the "hard boiled" Presbyterian cult, had been too busy to care for the soldier. From the Lincoln (Neb.) "Star" I quote one case out of tens of thousands. On April 25, 1921, the "Star" said:

"The incredible tale of a Lincoln wounded ex-service man, bearing German bayonet scars and bullet wounds received in the St. Mihiel drive, blinded by chlorine gas in the left eye and with one lung gone, broke, sick and penniless, wandering on the streets of Lincoln by day and sleeping on a bench in Antelope park by night, was accidentally disclosed and investigated. * * For a week George A. Morrison of the Eighty-ninth division, slept on the benches or the band stand at Antelope park, less sheltered during the cold nights than the wild animals that are comfortably caged there. Morrison with two brothers enlisted in 1917. One brother was killed at St. Mihiel and the other at Chateau Thierry. Morrison himself was wounded at St. Mihiel and while in a hospital the influenza carried away his father, mother, sister and wife. After spending 14 months in a hospital, he returned to Lincoln, his former home. He had been away almost three years. No

one knew him. His folks were dead—every one. He had no home, no friends. He was broke, sick and half-starved."

The Red Cross had "turned him down" because they "had no record of Morrison." How many records have they of "the starving Armenians" or "the suffering Slovaks?" The American Legion came to the rescue, and suitably cared for the ruined veteran. In the whole United States there have been tens of thousands of such cases. The Autocracy was too busy looking after Europeans and Asiatics, to care anything about unfortunate Americans. To its everlasting shame, it was too busy to care for the gallant soldiers who came back from Europe crippled, penniless and health-broken. No "high ideals" applied to them. Well may the Future shower curses on the Grand Autocracy.

Any administration of affairs on a vast scale will be marred by examples of waste, inefficiency, dishonesty, or even stupidity, but where the dark record is unbroken for years, and brings ruin in its train, there must be astounding blunders, or crimes, or both commingled. Napoleon declared that in great affairs a blunder was worse than a crime. The Autocracy had blunders and crimes to an amazing extent. History will rend away its veil of selfishness, hypocrisy and self-righteous deceit.

The Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918; the Peace Resolution, on July 2, 1921. A long, expensive and dangerous interregnum. Cause of delay—the stupid selfishness of one vain official, and the hidden plots of greedy foreign conspirators.

In July, 1921, Ford's "Dearborn Independent" declared: "Persons next to the government profited more than \$60,000,000 by having advance information of the contents of Mr. Wilson's great diplomatic note."

ETERNAL TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE GODS

They lavish adulation on a Being whom, in sober truth, they depict as eminently hateful. All ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked in a constantly increasing progression, adding trait after trait, till the most perfect expression of wickedness has been reached which the human mind can devise. Calling this "God," they have prostrated themselves before it. Think of a being who would make a Hell—then create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore the intention, that the great majority of them should be consigned to horrible and everlasting torments.—*J. S. Mill.*

Man built himself a deity to take the place of the Unseen Intelligence that controls the infinite, endless, eternal Uni-

verse. To this deity, from age to age, Man has added new and ferocious attributes. At last we have the incarnation of a most abhorrent fiend. This god creates a Hell of unimaginable horrors, of endless miseries and tortures, then creates Man to fill it. With foreknowledge of all things, he so arranges the world that nine-tenths of humanity must writhe in Hell for eternities everlasting—without end. Then Man bows down and worships this monster. Could anything be more pitiable or more laughable?—*Markland*.

This world is utterly indifferent to the souls that are rushing headlong into Hell.—*E. A. Fergerson*.

Punishment in a world to come is an idle fable.—*Cicero*.

Man invented his deities and devils.—*John Burroughs*.

Into Hell I fain would go, for into Hell fare the goodly scholars, and the goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars; and stout men-at-arms, and all men noble. With these I would go.—*Aucassin*.

Hell! Jehovah! eternal torture chamber of this ferocious fiend.—*Ashley*.

DECADENCE OF A RACE

"The female of the species is the deadlier," writes poet Kipling.

From John Burroughs, the naturalist, I closely condense thus: "Among insects the females dominate. The malignant mosquito that torments us is the female. Among spiders, scorpions, etc., the female, in sexual fury, kills and devours the male. When food is scarce, female spiders also devour their offspring. Bees have queens to rule them. The female bees kill the males. The honey work is done by neuters, under female supervision. In the world of plants the male sex dominates. Among animals (wherein Man is classed) the male is master, and females take a secondary place."

Among ants the fighting is done by males, who often campaign in large armies, and turn aside for nothing whatever. Work is largely done by slaves captured in battle—Man's ancient custom, not entirely relinquished, and always liable to be re-adopted.

The so-called "elevation of Woman" denotes the degeneracy of Man. He is giving up the place Nature assigned him. The participation of Woman in public affairs, and her approaching domination therein, is a violation of the laws of Nature. Nature is merciless, and will impose a grievous penalty, probably at first, in the form of wide social, financial and political demoralization. Prosperity will cease, domestic ties be loosened, chivalrous ideas be thrown to the discard, the institution of marriage may be endangered, puritanic oppressions and religious persecutions may follow. If, in a fast decaying civilization, Man, the degenerate, has lost his natural

position, so also will Woman lose hers. False conditions will produce a social cataclysm. The fanatics of to-day will be the serfs, coolies and chattels of tomorrow. Instead of peace, order, freedom, greatness and prosperity, there will be crime, disorder, tyranny, war, slavery, concubinage and polygamy. Well may these hordes of busy bodies exclaim with Countess Dubarry: "After us the deluge." To avert the complete destruction of American civilization, it may be necessary to return to despotic forms of government.

Woman is no more fit for the right of suffrage than the children in our public schools are. A creature of sentiment and emotion, she will be the mere dupe of Treason, Superstition, and fanatical propaganda. The work is already under way. Our mothers and grandmothers lived without the ballot, and never wanted it. Neither did they roam the streets, in daylight, in bedroom attire. For this, and other honorable peculiarities, we hold them in veneration. Old men look on with wonder and amazement at the startling spectacle of swarms of blooming girls, and bedizzened, shrivelled-up old dames, pouring along the sidewalks in the reception costumes of the *demi-monde*. When the women and the preachers have run the country to hell, the sword, at last, will straighten things out:

Take a walk through the State House of Nebraska. It's like wandering through a Turkish harem. What hordes of feminines! Here and there sits a meek and lonely man, under feminine supervision. All this is a violation of the laws of Nature. These women should be at home making beds, baking bread, sewing garments, raising babies, training up future men and women. That is the work Nature designed them for. That is the work which, in course of time, their successors will return to—after wild commotions have torn the land to pieces, and the cannon and the sword have re-established order. A great electric storm clears a noxious atmosphere, but present institutions will change materially.

SECESSION MOVEMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

[Written in July, 1921.]

In 1899, at Warren, Ohio, President McKinley said:

"We are in the Philippines. We have acquired that territory, not by conquest alone, but by purchase and solemn treaty. It is ours just as much as any part of our great public domain. Our flag is there, rightfully there; as rightfully as the flag that floats above me here today. It is there, not as the flag of tyranny or as the symbol of slavery, but it is there for what it is here and for what it is everywhere—for justice and law and liberty and civilization."

Woodrow the Munificent not only aspired to give away American money by hundreds of millions, but there is reason to believe he tried to give away territorial possessions of the American people. In spite of Asiatic plots and sentimental platitudes, it can be truthfully said that we have as good a claim to Dewey's Archipelago as we have to New Jersey, Louisiana, Illinois or Alaska, and a better claim than we have to Texas. We do not put men in place at Washington City to "lift up weaker races," nor to prostitute high official positions in the interest of foreign empires, but to advance the glory and welfare of the American Republic and the American people. That is what our government is for.

To throw the islands open to Japanese immigration; to confer citizenship on the Japs, and then set up a pretended "independent government," would be merely to hand the Archipelago over to Japan, and for that purpose alone a pending "treaty" was concocted. Wilson schemed at the job for seven years, encouraged by Great Britain, if not instigated by that power.

It is not wise or desirable to cultivate animosities between Anglo-Saxon nations, for they have enemies enough as it is. Neither is it wise to believe that serious trouble between this country and England is an impossibility—something not to be thought of. England was eager to interfere in our Civil War, till the genius of Ericsson stopped her. She is ever on the alert to increase the power and permanency of the British Empire. We have no right to complain of that, so long as the sovereignty, territorial possessions, and independence of our own country are not involved. When our territories, interests and independence are endangered, we should be wide awake and very ready to defend what Fortune and valor have given us. For peace, war and diplomacy a close alliance exists between England and Japan.

While Borah, the preachers, and misguided women, have been screaming for the disarming of the American nation, Japan has been straining every nerve to provide airships, submarines, battleships and munitions, and, with feverish haste, British shipyards are building all manner of naval fleets for Japan. Just across the boundary line of Canada the British government has installed an immense plant for building and equipping air fleets with enough powerful explosives to blow down all the great cities of the United States, Washington City included. These matters are notorious.

Chinese and Japanese coolies should be rigidly excluded from this country, and if we must have a war over "racial equality" and the coolie question, let the war come. We should be willing to fight to keep the land our forefathers left us. This country needs no immigration of any kind. The world is overpopulated. A hundred years hence America will be as crowded as Europe is to-day.

No Japanese coolie is allowed to land in a British port, but he may enter this country with impunity. Such a state

of affairs should be rectified at once, and in a manner most thorough.

At all times our Nation should be kept in reasonable readiness for unavoidable war.

(I have never yet seen this country prepared for war—when the war arrived. I never expect to see it so prepared. There are too many traitors and Idiots in the land. Some day the Nation will have to swallow a terrible dose of disaster and shame.)

We have been under threat of "war with Japan," for a long time. This is growing tiresome.

An article in the British "Edinburgh Review" of April, 1921, contends that the Asiatic coolie is not at all adapted for English colonies in South Africa, but is completely adapted for "taking the place of the Latin American mongrels in South and Central America." Nothing is said about the fate of the American "mongrels" in the United States. They are to be attended to later on, perhaps. It is time to announce a positive, a decisive policy, concerning the yellow skins. They should be rigidly excluded, not only from the United States but from the American hemisphere. Cringing and crawling and begging at the foot of the Japanese throne should cease. It should be known, in unmistakeable terms, that the American people have resolved to keep the yellow race out of this country if they have to fight to a finish not only Japan, but also her secret supporter, Great Britain. Public opinion in the Canadian Dominion, in New Zealand and in Australia, is strongly averse to any British alliance with Japan for a war with this country. Once for all the Coolie question should be settled, and settled for all time. The Japanese barbarian should be barred from the shores of the western hemisphere, and Dewey's Archipelago should not be surrendered to soothe and placate him. If that is not American public opinion, the future of this country is indeed clouded, and the sentimental degenerates of to-day are rearing children to be the slaves of Asiatic masters. We must be ready to fight for our country or lose it.

During the past summer Count Okuma, the Bismarck of Japan, made a tour of our great cities, and addressed large audiences of stupid or corrupt Americans, being seconded in his efforts by subsidized preachers, subsidized professors, and by deluded, hysterical women. To the idiots, knaves, hypocrites and degenerates who assembled to greet him, he declared that the Japanese heart overflowed with love for the great and generous American people. In an outburst of pathetic sorrow he deplored the circulation of evil reports about the humane and peaceful Japs, and declared that any idea of trouble between America and Japan was too preposterous to be even thought of. Unfortunately for these treacherous pretences, he is on record for opinions of quite a different sort. In the City of Tokio, in 1916, he outlined, advocated and predicted the conquest of the world by the yellow races, and

the reduction of the white race to a condition of literal, undisguised slavery. (See "Quarterly Review" of April, 1921.) With Asiatic arrogance he wrote: "China is our steed. We will arm and drill the Chinese; then will follow a temporary alliance with Russia. After that, the conquest of the world. As for America, that fatuous booby with much money and sentiment, but no cohesion, and no brains of government, were she alone we should not need our China steed. America is an immense melon, ripe for the cutting. North America will support a thousand million people; they shall be Japanese, with their slaves." Who are to be the slaves? The children or grandchildren of miserable American degenerates, who clamor for "peace at any price." Slaves to Asiatic yellow skins! Better to perish on the battle field. Better still, to keep reasonably ready for war; to fight victoriously, and to exterminate the last one of the insolent invaders. "There is nothing new under the sun"—no New Day. What has happened before will happen again. Strong races will continue to over-run countries held by races too feeble or too cowardly to fight. Men too effeminate and contemptible to defend their homes, families and native land, will become the slaves of the conquering race, and will deserve to be. They are fit for nothing else. Many years ago a distinguished scientist predicted that the white race would degenerate on the western hemisphere. We see many evidences in support of his theory.

In August, 1918, Mexican soldiers killed American soldiers and citizens on American soil. Before and after that, many other gross outrages occurred. In retaliation we should have seized vast unoccupied territories in northern Mexico, and prepared them for settlement and civilization. Their untilled mountains and wild fastnesses would have yielded coal, oil, silver, gold; all fruits, grains, minerals; the returned soldiers from France could have found homes, employment and riches there; half a dozen wealthy and powerful states would have resulted in twenty-five years, and the Mexicans themselves would have been vastly benefited. We did not do anything because England and Japan did not so desire. They acted through the Grand Autocracy. The world is overpopulated, and the evil, great as it is, will be enormously increased ere long. For a hundred years we have found lands, and made room, for the overflowing populations of Europe. All immigration should now be stopped; and we should keep "a place in the sun" for the next generation of Americans, and not give away all vacant room to strangers, vast numbers of whom remain aliens, and cannot be assimilated, and do not wish to be. Half a million dollars in gold, scattered among preachers and professors, will keep America in a defenseless condition. Now that women have entered into public affairs it will only be necessary to claim that such-and-such a policy will "keep the country out of war," and they will eagerly support any treasonable scheme that is hatched out in the secret cabinets of London and Tokio. The blood of hundreds

of thousands of American youth may be vainly poured out on fields of defeat, to atone for this national folly and disgrace. With Woman "in the saddle" and the preachers close behind her, and a rich and powerful British-Japanese lobby at work in Washington City, we shall see many strange things in the near future. The so-called "women's clubs" of the United States have endorsed the secession movement in the Philippines. If women had been voters in 1861, the Confederate States of America would have been in existence to-day. Now that degenerated Americans have bowed their necks to the female yoke, we may expect only national humiliation and disaster. Our country will lose its proud position in the eyes of the world, and go dawdling on to ruin. Only a social and political cataclysm can bring salvation.

The time has come to dispense with the ruinous sentimentality that, it is the business of the American people to find homes, lands and employment for the overflowing populations of the whole earth. Our duty is to think of ourselves, and of the welfare, freedom and independence of those who will come after us.

Threats and busy preparations for "world conquest" cannot be dismissed with a "pooh! pooh! that's only talk." We have the bloody lesson of Europe before us. All schemes for world-government, with headquarters in Europe, should arouse American abhorrence. Any attempt to make America a dependency of Europe will, in the end, meet with armed resistance.

SITTING BULL

Sitting Bull began his warlike career at the age of 14, killing and scalping an enemy. He thus became a warrior, receiving the name of Tatanka Yotanka, which means "Sitting Bull." His father was a leading chief of the Sioux nation, and one of his uncles also was.

Up to 1825 the Sioux held an immense territory stretching from east of the Mississippi almost to the Rocky Mountains. It included half of Minnesota, two-thirds of North and South Dakota, and portions of Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri and Wyoming. In 1837 a treaty was made, by the terms of which the Sioux gave up all lands east of the Mississippi. That year Sitting Bull was born. In 1851 the Sioux sold the greater part of Minnesota to the United States. The Indians gave up their lands, white settlers poured in, but the government kept none of its treaty promises, and paid no attention to the complaints of the Indians. This resulted in the massacre at Spirit Lake in 1857, in which Sitting Bull took part, as a sub-chief, being then twenty years of age. Four years later the Civil War broke out, and he became an active and incessant enemy of the government for years, usually operat-

ing on the Plains in conjunction with Red Cloud and other famous chieftains. In 1862 the Sioux broke into Minnesota, slaughtered more than a thousand settlers, and ravaged the country far and wide. Gen. Sibley defeated them, hanged thirty-nine chiefs on one scaffold, sent several hundred warriors to prison, and drove the rest of the tribe far westward. In 1866, Col. Fetterman's command of a hundred men was massacred near Fort Kearney, Nebraska. In 1868, gold having been discovered in the Black Hills, another treaty was made, but the government violated its provisions and paid no attention to complaints. On June 25th, 1876, occurred the Custer massacre. Sitting Bull then retreated to Canada with 3000 warriors, but after a long sojourn in the north returned under an amnesty promise. He was soon imprisoned, was kept under close guard for two years and was then released. The whites had killed off the last buffalo in the country, and occupied the best lands. The Indians were hungry. The government had made another treaty with them, but all the terms were violated. Trouble was brewing. The Messiah craze broke out. After the fashion of white men the Indians looked for a Messiah to cure their many troubles, but looked for one of their own race. Ghost dancing commenced. It was thought that Sitting Bull might have something to do with the prevalent excitement, and his arrest was ordered. On December 15th, 1890, at his camp on Grand River, an attempt was made to take him into custody, and a bloody fight occurred. He and his son and many leading retainers were killed; also some soldiers, and ten Indian policemen who tried to carry out the order. Two weeks later took place what has been called "the battle of Wounded Knee." It was a miserable affair throughout, and was only a massacre. With a wintry blizzard impending, a lot of wandering, hungry and bewildered Indians from Sitting Bull's late camp, commanded by a chief who was too sick to ride a horse, stopped to make a shelter for themselves. Then a company of soldiers without definite orders, intentions or instructions, went into camp near by. Neither side had planned to attack the other, but each feared the other, and dreaded foul play. The next morning an officer ordered the soldiers to disarm the Indians. Prompt resistance was offered, upon which machine guns were turned loose on the Indian camp, and firing was continued as long as a live Indian could be seen. About 250 warriors perished, and out of 200 women and children, 50 fell dead. It is a tradition of the plains that an officer plainly commanded the soldiers not to spare the women and children. Gen. Miles, who possessed the complete confidence of the Indians, soon arrived at the scene, and prevented graver troubles. Then the government of this "Christian nation" made another treaty, and tried to carry out its provisions. Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses said this to Gen. Miles:

"There was no need of the war. The Indians are brave, and the white man is brave, but the white man does not do as he says."

Stupidity in great affairs should be considered a crime. What disaster, death, it entails on other men. What multitudes of gallant fighters—white and red—perished on the Plains, that criminal stupidity and gross dishonesty might reign at Washington. What hundreds and hundreds of settlers perished—men, women and children. I might almost say—what thousands! It was in the era of the “post trader” scandals, and other inodorous military and frontier abuses. The money intended for the feeding of the Indians may have been stolen. It probably was.

Sitting Bull was 53 years of age when he died. In the Custer fight he led a greater force than Tecumseh ever had.

The Wounded Knee tragedy recalls the famous words of Logan, chief of the Mingoes. Logan said. “There flows not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. Last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, Colonel Cresap murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing his women and children. This called on me for vengeance. I have had it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my rage. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!”

The timely arrival of Gen. Miles and Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses, probably averted another great and bloody Sioux war.

The second time I volunteered for service in the Union army, I was detained some days at Camp McClellan, Iowa, and one of my duties was to serve as sentry over the Sioux warriors captured in Minnesota by Gen. Sibley. They were in prison barracks under vigilant guard. Twice I served as sentinel over them.

People who paid little attention to frontier affairs, have vague ideas concerning Custer's last battle. With only 300 men he crossed the Little Big Horn, and rode into the midst of six thousand well armed warriors. Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse had mustered every hostile band in Dakota, Montana and Wyoming. Even the Pawnees—hereditary foes of the Sioux—contributed 1500 warriors for a final struggle with the white man. Innumerable chiefs of fame led their warlike bands. Spotted Tail, American Horse, Porcupine, Crow King, Big Foot, Tohani, Short Bull, Kicking Bear, Gall, Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses, Waneta, Wapasha, Little Crow, Wamditanka, Rain-In-The-Face, and many others of note assembled. Custer expected only the Pawnee contingent. His force was quickly surrounded, and nothing but battle and death remained. About 60 Indians were killed, and all of the soldiers. Rain-In-The-Face killed Custer, firing a rifle at close quarters. “Were any of the soldiers burnt or tortured?” was the inquiry afterwards. The invariable answer of Sioux braves was that “no prisoners were taken.” This is undoubtedly true, for every soldier fought to the last, and many of the wounded shot themselves. The dead soldiers were scalped and mutilated. In the case of Custer, his body was stripped, but was stretched out unscalped and un mutilated. He died sabre in hand, and was left where he fell.

When the World War came the government decided that, although the Indian was not necessarily a citizen, nor quite so good as a white man, he was good enough to go to Europe to fight, and so the "selective draft" was applied to him. To the credit of his race—a proud and warlike one—he it said that not an Indian slacker was found in the land. We had about 200,000 white sneaks, evaders, deserters, and conscientious objectors-to-being-hurt, but not an Indian tried to evade his duty. Every one on the list reported promptly, and those sent to France made the best of records and many of them won military decorations. From ten to fifteen thousand Indians served with honor in Europe. (The exact number is on official record.) Half the wars of the world could be avoided by the employment of one antidote—Justice, but Historian Gibbon says Justice is "only a theory."

On May 20, 1921, at Cannonball, North Dakota, occurred the burial of Albert Grass, aged 21, last chief of the Dakota Sioux Indians. Several thousand Indians attended. He was killed on the firing line in France in 1918, and his body was returned by the government. On the evening of May 19th began the ancient rites and ceremonies accorded to a dead chief, which continued all night, mainly consisting of chanting and dancing. Then followed a religious ceremony at the local Catholic church. The body was then buried with military honors by the American Legion. The grave is on Holy Hill, a spot sacred to the Indians, for it was there that was held the last great Sun Dance of the Sioux nation.

THE GREAT RIDDLE

The gods are creations of the poets.—*Cicero*.

All revelation is pure fiction.—*Xenophanes*.

Future life is a myth. The only immortality is to live in history.—*Napoleon*.

Not for our protection, but for their own vengeance, is the providence of the gods over us.—*Tacitus*.

Nothing can be known, nothing can be learned. Nothing can be certain.—*Anaxagoras*.

All religions are false, but all, perhaps, are useful.—*Arabian sage*.

A personal Deity is inconceivable, Immortality unbelievable; Duty is supreme, imperative, unavoidable.—*George Eliot*.

Cyrus the Great had a slight belief in immortality, but viewed the matter with grave doubt.

Frederick the Great was an infidel in private and a churchman in public.

Cambyses flogged and hanged the priests of Egypt.

Alexander the Great pretended to be the son of Jupiter-Ammon, and Semiramis claimed to be the daughter of a

goddess. The intimate relations known to exist between the Creator of the Universe and ex-Emperor Wilhelm need only a reference.

Mind, soul, spirit, are the same, and are part of the body, and perish with it.—*Epicurus*.

That supreme good or evil, life!—*Clemenceau*.

Nature is merciless—knows nothing of justice.—*Holt*.

Justice? It is only a theory.—*Gibbon*.

The brotherhood of Man is a phrase, justice a formula; the Divine Code is illegible.—*Senator J. J. Ingalls*.

The mystery of the cruelty of things.—*Swinburne*.

Man is Nature's great mistake.—*Underwood*.

The mind or soul is not immortal. Death is a relief for all human woes, and beyond it there is no place for sorrow or joy.—*Caesar*.

Those who have given rich offerings to the priests during life, go to the highest heaven.—*Vedic hymn*.

When Nature had made other animals abject, and consigned them to pastures, she made Man alone upright.—*Cicero*.

It becomes all men who desire to excel other animals, to strive to the utmost of their power.—*Sallust*.

A deity that makes a world, and fills it with misery for all living creatures, brute and human, is not a benevolent god. If he is all powerful, and continues these miseries for ages, he is an evil being. If he is powerless to change this misery, he is not a god.—*Hindoo sage*.

The sad wail of the soul's lament over the defeat of human hopes to pierce the secret of the Omniscient.—*R. W. Frazer*.

An ancient edict provided that if any base outsider (by stealth) listened to the Vedic hymns, his ears were to be filled with melted tin; if he was able to repeat a sacred hymn his tongue was to be torn out; if he even remembered the words of a hymn, he was to be torn to pieces. The kind of piety that sets men to "murdering one another for the love of God!"

If any deities exist they bother themselves very little about human affairs.—*Radcliffe*.

To be eager for life, and to cling to it, is a sign of the greatest baseness and weakness.—*Polybius*.

This is a Christian nation.—*New political slogan*.

Mind does not exist apart from matter.—*Tyndall*.

Thomas A. Edison has lost his faith in immortality.—*Biblical World*.

Good and Evil I trace to the same source, and Evil predominates.—*Gautama*.

The deities take no interest in human affairs.—*Plato*.

That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; as the one dieth so dieth the other; all go unto one place; all are of the dust and all turn to dust again.—*King Solomon*.

"Man is an animal that wants to be a god"—which is much to his credit—a tribute to his gall. What he thinks about the Universe is not a matter of consequence. In due time he will be snuffed out, and his little world also.

At death the soul has no more existence than it had before birth. Notions of immortality are mere delusions. The idea of a future existence is ridiculous. It spoils the greatest blessing of Nature—death. Absurd to suppose that the great head of all things pays any attention to human affairs.—*Pliny*.

Not with philosophers and men of Science do we find sensual materialism, but in the palaces of ecclesiastical princes, and in those hypocrites, who, under the outward mask of pious worship of God, solely aim at hierarchical tyranny over, and material spoliation of their fellow men. Theologians seek only wealth, power, authority, dominion over the masses. There is no end to their clamor for money—it is their god. Men of Science seek only truth, and, in research, find intellectual enjoyment.—*Ernst Heinrich Haeckel*.

The Pontifex Maximus offered the Christian convert the alternative of Diana or Christ, freedom or the wild beasts of the circus; the Bishop of Rome gave the Protestant a choice of transubstantiation or the stake and fire; the Protestant successor of Augustine tested Presbyterianism by breaking the nonconformist's leg in the iron boot; Presbyterianism drove dissenters to exile. Heretics chained to the stake, and nonconformists with ears nailed to the pillory, could not stop men from thinking.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Life—a struggle for all, a defeat for most.—*H. J. Laski*.

Immunity from suffering is good enough happiness for mortals. Man is a mortal, and perishes—utterly!—*H. C. P.*

Collision with a wandering planet will burn the Earth to mist; or, the Earth will become a frozen desert like the moon; or, diminishing speed will cause the Earth to finally halt. It will then drop into the Sun.—*Science*.

In variances of opinion concerning matters unknown, or unknowable, men should strive to be tolerant, moderate, charitable, indulgent and indifferent.—*P.*

Creeds and fairy stories appear to be necessary. Women and children must have them. To furnish them in abundance is profitable.—*Bolingbroke*.

MY MILITARY LAURELS

[Headquarters Third Brigade, First Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, Vicksburg, March 9, 1864.]

To the Governor of Iowa,

Sir:—I would respectfully recommend to your favorable consideration, Clinton Parkhurst. He is desirous of obtaining a cadetship at West Point. While a member of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry, (a regiment I had the honor of commanding as Colonel for a long time) he was prompt, cheerful and intelligent in the performance of his duties, either in camp,

on the march or in battle. I hope, if possible, he may be appointed, as I am certain he would do credit to the State, his regiment and the country.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

ALEXANDER CHAMBERS,
Brigadier General of Volunteers

[Gen. Chambers was a graduate of West Point, and a regular army officer.]

THE SECESSION SNAKE STILL ALIVE

Secession plots and ideas have been nursed and coddled so long in the Philippines, by Woodrow Wilson and his satellites, that it is not strange that talk of a new Southern Confederacy is beginning to be heard in the South. At Troy, in the State of Alabama, a marble monument has been reared that bears this inscription:

Erected by Pink Parker
In Honor of
Wilkes Booth
Who Killed Old Abe Lincoln

There is a state normal school at Troy, and this memorial has doubtless been reared as an educational measure.

When the State of Virginia put a statue of Lee under the dome of the national Capitol, we thought we could stand that. When Virginia gave to one of our greatest war vessels a costly silver service, every piece of which was stamped with a scowling image of Jeff Davis—nothing very loud was said. When, however, they begin to build marble monuments down South in honor of the man "who killed old Abe Lincoln," our southern brethren are rubbing it in a little too hard. Ere long their political orators will begin to complain of "sectional feeling in the North," (as indicated by election returns), and in the East, and in the Great West, and in the Great Northwest,—and everywhere else in the country excepting in the somewhat circumscribed area of the late unlamented Confederate States Of America. The Trojans of Alabama should "wave the bloody shirt" again, and put up a marble monument in honor of Henry Wirz, the martyred hero of Andersonville.

Congress has a duty to perform. Not to pull down the dirty monument in Alabama. Let it stand as long as it will. Congress should place under the dome of the national Capitol three statues in honor of great Virginians who hated secession: General Winfield Scott, General George H. Thomas, and General Sam Houston. Houston fought under Andrew

Jackson; afterwards he added Texas to the Union; and to his dying day he opposed and hated secession—or, as Mr. Wilson terms it, “self determination.” Wilson is not a Virginian—he’s a Briton. At least, I consider him such. Let us have three more statues under the dome of the national Capitol—not one of them in honor of Secession.

After the butcheries of Goliad and the Alamo, the fate of Texan independence was decided at the battle of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. Behind heavy breastworks defended by artillery, Santa Ana awaited attack with from 2,500 to 3,000 Mexicans. Gen. Houston stormed the Mexican works with a force of 750 Texans. Houston was dangerously wounded; 9 of his men were killed and 16 were wounded. The Mexicans lost 632 men killed and wounded, and 730 more were captured, Santa Ana included. Out of this brilliant victory sprung the Texan Republic. On July 26, 1863—neglected, very poor; broken in spirits at the apparent disruption of the American Union, and suffering from wounds received in two wars, Gen. Houston died on his little farm near Galveston Bay, Texas, at the age of 71. His name deserves to be held in perpetual honor—if that is any comfort to heroes gone. Let us place a statue of him under the dome of the national Capitol.

HOW THE WATER CAME DOWN AT LODORE

“You’ll never miss the water till the well runs dry.”

Of innumerable cases, consider these—simply as samples:

During the World War spruce timber operations on the northwest Pacific coast consumed hundreds of millions of dollars, and the government obtained no benefit whatever. The money was simply tossed away to robbers.

Fifteen hundred million dollars were squandered on sectional “cantonments” in the southern states, after which the buildings were burnt, torn down or given away.

Fraudulent coal contracts, two years after the war ended, robbed the government of from twenty to thirty million dollars.

Two million and nine hundred thousand dollars went for electrical machinery and electrical lines that were never used an hour, and which were sold to “interested parties” for \$81,000.

The sum of \$116,000,000 was paid for poison gas that was never made.

The colossal airplane robbery, an affair almost incredible, cost two billions of dollars, and made two thousand millionaires.

• Three nitrate plants that cost \$120,000,000 never made

a pound of nitrates, and the plants were sold for practically nothing.

Old Hickory powder plant at Nashville, Tennessee, cost ninety million dollars, and never made a pound of powder. Sold for three and a half million dollars. The Japs may well call Uncle Sam "a fatuous booby with plenty of money and no brains." He is worse than that—he helps people rob him.

A powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia, that cost sixty million dollars, never made a pound of powder, and was "sold" for \$800,000. Included in the "sale" (without charge) was certain "personal property" that experts valued at ten million dollars.

On "port terminals" that were never used, located "down South," the sum of \$127,000,000 was spent.

The totally fictitious "ordnance program" cost Four Billions Of Dollars, and produced nothing but a brigade of millionaires.

All this is eloquent of crime, misrule and political ruin. Never in human history is found another such picture of criminal waste.

Motor trucks that cost millions of dollars, were left to rust and rot, along the Mexican boundary line.

Vast warlike stores at Vladivostok were sold to Japan for a song, "to save expense of removal to Manila," and at a time when Japan was threatening us with war.

In January last it became known that \$40,000,000 of "relief money" had been used in waging unauthorized war against Russia, and that unknown large sums of Red Cross money had been used in the same way.

In February, Secretary Houston admitted to Congress that, by Wilson's order, he had "loaned" the Slovakian "government" \$14,330,000.

To keep Slovakia out of war, Wilson had previously shipped munitions valued at \$13,500,000. The allies intercepted the shipment, and, without payment, kept the munitions. No wonder the Europeans call us "a nation of chumps," and call our country "the world's Christmas tree." In addition, another mushroom government obtained enormous stores of munitions and rations, and was allowed to "pay" for the same with \$50,000,000 in "money" not worth the paper it was printed on. Thus did Mr. Wilson play "Lord Bountiful" and "Big Brother to the World"—not with his own cash, but with treasure that future generations will have to sweat and toil for. On February 27th, Secretary Houston confessed to a congressional committee that he and Mr. Wilson had "loaned" \$200,000,000 to the Kerensky government of Russia, a government now defunct. As they had no authority to take Two Hundred Million Dollars from the United States Treasury, and give it away, they should be held accountable, personally, and in their private fortunes.

An expert estimates that certain persons, vaguely referred,

to as "the ship-builders," defrauded the government out of \$500,000,000—"and possibly more."

Nero's burning of Rome never cost ten thousand million dollars—the amount of indebtedness France has been asking us to "cancel," kindly aided in the matter by many home "statesmen."

As a parting shot from the Grand Autocracy, in May, 1921, Congress learned that a trifling bill of Four Hundred Million Dollars would have to be paid—some of Woodrow's unauthorized outlays entitled "emergency expenditures." What they were it was considered not worth while to find out.

A letter written at Paris at the close of the World War gives an incomplete reference to affairs abroad. The writer says:

"Astounding revelations of graft and fraud, mounting into millions, in the supplies shipped to the American expeditionary force during the war, have just been made. At one depot there was a full mile of piled-up cases marked "bottles of ink," or "canned food." Only the top layer of each box consisted of full boxes or cans; the rest were empty. Hundreds of thousands of pairs of "woolen" underclothes were of the poorest quality of cotton, while a vast number of cases marked as containing clothing, were either empty, or were filled with a jumble of all kinds of useless material in a moldy condition. At another depot there were five miles of "military supplies" that not only included beds, munitions, jams and gasoline, but also more than fifty thousand cases of baby underwear, baby socks and baby bonnets. At still another depot 45,000 new automobiles were destroyed by fire, to make room for other automobiles that were then en route across the ocean—although the war was over. The depot at Gievres, which covers a space of more than one-third the area of Paris, is packed and piled with heterogeneous supplies of every sort, that are rusting and spoiling."

An immense quantity of military foods and rations, that cost seventeen hundred million dollars, was sold to the French government (on credit) for one hundred and fifty million dollars. This food was then shipped to the United States and sold at a profit of more than a billion dollars above purchase price. Camp Funston, Kansas, cost more than \$15,000,000. In December, 1920, Baker (Sec. of War) ordered the post dismantled and abandoned, the buildings torn down and all materials hastily sold for "what they would bring." In the same week he asked Congress for \$50,000,000 with which to merely begin carrying out his policy of "housing" the homeless U. S. Army. Experts who looked over his elaborate plans declared to a congressional committee that, to carry out the plans, would cost \$800,000,000. The Inspector-General of the Army officially reported that while one department of the government was selling "surplus cement" to a civilian for \$1 per ton, another department of the government was buying it back at \$6.00 per ton. The cement was not moved—only

the money changed hands. The General's report failed to stop the traffic. The reign of Boss Tweed and his sattuclites at New York City, after the Civil War, was mild and moderate compared to the fierce saturnalia at Washington City.

Louis XIV, "the Grand Monarch," squandered public money by millions. Louis XVI went to the guillotine for it. Under the Autocratic regime of our "free republic" money has been squandered and stolen by billions—not money immediately raised by taxation, but borrowed at liberal interest, with repayment left to generations unborn. Let us hope the crimes of the present era will not be followed by scaffolds and executions in the future. "I will repay, saith, the Lord."

While "that stricken man," that "wheel chair invalid" was hidden away in the innermost recesses of the White House, invisible and inaccessible to the vulgar gaze—not even to the highest senators—and was ostensibly under the watchful care of a Rear Admiral surgeon of the Navy, he seems to have been pretty busy—to say the least.

John Churchill, victor at Blenheim, first Duke of Marlborough, was famous for good humor. News of mishaps, blunders of subordinates, ill fortune, disarrangement of plans, sudden energy of the foe—only brought his patient smile. Nothing disturbed his serenity. Like Cæsar, he had the genius of good nature. Let us try to imitate him, for it is hard for the American citizen to read his daily paper and be anything but a grouch. Wake up. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Let us be "cheerful idiots."

THE CONFEDERACY AND THE INDIANS

Up to the breaking out of the Civil War, the only Indian policy the United States had was based on three maxims: "Might is right," a treaty with Indians is "only a scrap of paper," and "the only good Indian is a dead one." These maxims, never officially promulgated, were steadily acted on—put in actual practice. The culmination was in some kind of a massacre. Sometimes whites were massacred and sometimes Indians. A massacre was always provided for. It was part of the Indian policy of "our Christian nation." Early in the history of Illinois or Indiana, there was a massacre of peaceful Indians, by whites. In due time the massacre of the soldiers of Fort Dearborn (now Chicago) came to pass. Without books of reference at hand I would not try to give a list of such occurrences. The only shadow of excuse we can offer for lack of faith in dealing with the red man, is in the irrepressible and unavoidable conflict of civilization and savagery. The Indian is too polite or too unsophisticated to say that the pale face is a liar, but phrases it more gently, and complains that "the white man does not do as he says."

King David said in his wrath, "All men are liars." The average Indian got to believe that all white men were, anyhow. The Black Hawk war came to pass because the government invited many leading chiefs to a conference; plied them with liquor, pleased them with baubles, and when they were half drunk—or drunk entirely—persuaded them to barter away an empire of the richest agricultural lands in the world, for simply nothing. Black Hawk rebelled at such a transaction. At the age of 20 he had been a famous war chief, afterward led 500 warriors to join Tecumseh. At the age of 60, with a small following, he precipitated a hopeless but a dangerous war. No man—black, white or red, can be blamed for fighting to hold the soil he was born on. He has my sympathy at least. My mother often saw Black Hawk, and it was to please her that I once wrote and published a military novel based on his last, and desperate campaign.

When the Civil War had opened in earnest the Sioux nation had bitter grievances against the government by reason of violated treaties—grossly violated ones. When the Sioux invasion of Minnesota occurred in 1862, it was generally believed that the Confederate government had instigated the bloody attack, but there was no direct proof of this. There was nothing strange in the supposition. In colonial times the French incited Indians to attack English settlements, and aided them with arms, ammunition and even with military forces. (Civilized man is still a savage lightly vaneered over). In the Revolutionary War, England aided and encouraged Indians to assail the continental frontiers, and repeated the policy in the war of 1812. So it was nothing new or strange to suppose that the Confederacy was using a similar policy. Concerning the issues of the Civil War a great division of sentiment prevailed among the Indians. Some tribes proved loyal to the government. Other tribes took sides with the Confederacy. In the northern Mississippi campaign I saw a Union regiment that was almost entirely composed of Wisconsin Indians, dressed and trained like ourselves. The Indians of western Arkansas took up arms for the South, as did a very large part of the Indians in what is now Oklahoma. At Hominy Creek, Oklahoma, a battle of much importance was fought between rival forces of Indians, one side fighting for the government and the other for the South. Each side arrayed over a thousand warriors, and I don't think there was a white man there. The contest was bloody and indecisive, but proved decisive in one way. No further attempt was made by southern Indians to reach the border line of Kansas. Along that border stretched the villages of the Osages, (a branch of the Sioux nation). Osage tribal affairs have been conducted with singular wisdom, for a hundred years at least, and the Osages are now the richest class of people in Oklahoma. Their pockets are stuffed with money arising from annuities from the sale of lands to the government; by royalties from oil wells, and by rentals of

lands to whites, the lands being mainly held by the tribe in community fashion. They own a whole rich county there.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the Osages promptly declared for the government, and kept close watch and ward along the Kansas border, and also held at bay the numerous hostiles that swarmed over the Plains. Some time in the early part of the war occurred a remarkable incident that may be on official record. At a point on the prairies somewhere between the present towns of Chetopa and Cherryvale, an Osage scouting party led by a chief, intercepted a party of white men, twenty or thirty in number, well armed and well mounted. An explanation was required of the strangers, but none was given. The chief then requested the whites to accompany him to Humboldt, where they could make their explanations to the white military commandant. This was refused and the white leader started to ride on, but the chief wheeled his horse in front of the column to bar further progress. The white leader shot the chief dead; the other Indians scattered and disappeared at a gallop, and the white men rode on westward. In about an hour a volley of rifle balls emptied many saddles, and a strong force of Indians was found to be in hot pursuit. The white men hastily threw away their baggage, and broke into a wild gallop for the heavy timber that skirted the Verdigris river a few miles away. There the Osages hemmed them in, killed the last one of them, stripped their bodies, and scalped and beheaded them. In searching their clothing many strange looking official papers were found, which the Indians, of course, could not read or understand. Big Hill Joe, the chief, took careful charge of these, and merely sent off a scout to Humboldt with intelligence that a lot of bad white men had been killed. A company of cavalry was immediately sent to investigate. Its commander called for any papers that might have been found, and Joe handed him the papers, which disclosed these facts: The party consisted of a Confederate colonel, five or six Confederate officers, and an escort of soldiers. The party had started from Little Rock, Arkansas, and was bound for the western plains bearing official credentials to Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, and other leading hostile chiefs, and promise of arms, munitions, money and supplies for a war along the entire northern frontier. The captured arms and horses went to the Osages as spoils of war; the mutilated heads and bodies were gathered up and buried; the papers, documents and credentials reached the commandant at Humboldt, and undoubtedly went to Washington City. An attempt was made by Texan troops to pass through New Mexico, capture Denver, and form a junction with the warlike hostiles on the Plains. Kit Carson and other frontier leaders of note raised a force of volunteers and met the invaders in the Glorietta Mountains, where a fierce battle was fought. Neither side could claim a victory, but the Texans found it necessary to abandon their plan and hastily retreat homeward.

GENERAL NOTES

LOST EMPIRES

A civilization world-wide may collapse, disappear, and be totally forgotten. Any social or political organization contains the seeds of its own destruction. The decadence of men, the degeneration of tribes and peoples; change, calamities, false theories, disastrous wars on a gigantic scale, may bring the destruction of nations and the ruin of the last vestige of civilization. The buried cities of Central America admonish us. Thebes reigned a thousand years and is now a stretch of desert sand. The most probable cause of ultimate ruin to civilization lies in some vast convulsion of Nature. The earth's surface is unstable; it has changed many times and will change again. After such a cataclysm the remnant of mankind, in consternation and despair, may revert to savagery, or, even to mere animal existence. After a long age of gloom, a commencement will be made again, if our planet remains inhabitable. These thoughts are based on Science, tradition, legend, architectural ruins, and strong probability. Agassiz says: "America is the first born among the continents. Hers was the first dry land lifted out of the waters." It is only reasonable to believe that the first civilizations of the world arose, flourished and passed away in the American tropics. In ascribing the ruins of Central America to a race of Phœnician origin, I merely adopted the views of several American writers. The opinions of Agassiz are entitled to greater weight. This would ascribe the early civilizations of Central America to a native American race, and make them the first civilizations of Man, flourishing in glory before the Nile valley was populated. One era of greatness and subsequent ruin must have followed another, stretching far back through the corridors of Time. The present remains are of the latest period, but ante-date the building of the Pyramids. The continent of Atlantis reached most of the way across from the West Indies to northern Africa, and communication between the hemispheres must have been incessant.

THE MARCH OF CORONADO

Coronado and his knights were the first men of the white race to set foot on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska. The expedition of these intrepid men started from a western port of Mexico, moved northwestward through Sonora, passed eastward through the burning deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, crossed the Rio Grande river, met and defeated a large army of half-civilized Indians, discovered the buffalo, and moving eastward and northward, reached the vernal plains of Kansas and Nebraska. The march consumed two years, and a Pawnee chief visited the Spanish conquistador. Thus was found a future home for the pusillanimous prairie Pacifist.

An official at Washington City discredits the statement of Coronado that he passed the 40th parallel of latitude. Citing numerous authorities, the British encyclopedia declares that Coronado "penetrated at least to what is now central Kansas," and pronounces his expedition "the most remarkable in American discovery." The encyclopedia issued by the "Scientific American" says Coronado started from Culican, on the Pacific coast (April, 1540), and reached the plains of Kansas and Nebraska. Coronado should not be deprived of his well earned laurels without satisfactory reasons. No such reasons are apparent. The Spaniards crossed unknown oceans and proved the most skillful of navigators. In preparing to cross unknown limitless deserts, Coronado must have carried good observation instruments with him. Hence, when he says he crossed the 40th parallel, we can do nothing else than believe him. This placed him in Kansas and Nebraska. All recognized authorities concede that he crossed the 40th Parallel, and there is no reason for disputing the fact, and no benefit results from so doing.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S DREAM

Of the American Idiots the Grand Autocracy demanded 250,000 sailors and marines for the Navy; 913 million dollars for "the greatest war fleet in the world"; a standing army in time of peace of 576,000 soldiers; a draft Act to include every able-bodied young man in the country of the age of 18; a second Act "for war time" that would draft every able-bodied man in the country between the ages of 18 and 45. These Acts, it was computed, would mobilize an American army of more than Twenty Million Men. Strange preparations for universal peace! With the League of Nations behind it, such an armament would have meant the mastery of the world.

The bait—Wilson, master of the world.

The purpose—to unload the bonded debts of the world on the backs of the American Idiots, and, to make this country a vassal dependency of Europe.

Could greed or selfish, silly vanity be greater? Brain storms! Senile dementia! "What fools these mortals be."

MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA

The passage in this volume under the above heading is from "Sun Worship Shores," lost in San Francisco's burning. In 1874, at Acapulco, Mexico, I saw cannons lying in the ditches of a fort, where they had been thrown by Maximilian's triumphant Frenchmen, after storming the Mexican lines. For some reason the Mexicans had never removed them. Sitting in the shade I wrote a passage for the long historical and descriptive poem I was then engaged on. Major Millen, an Irish soldier of fortune who had served in Maximilian's army, told me that the march of the French troops through Mexico was only a merry promenade. The with-

drawal of the French, on the demand of the American Secretary of State, William H. Seward, sealed the fate of Maximilian. He was soon afterwards dethroned, tried and shot. Carlotta went insane.

The poetical passage referred to was "lifted" from an unpublished manuscript of mine, and converted into prose, by an "eminent historian," and was sold by him to a great newspaper syndicate. Allusions to the battle of Gettysburg were skillfully substituted for my references and reflections on the Atlanta campaign, and some weak military doggerel was attempted. Other portions of "Sun Worship Shores" received attention from this gentleman with a "name." Then the entire poem was burnt in the earthquake. Some of it I recalled by memory, and some I reclaimed from faded newspaper files.

JOB'S WAR HORSE

From old time the War Horse has deserved and received admiration. His pride, fidelity and courage, in the midst of the most terrifying scenes, have won the plaudits of soldiers. Nowhere is he better portrayed than in the Book of Job.

"Hast thou given the horse strength?

Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?

The glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, rejoices in his strength;

He goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted.

Neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him,

The glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage,

Neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet;

He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha!

And he smelleth the battle afar off,

The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

THE ULTIMATE THING IN BOOZE

George Washington took a glass of rum every morning before breakfast; Napoleon was fond of punch, but quit its use because it made his nose red; Burns drank the strongest usquebaugh he could find, and believed it to be a necessary of life; Byron took gin and water; Poe killed himself with Baltimore whiskey; Edwin Booth, the finest comedian and tragedian this country ever had, and whom I often saw and admired, had periodical spells of dipsomania, but in his later years led a life of total abstinence. Shakespeare died from a big drunk, and so did the great Macedonian, Alexander: John L. Sullivan drank everything and anything in sight, but finally quit booze and passed his latter days in sobriety; sweet poet Collins died in a mad house, without alcoholic aid;

Schiller drank Rhine wine with enthusiasm; had Dante boozed with moderation, he might have written on more cheerful topics; Coleridge went to wreck with opium; Guy de Maupassant went mad from absinthe; Henry Sienkewicz died in a crazy house from all sorts of dope; and so on down the list. A booze-fighter in search of "the real thing," should tackle marihuana. Compared to it cocaine is a mild sedative, and deodorized wood alcohol a gentle tonic. When a Mexican is bored with ennui, he smokes the dry leaves of marihuana, or makes a brew out of the weed. The first effect is seductive. Afterwards come tigers, lions, boa constrictors, green giraffes, elephants with four tails apiece, devils and hideous monsters. Harmless blue monkeys are nothing to the menagerie let loose by marihuana. Further indulgence persisted in, produces permanent madness. The peons of Sonora make fire-water out of a kind of cactus, and call it Tequila. It is colorless but powerful. You can get as drunk as a lord on it. The Yaquis make a devil's brew from tolvache weed. Everywhere, even in the desert, Man has ready at hand, the materials for getting himself in trouble. Mother Nature provides with a lavish hand. There is alcohol and poison in almost everything. When our native land is really dry—arid—with no mistake about it, booze-fighters can go into Mexico and raise gardens of cacti. With other poisons utilized there, a man can have his own disillery, and be always happy.

The safer plan is to shun the booze, nor listen to the siren songs of the nymphs of the Lurleiberg.

THE MACEDONIAN PLAN

Persian monarchs often bought the public men of early Greece. Even the great Themistocles became an honored vassal at the Persian court, though mainly to escape his Grecian enemies. When Philip of Macedon was plotting the overthrow of freedom in Greece, his custom was to influence public men with cash. If an ambassador went to a doubtful city or state, the royal emissary was preceded by a mule loaded with gold. Foreign governments and great foreign interests, have found a weakness in the American political fabric. They purchase the secret services of men of wide repute, and thus sway national legislation, or momentous foreign policies. Bribes are given, not always to public officials, but often to persons who have power to control public officials. In some cases the officials themselves are directly bribed—by the promise of place, power, opportunities of enrichment, and, not unfrequently, with spot cash. This cannot be clearly shown, in most cases. The crime is too well concealed. We can only judge by public results. On the other hand, officials are often domineered over by special classes, insolent and tumultuous in demands, and are forced to support ruinous legislation by threats of political extinction if they refuse. (Many of our congressmen die poor.) These unpleasant facts suggest that our republic may be on

the down grade, a route taken by every republic that ever existed.

GAVRILO PRINZEP

On June 28th, 1914, at Sarajevo, capital of Bosnia, a tragedy occurred that precipitated the World War. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary, and his morganatic wife, Sophia Chotek, Duchess of Hohenberg, came on a conciliatory visit to Sarajevo. As they rode on public parade, a bomb was thrown at them. The prince warded it off with his arm. It exploded some distance from him, wounding six persons. In the afternoon, as the imperial pair rode out again, Gavrilo Prinzep, 19 years of age, a Servian student, opened fire on them with a magazine revolver that discharged explosive bullets, and killed both of them. The first shot struck the lady in the abdomen; the second shot struck the Prince's neck. In both cases death quickly followed. Prinzep died on April 30th, 1918, in a fortress near Prague, of tuberculosis caused by harsh imprisonment. Other conspirators received punishment. Two received life imprisonment, and four were hanged.

Prince Ferdinand was not the son of Francis Joseph, but his nephew. He was an unattractive person—a religious fanatic with despotic inclinations. Save for political possibilities, his death was unlamented in Austria. People and nobles were glad he was dead.

BRITISH TROOPS IN NICARAGUA

The landing of eight hundred British soldiers on the island of Corinto, on the western coast of Nicaragua, in 1895, caused much excitement in the United States, and also in Central America. An infringement of the Monroe Doctrine was thought to be intended. Happily this proved not to be the case. England is our greatest commercial rival, our chief marine competitor, and, possibly, might be our naval enemy on the high seas. To a great extent the friendship of nations is based on self-interest. Fair treatment on both sides is necessary, with a strict observance of simple justice and right.

Senator Jones of Washington declares: "This nation is confronted with a comprehensive conspiracy to drive American ships from the seas, and divert the bulk of our exports to British bottoms." For fifty years Congress has been controlled by the trans-Atlantic steamship lines, which partially explains why it is so difficult to check foreign immigration—an evil that should be ended entirely. We should especially exclude Japs, and the scum of Asia Minor.

SOME OTHER TROUBLES

A poem of mine entitled "Our Message of Peace" foreshadowed a war in China, that afterwards came—and also the armed intervention of the western powers. In August, 1895,

I sent this rhyme to "Puck," at New York City. On September 25th "Puck" printed a brief imitation of the poem—just enough to base a cartoon on—and had a double-page cartoon illustrating the subject. I wrote, demanding pay for the poem. H. L. Wilson, "Associate Editor," replied that "the author of the verses you mention, who is Mr. R. L. Cardell, never saw your poem, nor did the devisers of the cartoon ever see it." This reply I preserved, lest Mr. Cardell should some time assert I had basely counterfeited his somewhat debilitated verse. I have in this volume a brief complaint about "The Demon If." Recently, by a newspaper allusion, I find that Mr. Kipling has written something about "If." What he wrote I don't know, and am too busy to find out. Also, I have a short rhyme concerning a rich man's epitaph, entitled "His Only Wealth." Seven or eight years after I wrote it I found that the same epitaph had received attention from John G. Saxe a generation ago. With these explanations I print my own ditties.

HISTORICAL

When Sardanapalus made a bonfire of his palace and his wealth, it is computed that gold, silver, gems, jewels and precious stones vanished to the value of forty billions of dollars. His wives and concubines perished with him. There was little left for the enemy to "amortize."

On March 1, 1920, a telegram from Paris confirmed reports that the coffin and dust of Hernando Cortez had been found in the vault of the Church of Jesus, in the City of Mexico.

Prof. Strong, of Harvard, puts the total cost of the World War, to all participants, at about 348,000 Million Dollars.

Commander Bainbridge, of the American Navy, places the loss of the Germans in the World War as follows: Killed in battle, 1,531,148; missing, 991,340; wounded, 4,211,481; died of disease, 155,013. Total, 6,888,982.

In time of war multitudes of camp followers should be rigidly excluded from armies, especially those who graft in the name of Charity, Humanity and Religion. This would conduce to discipline, efficiency and comfort, and lead to victorious results in battle. Soul saving should be attended to in time of peace.

In his effort to disarm the world, the American Pacifist always stops with the United States, leaving John Bull, the wily Jap, and the whole of Europe armed to the teeth. A little foreign gold, now and then, explains the mystery.

Up to June 3, 1921, bills had been introduced into the legislatures of twenty states for limiting the shortness of female skirts, the lowness of necks; and the thinness of materials for women's gowns and accessories. Is this sumptuous or sumptuary legislation? What a solemn thing it is to be a legislative member nowadays. It's no job for an indiscreet young man.

The Plan of the League Of Nations was devised by the diplomatic plotters of the British Empire, and by a conclave

of European Shylocks who are loaded down with the worthless bonds of bankrupt nations. These they wish to dump on the American people. The Constitution and the details of the new Supreme Imperial Government were written out by General Jan Christian Smuts, Premier of South Africa. Americans must preserve the independence of their country. It took Washington seven or eight years to establish it. Another revolutionary war may become necessary to free us from European bondage. We cannot be too jealously watchful. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." "Freedom comes in with drums and trumpets; then vanishes away we know not where." Money is a tremendous power, for good or evil, and is always busy.

IN MEMORIAM

At the close of the Civil War, on the street at Richmond, Virginia, a Union soldier picked up a Confederate five-dollar bill on which some follower of the Lost Cause had written these lines:

Representing nothing on God's earth now, and naught in the waters below it,

As a pledge of a nation that is dead and gone, keep it, dear friend, and show it—

Show it to those who will lend an ear to the tale that this paper cannot tell,

Of liberty born of a patriot's dream, of the storm-cradled nation that fell.

Too poor to possess the precious ores, and too much of a stranger to borrow,

We issued to-day our promise to pay, and hoped to redeem on the morrow.

The days rolled on, and weeks became years, but our coffers were empty still.

Coin was so rare that our treasury quaked if a dollar should drop in the till.

But the faith that was in us was strong indeed, and our poverty well discerned,

And these little checks represented the pay that our poor volunteers had earned.

They knew it had hardly a value in gold, yet as gold our soldiers received it;

It gazed in their eyes with a promise to pay, and each patriot soldier believed it.

But our boys thought little of price, or of pay, or of bills that were then overdue,

We knew if it brought us our bread to-day it was the best our poor country could do.

Keep it, for it tells our history o'er, from the birth of its dream to the last;

Modest, and born of the angel Hope, like the hope of success, it passed.

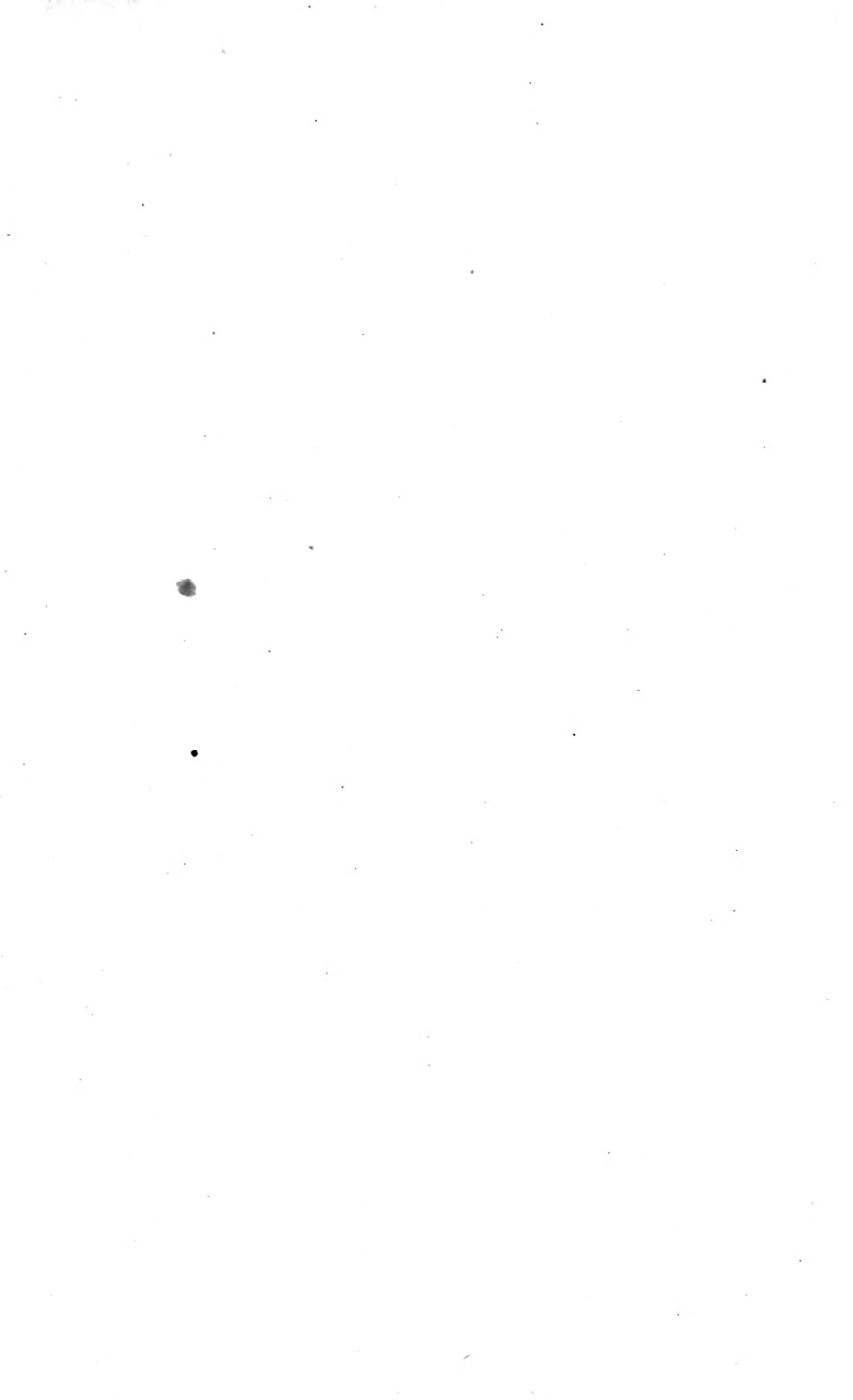
BANISHING WAR

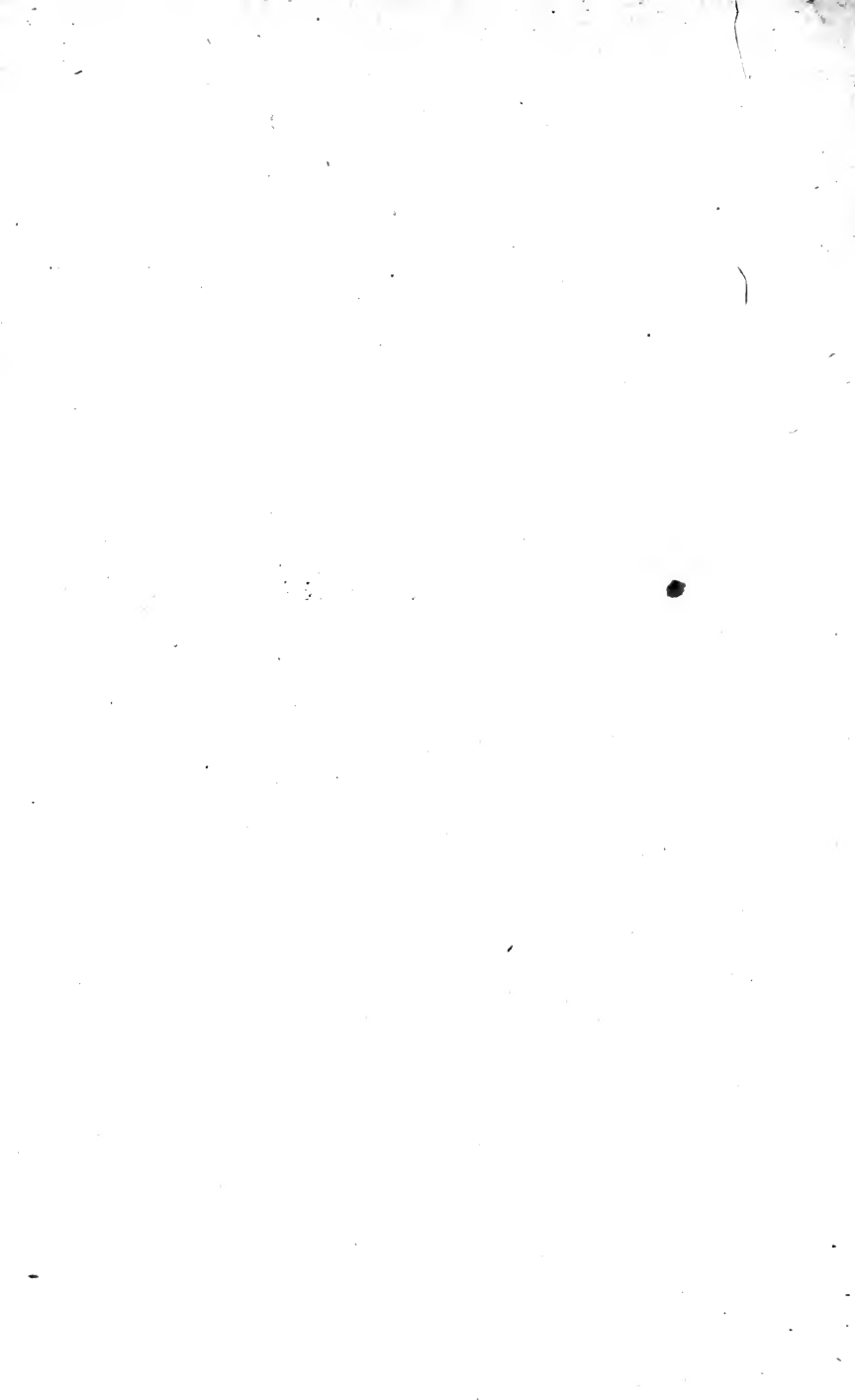
In his remarkable poem "Darkness," Byron pictures the last two men of the human race. To obtain temporary light they carefully gather up what shreds of fuel remain, and kindle a blaze. Looking on one another's faces they see that they are enemies, "and shriek and die." The only way to permanently banish war is to exterminate the human race—a job Mother Nature will attend to when she gets a good ready. Over-population means War. We now travel in that direction fast. "Colorado, population in 1900, 539,700; in 1910, 799,024; in 1920, 939,629." Statistics of any part of the United States will point the same gloomy moral, and often more distinctly. Increase of population is no longer desirable. It will prove an evil soon and not a benefit. The over-plus of other countries should no longer be allowed to pour into this land. Let us not think of ourselves entirely, but save a little room for the next generation. This is not "everybody's country"—it is ours. Let us keep it.

"THE RICHEST PRESIDENT THAT EVER LEFT
THE WHITE HOUSE"

On the 26th of December last a telegram was sent out from Washington City by the Associated Press, (making nearly a column of fine type), which announced that Mr. Wilson would be "the richest President that ever left the White House." The telegram explained the matter. It was, in the main, because of his great frugality and fine management, and because of the large sale of books he wrote long ago. Just how rich he is few persons know. When he passes hence and his ample estate is portioned out, the general public may not then know. It is unpleasant to reflect that it was during the years that the waste of public money was most "appalling" that he became "the richest President that ever left the White House." In playing his noble part of "Big Brother to the World," he also seems to have been a pretty good brother to himself—a proof of rare intellectual powers.

Finis





Songs of a man who
failed

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